The White Side of a Black Subject

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THE AUTHOR AND REV. HARRY KNIGHT.
"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN"—THE SON OF GOD.

THE WHITE SIDE OF A BLACK SUBJECT

ENLARGED AND BROUGHT DOWN TO DATE.

A Vindication of the Afro-American Race.

FROM THE LANDING OF SLAVES AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, IN 1565, TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY

REV. NORMAN B. WOOD,
THE WELL-KNOWN HISTORIAN AND LECTURER.

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Dedication.

To my faithful wife, without whose assistance I could not have completed this work with my ministerial duties.

To my dear old classmate and special friend, Rev. Geo. W. Taylor of Bellefontaine, Ohio, who has become a convert to my theory, that the best way to obliterate the chasm between the two sections is for the Southern boys to come North and select their wives.

To that prince among men, Dr. William H. Whitsitt, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, who inspired the author when a student in his class-room with some of his own love for, and enthusiasm in historical investigation.

To these three, as a small token of esteem, this volume is dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

"Oh, that . . . mine adversary had written a book." Job XXXI. 35.

If good old Job had adversaries, we can hardly hope to escape, especially after discussing a subject fully and fearlessly about which good men honestly differed for nearly two and one half centuries We believe, however, that our position is in accord with the teaching of God's word and the verdict of humanity and modern civilization.

President Cleveland's motto during his first presidential campaign was, "Tell the truth." We have tried to make that our watchword, as a historian should; and have hewn to the line regardless where the chips fell.

We wish to say in this connection, that much of this work is in the nature of a compilation, as is the case with all works of a historical character.. We have tried to give credit to each author quoted; however, we are under special obligations to Dr. Geo. W. Williams, the leading colored historian who rendered aid in our chapters on "Slavery Before the Revolution," and "The Colored Troops Fought Nobly." We received help from the works of Wm. Wells Brown, a colored author, on the chapter, "He Fought to Free his Master."

Other works of helpfulness were Frederic May Holland's "Life of Frederick Douglass," Henry Wilson's "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," Tanner's "Mar-

tyrdom of Lovejoy," "Life of Wm. Lloyd Garrison," by his sons, and another "Life of Garrison" by Rowland Johnson, "Biography of Sojourner Truth," Fannie Kemble's "Diary of Life on a Georgia Plantation," Banyard's "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," Hollis Read's "Negro Problem Solved," Wendell Phillip's "Toussaint L'Ouverture," and The Colored Men's Directory.

And now we send this volume forth to the reading public, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

N. B. W.

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THE WHITE SIDE OF A BLACK SUBJECT.

CHAPTER I.

BROTHERHOOD.

"For one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."—*The Son of God.*

"God that hath made the world, and all things therein . . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation."—*The Apostle Paul.*

Many years ago traducers of the Negro race, eager to justify slavery and to apply a soothing lotion to their own conscience, advanced the theory that the Negro did not belong to the human family. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought. Many of this class treated their slaves in the most cruel and dehumanizing manner, until they began to believe the Negro was not human.

But this theory is so much at variance with the teachings of God's Word, ethnology, as well as the dictates of humanity, and of common sense, that we shall reply to it, much as General Grant did to the long speeches with which he was bored

in his tour around the world, "with flashing silence."

If any still hold this position, after the marvelous progress of the Colored Freedmen of America in the past thirty years, it were futile to argue with them.

Others, wise in their own conceit, took the more advanced position that the Negro is a human being, but they assumed that he descended from Adam through Cain; and some of them thought that slavery was the "mark of Cain," while others of this school claimed that the black skin and wooly hair was that mark. Thus did the doctors disagree in details, though holding to the same theory in the main.

This position hardly merits a serious reply, since every Sunday-school pupil ten years of age, of average intelligence, knows that the descendants of Cain, "who was of that wicked one and slew his brother," perished in the flood (Gen. vi. 23), and that God repeopled the world through Noah, who was descended from Seth, the third son of Adam. But the pro-slavery advocates, some of them ministers of the gospel, were determined to torture the Bible into upholding their peculiar institution; by proving from it that the Negro was an inferior race against whom an irrevocable curse had been pronounced. When they found their other positions untenable, they fell back in good order to a proof text which they perverted into as cunningly devised a piece of sophistry as the devil ever used to entrap the children of men. It looked so plausible on its face that it was calculated to deceive the very elect, unless the elect were close

students of ethnology and Old Testament history.

The proof text in question was the curse pronounced by the patriarch Noah upon his grandson Canaan: And he said, "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." (Gen. IX. 25.) They could now cry, "Eureka," and no doubt rolled it under their tongues like a sweet morsel, for

> This was the verse they long had sought,
> And mourned because they found it not.

I have known blear-eyed, wife-beating drunkards who could quote *one* verse of scripture; but it was Paul's admonition to Timothy to "drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." It never dawned upon the man who quoted this scripture that his own name was not Timothy and that the only thing the matter with his stomach was the fact that it was burned out with mean whisky, and to take more was simply adding fuel to the flame. So with "Cursed be Canaan;" plenty of men, especially in the slave states, could quote this verse who were utterly ignorant of the rest of the Bible.

Mrs. Stowe, in her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," tells of an ignorant slave-catcher whose version of it was about as follows: "Don't the good book say, 'Cust be what's-his-name?' " The only verse he pretended to know, and he did not know that.

A text which has been so often perverted into a warrant for kidnaping and enslaving the sable sons of Africa that a more favored race might live by the sweat of other men's faces instead of their own, according to God's decree, cannot be passed

by with impunity, so we will quote the whole passage and show that it has always been perverted:

"And Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard: And he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent. And Ham, the father of Canaan, saw the nakedness of his father, and told his two brethren without. And Shem and Japheth took a garment, and laid it upon both their shoulders, and went backward, and covered the nakedness of their father: and their faces were backward, and thep saw not their father's nakedness. And Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what his younger son had done unto him. And he said, Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. And he said, Blessed be the Lord God of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant. God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant." (Gen. IX. 20-27.)

Dr. P. S. Henson is responsible for the statement that a certain student of zoology and natural history defined a crab as a "red fish that runs backwards." Upon which the Professor said: "Young gentleman, your definition is quite good, but there are three little mistakes; in the first place a crab is not a fish, in the second place it is not red, in the third place it does not run backwards." So with this warrant for enslaving the Negro in "Cursed be Canaan." In the first place this language was not prophetic, because

A prophet was moved by a Spirit divine,
While Noah was moved by the spirit of wine.

The fact is the old man, though a preacher of righteousness one hundred and twenty years before the flood, had sadly fallen from grace. There is not a single passage to show that he ever preached after his miraculous deliverance. He became worldly-minded, planted a vineyard, made wine, and, piteous spectacle! got drunk and exposed his nakedness. We do not believe that God would have honored a drunken man with the gift of prophecy when His inspired word plainly says no drunkard can enter the kingdom of God. In the second place, it was limited to Canaan, an innocent party, who had nothing to do with the insult to Noah, and does not include Ham the culprit. The line of blessing or cursing descends in the natural way; it does not flow up-stream. We read of God "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation;" but nowhere do we read that the sins of the children shall be visited upon the parents.

That the curse was pronounced against an innocent party is evidence that it was not divinely inspired, but the incoherent utterance of an intoxicated man. Inspiration would have made no mistake in regard to the guilty one, while the frenzy of drunkenness often causes men to turn upon their best friends.

In the third place, granting that it applied to Canaan, it did not affect the Negro race, for the best reason in the world—the negro did not descend from Canaan, the youngest son of Ham, but from Cush, the eldest son. It is claimed on good authority that the Negro race is an amalgamation of the sons of Cush and Misraim.

In the first verse of the chapter containing the supposed curse, we read, "And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." There is no exception in this case; each of the three sons received a blessing, and when God has bestowed a blessing it is not in the province of any man to set it aside, and substitute a curse in lieu of it, especially a man who disgraced his old age by being both drunk and disorderly.

The evidence shows that Noah did not intend to include Ham and his three other sons in this malediction. This is shown first, by the careful omission of their names. Second, by the explicit use of Canaan's name.

A true prophecy inspired of God is sure of fulfillment; and the best evidence that this was not a true prophecy, is in the fact that it was never fulfilled. It was of man and it came to naught. But had this prophecy been of God we would have found all of Canaan's posterity in bondage, and all of Shem's descendants in the full enjoyment of freedom.

Dr. Meade says: "There never has been a son of Ham who has shaken a scepter over the head of Japheth. Shem has subdued Japheth, and Japheth has subdued Shem; but Ham never subdued either." The Docter has certainly read history to little purpose, to make such a statement, because all authorities agree that Egypt was peopled by Misraim, the second son of Ham; and the Shemites or Hebrews were in bondage to the Hamites or Egyptians for centuries.

According to Herodotus, Diodorus and Mane-

tho, the ancient historians, Rameses II., surnamed the Great, was the most illustrious of Egyptian kings. Though but a youth when he began to reign, he determined to conquer the world. Collecting a vast army of six hundred thousand foot soldiers, twenty-four thousand horse, and twenty-seven war chariots, he began his career of conquest. He built a fleet of four hundred war ships on the Red Sea, the first ever constructed by Egyptians, and conquered by land and water the seacoast and islands as far as India. Landing his army, he pushed his conquest to the Ganges, and beyond; then turning to the north, he subdued Scythia as far as the river Tanais, which divided Asia from Europe. Crossing over into Thrace, he continued his career until checked by the severe climate and scarcity of food. Everywhere in his triumphant march he erected pillars with this inscription: "This land Sesostris, king of kings and lord of lords, conquered with his arms." After nine years the victorious monarch returned laden with spoils of war, and captives of many conquered nations. So this great warrior must have conquered the greater portion of western Asia, and the edge of Europe. Was not this a clear case in which "a son of Ham" has "shaken a scepter" over the heads of both Shem and Japheth?

Long before this, Melchizedek the Canaanite, whose name implied, "king of righteousness," received a tenth of all his spoils from Abraham the Shemite. The fact is the Canaanites, so far from becoming a nation of slaves, were among the greatest of the ancient people; building the three greatest maritime cities, Tyre, Sidon and Car-

thage. They planted their colonies throughout the ancient world, while their fleets of commerce and exploration were on every sea.

Who has not heard of Tyrian purple, worn only by emperors, kings and nobility, and manufactured exclusively by the Canaanites? When Solomon wanted cedar of Lebanon for the Temple of God, he obtained it from the Phœnicians or Canaanites. When he wanted chief architects for the building, he found them among the same people. When he wanted navies on the Mediterranean and Red seas to obtain the products of distant lands, Hiram king of Tyre, the Canaanite, supplied him with both ships and sailors.

But, says an objector, did not Noah say, "Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant?" Were not Solomon and his people Shemites, and were not King Hiram and his people servants to Solomon, and did not this fulfill Noah's prophecy? Yes, they served Solomon faithfully and well, but they did it not because they were slaves, but because they were well paid for it.

In 1 Kings V. 10-11, we read, "So Hiram gave Solomon cedar trees and fir trees according to his desire, and Solomon gave Hiram twenty thousand measures of wheat for food to his household, and twenty measures of pure oil: thus gave Solomon to Hiram year by year." In 1 Kings IX. 11, we read, "Now Hiram the King of Tyre had furnished Solomon with cedar trees and fir trees, and with gold, according to all his desire, that then King Solomon gave Hiram twenty cities in the land of Galilee."

We incline to believe that twenty cities, with twenty thousand measures of wheat, and twenty measures of pure oil, "year by year," was liberal pay for the work performed by Hiram's men. Almost any nation would submit gracefully to a similar curse of servitude.

Phœnicia was only a narrow strip of mountain and sandy beach along the Mediterranean Sea, about one hundred and eighty miles long by twenty at its greatest width. The people engaged in commerce and became the most skillful sailors in the ancient world. They often supplied the surrounding nations with ships and sailors. Ridpath, in his history of the world, stated that in the year 611 B. C. Neko II., of Egypt, built a navy on the Red Sea which was manned by Phœnician sailors, and sent to explore the coasts of Africa. "In the first summer of their voyage, and again in their second, these hardy seamen landed, pitched a camp, sowed grain and gathered a harvest. In the third season they returned to Egypt by way of the Mediterranean, having accomplished with great toil and peril the circumnavigation of Africa." Who performed this greatest feat of navigation recorded of the ancients? The Canaanites and their kinsmen the Mizraimites, all of them descendants of Ham. So "cursed be Canaan," did not seem to affect this case.

The only hint of the Canaanites expiating a curse is found in the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the driving out of the Canaanites, and other kindred tribes, by the Israelites under Joshua, and the enslavement of the Gibeonites. But there is not the slightest hint that this was done

in fulfillment of the curse pronounced by Noah.

In regard to the destruction of the wicked cities of the plain, the reason was assigned in Gen. XVIII. 20—"And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous," etc. In Deut. XX. 17-18 we read, "But thou shalt utterly destroy them; namely, the Hittites, and the Amorites, the Canaanites, and the Perizzites, the Hivites, and the Je busites; as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee: That they teach you not to do after all their abominations, which they have done unto their gods."

In both these cases God commanded the destruction of these people because of their sin. In regard to the Gibeonites who established a treaty with Joshua and saved their lives, we read in Joshua IX. 22-23—"And Joshua called for them, and he spake unto them, saying, Wherefore have ye beguiled us, saying, We are very far from you; when ye dwell among us. Now therefore ye are cursed, and there shall none of you be freed from being bondmen, and hewers of wood and drawers of water for the house of my God" Were they enslaved because of Noah's curse? Not a hint of it, but because they had lied to Joshua and beguiled him into making a treaty with them and swearing that he would not wage war against them. As he could not exterminate them, he would punish them by slavery.

Israel did not exterminate the Canaanites or enslave any of them except the Gibeonites. Hence "a servant of servants shall he be," was never fulfilled. Moreover Israel waged war against the Moabites, and utterly exterminated the Ama-

lekites, by the command of God (Exodus XVII. 14), when the first descended from Lot, and the other from Esau, hence Shemites and near relatives to Israel.

What of the progenitors of the Negro race? The Bible account is very clear. "And the sons of Ham; Cush, and Mizraim, and Phut, and Canaan. And the sons of Cush, Seba and Havilah and Sabtah, and Raamah, and Sabtechah; and the sons of Raamah, Sheba, and Dedan. And Cush begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord: wherefore it is said, even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar. Out of that land went forth Ashur, and builded Nineveh. . . . . And Canaan begat Sidon his first-born, and Heth, and the Jebusite, and the Amorite, ... and afterwards were the families of the Canaanites spread abroad, and the border of the Canaanites was from Sidon, as thou comest to Gerar, unto Gaza. . . . . These are the sons of Ham, after their families, after their tongues, in their countries, and in their nations." Here is an excellent sketch of the family of Ham, including an account of his sons Cush and Canaan, and their children.

We find that Cush was the oldest son of Ham, and the father of six sons, of whom Seba and Nimrod were the greatest and best known. As Seba is mentioned first and Nimrod last, it would seem to indicate that the former was the eldest, and the latter the youngest of his sons.

According to Josephus (Ant II., X., 2), "Seba, 'The Men,' was the ancient kingdom of Meroe, shut in like an island by the branches of the Nile;" and forming a part of what is now Nubia. A position which was on the direct caravan route between India and Arabia on the east and the interior of Africa on the west and south; bringing great wealth to the country at large, especially the cities.

There are two other references to Seba in the Bible (Isa XLV. 14 and XVII. 2-7), where we learn that its people were famous for their stature, strength and bravery; "a people terrible from of old," destroying all who opposed them. Herodotus also referred to them, as the tallest and handsomest of men, often living to the age of one hundred and twenty years, or more. They also chose their king for his stature and strength. These people were undoubtedly Negroes. And it was probably from among these people, according to Josephus, that Moses, the man of God, got his Ethiopian wife. (Antiquities, Book II., Chapter 10), (Numbers XII.)

Nimrod was the founder of the Babylonian empire, while Nineveh was founded by a Babylonian colony led by Asshur, Nimrod's servant, who named the city for Ninus the son of Nimrod. Thus we find that the Cushites, the acknowledged ancestors of the Negro race, founded the two greatest of the ancient inland cities, Babylon and Nineveh. We also find that a grandson of Cush, Sheba, founded the wealthy kingdom which bore his name, and whose queen made the memorable visit to Solomon the magnificent.

While the Canaanites founded the three greatest of the maritime cities: Sidon, named for Canaan's first-born son; Tyre, and Carthage in North Africa.

We think the following is a logical statement of the case. Whereas Noah got drunk and cursed Canaan, an innocent party; and whereas this curse was never fulfilled; therefore, all to whom these presents may come, greeting: Pagan, infidel or pirate, are hereby empowered to kidnap and enslave all the sable Africans who are descended from Cush—not Canaan. We are here reminded of the statement of Liliuokalani, the recent dethroned queen of Hawaii, that the best blood of the English flowed in her veins, because her "grandfather devoured Captain Cook."

Profane history endorses this account of the sacred historian. Ridpath says: "The term Hamitic has been derived from one of the sons of Noah, and has been adopted from Biblical language. It is used by ethnologists and historians to designate that branch of the human race which, taking its rise somewhere between the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, held its course westward through Chaldea; branched to the south around the sea-line of Arabia into Eastern Africa; entered by a direct route to the west the valley of the Nile, and further on peopled the whole coast of Northern Africa."

Josephus in Book I., Chapter VI., Sec. 3, says: "The children of Ham possessed the land from Syria and Amanus, and the mountains of Libanus, seizing upon all the maritime ports and keeping them as their own. Of the four sons of Ham, time has not at all hurt the name of Chus (Cush),

for the Ethiopians over whom he reigned are even at this day, both by themselves, and by all men in Asia, called Chusites (Cushites) The memory also of the Mesraites (Mizraimites) is preserved in their name, for all who inhabit the country called Egypt Mestre, are called Egyptian Mestrians."

Herodotus also stated that "Sabachus became master of Egypt, and after reigning over it fifty years, abdicated the throne and returned to Ethiopia, his own country." This man must have been highly skilled in the science of government and war to have reigned over a conquered people for fifty years.

He further states in Book III.: "When Cambyses of Persia had made himself master of Egypt about 500 B. C., he made an attempt to conquer Ethiopia also, but failed. He found the Ethiopians equal to the Egyptians in refinement and intelligence, and superior in military skill. In order to facilitate his designs, Cambyses sent spies with presents to the Ethiopian monarch, on pretense of being desirous of establishing a treaty of alliance with him. Said the spies: 'Cambyses, sovereign of Persia, from his anxious desire of becoming your friend and ally, has sent us to communicate with you, and to desire your acceptance of these presents, from the use of which he himself derives the greatest pleasure.'"

Perhaps the Ethiopian king had heard of the Trojan's warning to "beware of the Greek bearing presents," and thought the same advice might apply to the Persians. Certain it is he declined to accept the present, and made this memorable re-

ply: "The King of Persia has not sent you with these presents from any desire of obtaining my alliance, neither do you speak the truth, who, to facilitate the unjust designs of your master, are come to examine the state of my dominions; if he were influenced by principles of integrity, he would be satisfied with his own, and not covet the possessions of another, nor would he attempt to reduce those to servitude from whom he has received no injury. Give him, therefore, this bow, and in my name speak thus to him: 'The King of Ethiopia sends this counsel to the King of Persia: when his subjects shall be able to bend this bow with the same ease that I do, then, with a superiority of numbers, he may venture to attack the Macrobian Ethiopians. In the meantime let him be thankful to the gods that the Ethiopians have not been inspired with the same ambitious views of extending their possessions.'"

Thus did this Ethiopian king evince great wisdom in detecting sophistry, and repelling conspiracy. He was, moreover, magnanimous in permitting these spies to depart in peace, who came to him with a lie and a bribe.

As might have been expected, when Cambyses heard the report of his spies he was furious; he started at once from Thebes, and the historian says, "before he had performed one fifth part of his journey the provisions he had with him were totally consumed They proceeded to eat the beasts that carried the baggage, till these failed. Soon they were reduced to herbs, and when they struck the desert they were forced to kill and eat every tenth man. Cambyses now became horrified, and returned to Egypt with a remnant of his army."

The scholarly Dr. Geikie says: "The descent of all mankind from Noah is of course a renewed testimony by Scripture to the unity of the human race—a doctrine so intimately connected with the Divine plan of Redemption, and so vital to the brotherhood and mutual sympathy of man with man."

Innumerable texts of scripture could be quoted proving the unity of the human race, or as it is often expressed, "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." In Gen. III. 20, we read, "And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all the living." The same thought is substantiated by the Apostle in I. Cor. XV. 22, "For as in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Just before the confusion of tongues and dispersion at Babel, we find this language, "And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language." Gen. XI. 6. In the ninth verse we read, "From thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth." Thus we find their language was confused, and they were scattered abroad, and as there were three sons of Noah, it is a reasonable and natural supposition that they were divided into three great families from which sprang all the nations that peopled the earth.

According to Ridpath, "the best classification adopted by ethnologists, at the present day, is that which divides mankind into three races: Black, Brown, and White or Ruddy races. These discriminations on the line of color were as strong drawn at the day-dawn of authentic history as they are to-day, and are therefore rightly employed

as the best criteria by which to distinguish one race from another."

Blumenbach classes mankind into five races, the Caucasian or White; the African or Black; the American or Red; the Mongolian or Yellow; and the Malayan or Brown. But Cuvir agrees substantially with Ridpath in a classification of the whole into only three varieties, the White, Black and Yellow, which is certainly the most simple and correct. This great naturalist regards the American aborigines as belonging to the same class as the yellow race of Asia, from whom they probably sprang.

This trinal division is in keeping with the following legend, which we learned from an Indian chief. The Great Spirit created three men; and placed them in the world; and as they were made in the image of God they were all white. Wishing to test their skill, he sent them on a journey, in which there was a mud-bottom stream to cross. When they came to the stream two of them hesitated, but the other plunged bravely in and waded across, riling up the mud as he went; seeing which, the others followed. When all were safely over it was found that the first was still white, being only slightly discolored; the second was red; the last, crossing when the stream was thoroughly stirred up, came out black. They now found three bundles awaiting them. The white man was disposed to be generous, and gave his companions their choice. The black man chose the largest, which contained a spade, a shovel and a hoe, indicative of the fact that he was predestined to use those tools. The red man selected the next larg-

est bundle, and behold, it contained a tomahawk, a bow and arrows. This left the smallest bundle for the white man; which contained a book, pen, ink and paper. This of course meant that the white man should use these implements; and as the pen is mightier than the tomahawk or the spade, it indicated that he should rule the world.

The question is often asked, If God "hath made of one blood all the nations of men," etc., and Noah's curse was never fulfilled or did not apply to the Negro, why is it that his skin is black? We will first answer this question, Yankee like, by asking another. Why is it, when the question of color is considered, they always select the poor black man for a victim, and make the burden of proof rest upon him or his friends? According to the general belief of the world, there are three other colored races besides the Negro; but who ever asked this question of the Red, Brown or Yellow race? Why is it not as plausible to say that one of these colors is the mark of Canaan? Especially since we have seen that the Negro did not descend from Canaan but from Cush, and that the Canaanites did not people Africa, except Carthage, while they did people many sections of Europe, Asia and the Islands of the Sea. Answering the question we have raised, we would say, that ever since they compelled Simon of Cyrene, an African and a Negro (according to the best commentators), to bear the cross of Christ (Mat. XXVII. 32), that long-suffering race has been the burden-bearer of humanity. He has borne the burden of ignorance, odium, barbarous treatment, unrequited toil, and of semi-starvation under the lash, incident to human

slavery, which it makes one's soul sick to contemplate.

Perhaps it is not an exaggeration to say that ten times more of the children of Cush have been doomed by man's inhumanity and cupidity to life-long slavery and suffering than all the rest of the human family combined. Many so-called Christian nations gloried in enslaving them. God's holy apostle said, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves," but with mankind might has always been right, and as the poor despised African belonged to a weak race of people, the strong nations combined against him.

It was natural to construe the black skin and wooly hair which God had given them, and for which they were in no way responsible ("for no man by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature, or make one hair black or white"), into an imaginary mark of Cain, or curse of Canaan. The Negro was therefore regarded as legal prey, and fit only for servitude, notwithstanding the fact that the Son of God said, "One is your master even Christ; and all ye are brethren."

There are several theories advanced by scientific men to account for the black skin of the African race. And it is evident that this people received their typical impressions in the early ages of the pre-historic period, when all things were in a plastic condition, "like wax to receive, and like marble to retain."

Herodotus was called the father of history, yet he did not write until two thousand years after the flood. He had traveled extensively in Egypt

and other parts of Africa, and informed us that there were Nubians, or Africans, in Xerxes army. Speaking of a certain Colony which settled on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, he said they must have come from Egypt, because they were "black in complexion and wooly-haired."

Kam, or Cham, is the ancient name of Egypt, and meant dark or swarthy. In Hebrew it signifies hot. The ancient Egyptians were undoubtedly black, but became in time a mixed race of people. We find that Cush, Ethiopia and black are synonymous terms. The prophet Jeremiah seems to have known that the Ethiopians were Negroes, or people with black skins, when he asked, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" The Greek word "Ethiop" means sunburn. So we have a hint here how they came by their black skins. Luther's German has for the word "Ethiopia," Negro-land, the country of the blacks.

Scientists tell us that conditions of the atmosphere seem to be necessary to produce blackness of complexion: great heat, and excessive dryness. Hence the predominant color of the inhabitants of the hot and dry regions of tropical Africa and Asia is black; while white is the prevailing hue of the nations in the neighborhood of the Polar Ocean; such as Tartars, Laps, Fins, and Esquimaux. Any exception to this rule, such as the English in India and Africa, or the Negro in New England or Canada, are exotics recently planted far from the place where their progenitors were bleached or darkened in past ages. The same is also true of the flora and fauna. The flowers of the

north are almost invariably white, while the arctic rabbit is spotless white, and the fox and polar bear are either snow white or pale yellow. Darker colored animals and flowers of every hue are found in the tropics.

Professor Fontaine has well said, "This variety of the human race or type of mankind was produced by various instrumentalities. But the principal causes of the change into types is what naturalists term habitat—the locality in which men live; its climate, soil and productions, and their occupations and habits, mould them into their peculiar forms and aspects, and make them in the lapse of ages different from other nations from whom they have been long separated. If the duration of their dissociation from others has continued for many centuries, the men will all look like brothers and the women like sisters of one family."

Thus was the black race of Africa formed. It is also the opinion of Aristotle, Strabo, Alexander, and Blumenbach, that climate, temperature and mode of life have more to do with giving color than anything else. It has been shown that men, animals, and flowers all partake of the chameleon nature and are affected by their surroundings. But mere color is no index of race; there are many other people in Africa besides the Negro. And a close observer at the World's Fair could have seen black people from all over the tropical world, including many of the islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans.

Sometimes a comparatively short period suffices to completely metamorphose a white into a black race. The Portuguese who established a colony on

the coast of Africa a few centuries ago have been succeeded by descendants blacker than the surrounding Africans.

In conversation with an intelligent and scholarly Jew recently, he remarked that his people were of every complexion, according to the climate they inhabited, from the darkness of a Hindoo or Negro to the fairness of a Dane.

A work known as "Buchanan's Researches in Asia" contains a statement that two colonies of Jews settled in ancient times in Hindostan, and have remained there to the present day. "Those in the neighborhood of Cochin, called the black Jews, say that they settled there during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, soon after he carried into captivity the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, about the year B. C. 588. They show all the peculiarities of the chosen people. They have their copies of the law, and are familiar with their history. They have been a separate people from the Hindoos, yet the climate of India has tanned their skins black as the darkest of the natives."

Another colony of Jews, originally from India settled on the coast of Africa, and a few hundred years sufficed to make their descendants as black as Negroes.

According to Dr. Geikie, "The privations of the natives of Connemara, incident to the famine of 1847, were remarked as having led to a change in the whole physical type; the jaws becoming prominent as in the Negro, and the whole man affected. It is to be remembered, moreover, that a modification of structure or color once introduced becomes permanent, and that circumstances may

lead to it to the most surprising extent in a very short time, as in the lower animals."

No doubt the malformation in some cases of our brother in black, especially in the wilds of Africa, where they have been the victims of the most heartless barbarity for centuries, is due to this cause. But he is none the less our brother, and we should rather pity him for what he has suffered and extend to him a helping hand than degrade him still more in the scale of humanity.

Under the broiling sun of Africa and the other tropical countries the black skin and thick woolly hair is a great blessing to the natives, because it enables them to endure the intense heat. White skins soon blister by the sun, but black skin never blisters. We have seen this demonstrated time and again on the farms in Kentucky. It is said God in his providence has given them thicker skulls to cover the brain for the same reason. But this by no means implies that the quality of the brain itself is inferior to that of the thin-skulled race of people. For instance, an effeminate dude might be supposed to have a thin skull, or else he would be so top-heavy he could not walk. But no dude can compare with Frederick Douglass, J. Stella Martin, Dr. J. W. C. Pennington, Rev. Henry H. Garnett, or a thousand others we could mention, who at one period of their lives were regarded as things, chattels, beasts of burden, with "no rights a white man was bound to respect."

We imagine we hear an unreconstructed pro-slavery man say, "Why! don't the Bible teach slavery? Did not Paul send back Onesimus to his former master, Philemon?" Truly, but did you

ever read the account of that transaction closely and without the green goggles of prejudice? To the law and to the testimony. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds: which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me: whom I have sent again: thou therefore receive, that is, mine own bowels: whom I would have retained with me that in thy stead he might have ministered unto me in the bonds of the gospel: but without thy mind would I do nothing; that thy benefit should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly. For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him forever: not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved, especially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh and in the Lord! If thou count me therefore a partner, receive him as myself. If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee aught, put that on mine account. . . . Having confidence in thy obedience I wrote unto thee, knowing that thou wilt also do more than I say." Philemon 10-21.

Yes, we find that Paul sent a bond servant who was converted at Rome, to his former master; but he sent him with a letter wherein he urged the master, another convert of his, to receive Onesimus, "not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved." And in another place he says, "Receive him as myself." Moreover, he had so much confidence in the master, Philemon, that as he expressed it, "I wrote unto thee, knowing that thou wilt also do more than I say."

There is no chapter in the Bible that teaches

the common brotherhood of man more beautifully than this short epistle. Yet it has been tortured a thousand times to prove that the infamous Fugitive Slave Law was just and based upon the holy scriptures, even when it legalized the slave catcher with his bloodhounds in seizing and dragging back to the hell of plantation slavery the pitiful victim of man's inhumanity; where instead of being received as "a brother beloved," as in the case of Onesimus, he was delivered to whatever cruel punishment an enraged master or overseer chose to inflict.

Brotherhood and human equality seems to have been a favorite theme with Paul, the grandest of all the apostles. In Galatians III. 28, he says, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." And in Romans II. 11, he says, "For there is no respecter of persons with God." He informed the men of Athens—"the eye of Greece, and the fountain of learning and philosophy,"—that "God that made the world and all things therein. . . hath made of one blood all nations of men." This grand truth implies that "we being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another;" and we should therefore "be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." (Rom. XII. 5-10.)

In His last interview with his disciples before His death, the Son of God uttered a prayer to the Father for his chosen and righteous, who shall shine among the races of coming ages, "that they may be one, even as we are one." Those words were both a prayer and a prophecy, sure of fulfillment,

in that day when the Lord shall make up his jewels. For "princes shall come out of Egypt;" and "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

CHAPTER II.

OUR BROTHER IN CHAINS.

"Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound, they drove them far away,
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
In pestilential barks they crossed the flood.
Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
To distant isles to separate bondage borne;
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief,
That misery loves—the fellowship of grief."

—MONTGOMERY.

Cochin truly says, "Over the entire surface of the globe the races who compel others to labor, without laboring themselves, fall to decay." Much light is thrown upon the degradation of Africa when it is remembered that at one period of her history nine-tenths of her resident population were slaves to the other tenth.

African slavery in the New World had its origin in the fact that the inhuman barbarity of the Spaniards had well nigh exterminated the inoffensive Indians of Hispaniola, the kindest and most hospitable people known to history. In fifteen years from the discovery of America, they were reduced from one million to less than sixty thousand To save them from utter extermination, Bartolomes de las Casas advised Charles V., suc-

cessor to King Ferdinand of Spain, to send African slaves to take the place of the Indians. This self-appointed adviser had accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, and though a Dominican monk, made no effort to restrain his countrymen in their atrocious cruelty.

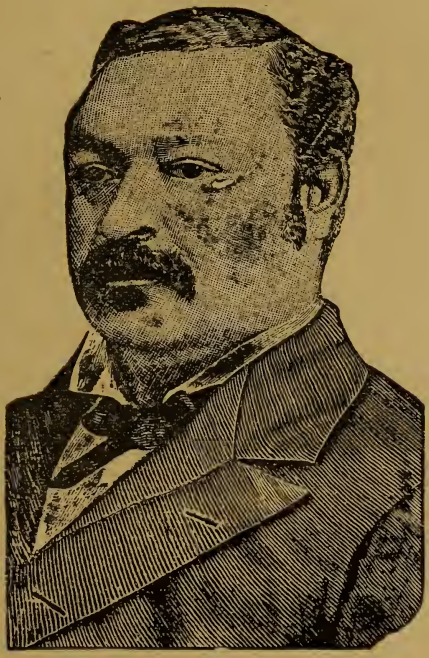
It is unnecessary to add, this suggestion was acted upon, and the most stupendous crime in the annals of the world's history was instituted.

We desire in this chapter to consider first, the manner in which slaves were supplied to the traders; second, the horrors of the middle passage; and third, the magnitude of the crime.

When the British Parliament began to collect evidence concerning the African slave trade, as early as 1791, great astonishment was expressed both as to its extent and diabolical cruelty. Indeed it hardly seems credible that men could be guilty of such fiendish inhumanity to the brute creation, much less their fellow men; but we are forced to take the evidence of those who were actually engaged in this traffic in human lives, for such it was.

In Africa slaves were obtained in a number of different ways, generally from the interior of the country. Large numbers were seized as prisoners, in wars waged for this one purpose. Indeed most of the wars of Western Africa were instigated to obtain a supply of victims for the slave ships. Another source of supply was the sale of criminals, for adultery, theft, murder, and witchcraft; occasionally for debt.

In the investigation by parliament, Mr. Penny stated that "some are made slaves in consequence



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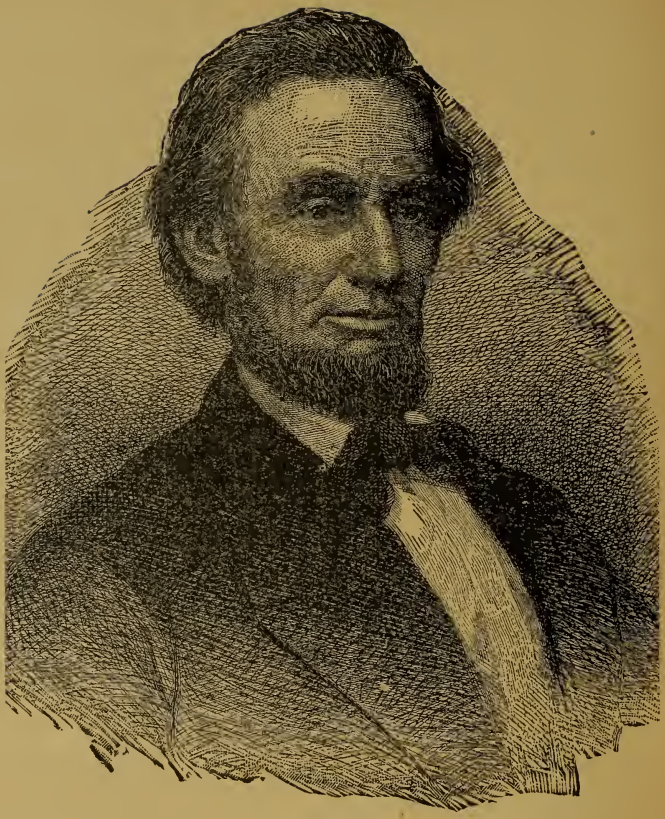

Your friend & servant
A. Lincoln

of gambling, of which they are very fond." Perhaps this is where our colored boys get their propensity for "craps." "They stake themselves; first a leg, then an arm, lastly the head; and when they have lost that, they surrender themselves as slaves. If a man stake and lose a leg only, he continues gambling until he has lost the whole of himself, or is cleared."

Sometimes a strong man would overpower and kidnap a weak one, or a woman to sell into slavery.

Rev. Mr. Baggs, chaplain to Commodore Thompson during two voyages, speaking of the western coast of Africa said: "The revenue of the kings of the country depends on the sale of slaves. Their code of laws is made subservient to the slave-trade. They therefore strain every nerve to accuse and condemn their own subjects." Still Christian England and America tempted these poor benighted heathen rulers to sell their own people; and some Americans, at least, went one step further in infamy and sold their own sons and daughters! But perhaps the largest number of slaves were obtained by a well organized wholesale system of kidnaping. In pursuing their plan they surrounded a village at midnight, and after applying the torch to the combustible huts, would seize the able-bodied men and women, cruelly murdering the young children, the aged and infirm, by the light of their burning home. Should any escape to the mountains, or hide in caverns, their relentless pursuers guarded the springs and streams; or built fires in the mouth of the caves, until they were either suffocated or willing to barter away liberty

for a precarious life of suffering. The poor victims were now chained together, and marched off at point of spears, to a fate more cruel than that of their murdered families. Often their course was through fields of cacti, whose sharp thorns would lacerate and tear their flesh; or over the rugged mountain side, where sharp and flinty stones would cut their bare feet, causing them to leave blood-stained tracks at every step.

In this journey to the seashore for hundreds of miles, numbers fell from sheer exhaustion and were left to be devoured by the wild beasts.

On reaching their destination they are penned up in barracoons, where they become victims to epidemics which often destroy one third or even one half of their number, before the arrival of a slave-trader. The first to arrive take the pick of the lot, rejecting the diseased, the maimed, the insane, —in a word the unsalable; these are murdered in cold blood. Still the most barbarous phase of this atrocity remains to be told. Sometimes on reaching the slave mart, there was no ship to load, or the market was overstocked, in which case the maintenance of these poor souls fell to the Government; and as the Government was all vested in the king, he ordered these few who would rate as "prime, a—one," to be picked out; the others, always a large majority, had their hands pinioned behind their backs, and with weights attached to their necks, were thrown into the river to become the prey of crocodiles.

The King of Loango, who boasted that he could load eight slave ships a week, when he found no market for his prisoners, rather than incur the

expense of feeding them, gave orders for them to be taken to the side of a hill, a little beyond the town, and coolly knocked on the head. And there is no evidence that these slave buyers ever remonstrated with them, or tried to check these wholesale murders. In an investigation before the British Parliament, a number of heartrending statements were made in proof of the fact that the rejected slaves were unmercifully beaten, or cruelly murdered, often before the white fiend's eyes. A few of which we will quote before we pass from this part of the subject.

Mr. Dalzell testified that he "purchased a son, of his father, who sold him to avoid the punishment which the son had incurred for stealing from a white man;" which, the witness adds, "was never pardoned in Dahomey."

Mr. Mathews refused to buy a slave accused of witchcraft, whereupon "they tied a stone around his neck and threw him into the sea."

Sir George Yonge stated that he "saw a beautiful child, about five years old, brought from the Bullam shore, opposite Sierra Leone. As the child was too young to be an object of trade, the person who had him to sell gave him no food and threatened to throw him into the river. Sir George, to save his life, offered a quarter cask of Madeira for him, which was accepted,—brought him to England, and made a present of him to the Marquis of Landsdown." He understood the child had been kidnaped.

Mr. Arnold, surgeon on board a slaver, testified that "one day a woman with a child in her arms was brought to be sold. The captain refused to

purchase her, not wishing to be plagued with a child on board. So she was taken back to shore. On the following morning she was again brought to us, but without the child, and apparently in great sorrow. The black trader admitted, 'the child had been killed in the night to accommodate the sale.' "

Mr. Penny, having made eleven voyages as captain of different slavers, spoke from an extensive experience when he said: "I have been repeatedly informed that slaves brought for sale and rejected by the slave-dealers on account of disease or otherwise, are almost invariably destroyed as not worth their food."

Robert Dale Owen says of this testimony before Parliament, that we have just quoted: "What a lifting of the veil upon a terrible series of atrocities is there, even in these brief extracts, coldly and dispassionately worded as they are! For what a catalogue of crimes were they responsible who sent slavers to the African coast! What wars have they not stirred up! What murders instigated! What temptations have they not presented to the cupidity of savage sovereign and subject alike! If the King of Dahomey, or some other royal barbarian, perverted criminal law to obtain convictions as a source of revenue, if a black trader put to death the infant that the mother might be salable,—who were the tempters of such acts? Who the original authors of this wickedness? The horrors of the middle passage were surpassed by these that necessarily preceded it."

This official evidence aroused the people of England and created such a strong public senti-

ment against the slave trade, it was abolished in 1807; but it must be borne in mind that the British Parliament had been collecting evidence since 1791, a period of sixteen long years.

All the sufferings we have described in this chapter are but preliminary to what we will now consider. "Never," says the great and good Wilberforce, "can so much misery be found condensed in so small a space as in the slave-ship during the middle passage."

Captain Parrey was sent to Liverpool by the English Government in 1788 to get the dimensions of vessels employed in the African slave-trade. He was given the plan and sections of the "Brooks," a ship of two hundred and ninety-seven tons burden, well known as a slaver. The owner stated that the room allowed to each slave was as follows: "For men, each six feet by sixteen inches. For women, each five feet ten inches, by sixteen inches. For boys, five feet by fourteen inches. For girls, each four feet six inches by twelve inches." At these measurements Captain Parrey calculated that she could carry four hundred and seventy slaves. But it was afterward found that she did carry six hundred and seven of these poor victims, which was about two to a ton. So that the width allowed to the men was reduced to less than twelve and a half inches, and that of the others to still more cramped agony. What shocking hints of human depravity and human suffering are here furnished by this cool calculation!

Lord Palmerston, speaking in the House of Lords in 1844, about the slave-ships, truly says:

"A Negro has not as much room in them as a corpse in a coffin."

This crowding the ship with at least one-fourth, and sometimes one-third more than the vessel was intended to hold, was in accordance with a mathematical calculation, much as extra casks of wine are put into a ship designed to compensate for loss by leakage and evaporation. The captain and master knew only too well that a large number would die from grief, asphyxia, or other diseases brought on by close confinement in the reeking hold. Besides, they were often thrown overboard as soon as their lives were despaired of.

We were pained on reading of African kings coolly ordering the wholesale murder of their ill-fated slaves, rather than feed them when the slave market was overstocked, or there was no ship to load. Nevertheless Lord Palmerston gives an incident which happened in 1738, where a white Christian was guilty of coolly murdering all his slaves, and we know from other sources this was a very common practice. Said he: "A man named Collingwood was carrying slaves to Jamaica, the ship took a wrong course, water and provisions became scanty. Knowing that if the negroes died of famine the owners would lose the insurance of them, while they would be entitled to this premium if it were proved that he had been compelled by the perils of the sea to sacrifice the cargo, the captain did not hesitate to precipitate one hundred and thirty-two living beings into the waves."

Mr. William James testified to a similar incident. "In the year 1779, being master of the

Hound, sloop-of-war, and coming from the Bay of Honduras to Jamaica, he fell in, off the Isle of Pines, with two Liverpool Guineamen on the Middle Passage, commanded by Captains Ringmaiden and Jackson, who had imprudently missed the island of Jamaica. Captain Nugent gave them chase and came up with them. Upon boarding the ship I found them in great distress, both on account of provisions and water. I asked the captains why they did not go into the watering places at the west end of the Isle of Pines, near Cuba. They replied that 'they had attempted it, but got into shoal water.' I then asked them what they intended to do with their slaves if they had not fallen in with the Hound. They replied, 'To make them walk the plank,'—that is to jump overboard. I asked them again why they did not turn a number of the slaves on shore at the Isle of Pines, and endeavor to save the rest. They replied again that 'in such case they could not have recovered the insurance, and that the rest would have gotten on shore.'"

America's most impartial historian, Bancroft, said of the middle passage: "The horrors of the passage corresponded with the infamy of the trade. Small vessels, of little more than two hundred tons' burden, were prepared for the traffic, for these could most easily penetrate the bays and rivers of the coast; and quickly obtaining a lading, could soonest hurry away from the deadly air of Western Africa. In such a bark, five hundred negroes and more have been stowed, exciting wonder that men could have lived, within the tropics, cribbed in so few inches of room. The

inequality of force between the crew and the cargo led to the use of manacles; the hands of stronger men were made fast together and the right leg of one was chained to the left leg of another. The avarice of the trader was a partial guarantee of the security of life, as far as it depended upon him; but death hovered always over the slave-ship. The negroes, as they came from the higher level to the seaside, poorly fed on the sad pilgrimage, sleeping at night on the damp earth, without covering, and often reaching the coast at unfavorable seasons, imbibed the seeds of disease, which confinement on board ship quickened into feverish activity. There have been examples where one half of them—it has been said, even, where two-thirds of them, perished on the passage."

The poor creatures, thus stowed away like so much inanimate cargo, often found their lives a burden too grievous to bear, and attempted self-destruction, sometimes by refusing to eat, sometimes by jumping into the sea.

Partly to prevent suicide, and partly to insure against an insurrection, the Negro men were chained together two and two, the chain being fastened at different intervals to the deck. When the weather was fair, they were brought on deck each day and forced by fear of the cat-o'-nine-tails, to exercise, or dance as it was called, in their chains. The frequency of suicide by starvation caused those slaves who did not eat to be regarded with suspicion and punished severely.

Captain Hall, a slave trader, has known cases where slaves were cruelly punished for not eating, supposed to be from obstinacy, when in reality it

was from indisposition, and in some instances the slaves so punished have been found dead next morning. So they even tried to deny him the poor privilege of committing suicide to escape his cruel tormentors. They seemed to think that a slave that could eat and would not eat, should be made to eat by cramming the food down his throat when he was dying.

They never chained the women or children, but gave them more freedom than the men; still, judging from a statement made by James Arnold, a surgeon on a slaver, even the weaker sex were treated very babarously. He deposed that "when the women were sitting by themselves below he had heard them singing, but always at these times, in tears. Their songs contained the history of their separation from their friends and country. These songs were so disagreeable to the captain, that he has taken them up and flogged them in so terrible a manner, for no other reason than this, that he (Mr. Arnold) has been a fortnight or three weeks in healing the incisions made."

We are here reminded of a similar incident of Bible history, recorded by the Psalmist. "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof." Up to this point there is a striking resemblance between the Hebrew captives en route for Babylon, and the poor native Africans on the slave ship. But notice the contrast in the treatment they received at the hands of their masters. "For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us

mirth, saying, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.'" It was refined cruelty to thus demand a song from those whose hearts were breaking at the thought of being exiled forever from their native land. However, the captain of the slave ship of modern history was guilty of more severe barbarity in thus cruelly scourging the bare backs of their helpless slave women, for no other offense except they did the very thing the Hebrew captives were required to do, sang of their native land.

In stormy weather, when the billows would rock the ship to and fro, and the slaves were kept below, the death rate was very great. An instance is recorded of a ship which carried only one hundred and forty slaves, meeting with a storm which lasted eighteen hours; they lost in less than a day more than one third of their number.

A great many cruel circumstances combined to increase the death roll. Those in authority never seemed to take sufficient fresh water for a voyage, as we learn from Mr. William James, who says of his experience on board the Britannia, "Their rooms were so hot and intolerable that they were continually calling out for water, and they generally came upon deck in a sweat. They were served twice a day with water which was given them in a tin cup of such dimensions as to hold not quite half a pint." Think of it, you who can breathe the sweet free air of heaven as God intended you should, and go every hour if you choose to the cool, clear spring, or "the old oaken bucket," to quench your thirst. Now, there was no excuse for this cruelty; for God had created mighty rivers of fresh water all along the western

coast of Africa. Indeed, next to fresh air, of which they were also deprived, fresh water was the cheapest commodity in the universe.

There is only one explanation for this sin of omission, and that is, Satan himself must have commanded these ships. But God is just, and we doubt not all of those engaged in the African slave trade have rendered their accounts, and been justly dealt with.

The slaves were subject to dysentery, the dreadful coast fever, and many other diseases, caused by the fetid air, and the confinement of human beings often for days and nights together, in a space of from twelve to sixteen inches each.

Rev. John Newton, who by the grace of God became a hymn-writer and Christian minister, was at one time the mate on a slave-ship. The transition from a life of piracy on a slave-ship to one of piety on the ship of Zion, is strikingly described by his own hymn.

"Amazing grace! how sweet the soun t,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind but now I see."

In speaking of his connection with the slaver, he stated that on his first voyage they lost one-third of their number of slaves by death, and added that on a later voyage they did not lose a single one; and admits that this is "the only instance of the kind ever known." On being asked the probable cause of this exemption of fatality, he ascribed it to the fact that, "with room for two hundred and twenty slaves, the number for which his cargo was calculated, they carried

ninety only." He also expressed an opinion that the "far greater part of the wars in Africa would cease if Europeans would cease to tempt them by offering goods for slaves," and added, "I believe the captives reserved for sale are fewer than the slain."

Quite a contrast is presented between John Newton, and one described by Rev. Hollis Read. "An intelligent and excellent English minister was once called to visit a man then on his death-bed, who had been for many years engaged in the African slave trade. He had been commander of a swift and successful ship, but had been often compelled to throw his poor captives to the sharks in the sea, to save his vessel from being captured by a man-of-war, or to lighten it in the storm; and had passed through the various terrible scenes incident to the prosecution of that infamous traffic. And now he was dying, in the full maturity of his powers, and in the midst of pecuniary prosperity and social comfort. The minister spake to him of repentance. "Repentance," was his reply, "I cannot repent! You have seen many sorts of men, sir, and perhaps you think you have seen the most wicked and most desperate among them. But I tell you that you don't know anything about an African slave trader. His heart is dead. Why, sir, I know perfectly well—I understand it fully— that I shall die in spite of everything; and I know that I shall go to hell. There is no possible salvation for me. It is perfectly impossible but I shall be lost. And yet, it don't move me in the least. I am just as indifferent to it as ever I was in my life."

And so he died; with despair perfected into in-

sensibility and death; the very fires of Divine wrath, as they flash upon his face, not starting a sigh or a pulse of emotion. His heart was "dead!"

We come now to briefly consider the magnitude of the crime of the African slave trade. It is impossible to do more than approximate the number; but those who know most about it, estimate it the highest.

When the matter was under consideration in the House of Lords in 1844, Lord Palmerston said: "According to the report of Messrs. Venderwelt and Buxton, from one hundred and twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand slaves are landed annually in America. It is calculated that of three negroes, seized in the interior of Africa, to be sent into slavery, but one reaches his destination; the two others die in the course of the operations of the slave trade. Whatever may be the number transported, we must triple it to obtain the true number of human beings whom this detestable traffic kidnaps every year from Africa."

He then refers to the various sources of mortality which we have already considered, and draws the conclusion that if one hundred and fifty thousand slaves landed annually in America the slave trade robbed Africa each year of three or four hundred thousand of her sable children. It is also considered that all the crimes of the human race will not exceed those which have been caused by the African slave trade.

Robert Dale Owen had positive knowledge that out of sixty thousand seven hundred and eighty

slaves shipped from Africa, fourteen thousand three hundred and eighty-nine died on the voyage, or twenty-three and two-thirds per cent. This, too, among people taken in the very prime of life.

Often the epidemics prevalent among the Negroes were communicated to the sailors, constantly exposed as they were. According to Sir John Younge, "a Guinea-ship seldom returns with more than half her complement of sailors;" while others estimate the loss at from twenty to twenty-five per cent.

It was regarded a bloody battle when ten per cent of the soldiers engaged were killed or wounded. The loss at Gettysburg did not rate as high.

What terrible suffering must have been endured by those poor souls in their voyage of eight or ten weeks on board the slave ships; their ranks twice decimated! Nothing to look forward to but separations, and a life of unrequited toil, would almost crush a heart of stone. And this gigantic crime, that a portion of God's people should live by the labor of another portion, was committed for more than three hundred years, and embraced tens of millions of souls.

When we consider the means employed in Africa to furnish cargoes for slave-ships, the destructive wars waged for prisoners, the marauding kidnapers burning villages, and slaughtering those who were too young or too old, while they seized as slaves those in the prime of life; the deaths on the long journey to the coast, and again in the fever-haunted barricoons, as well as the pestilential hold of the slave-ships, we cannot think Lord Palmerston exaggerated when he said we must

triple the number of slaves actually landed in America, to get the total number consigned to death or slavery by this traffic, from its inception in Africa until the end of the voyage in America.

It is generally conceded that twelve and one-half millions were actually landed in the New World. Multiplying this by three, we have thirty-seven and one-half millions. As it is estimated that three millions were thrown overboard alive, and as these figures are more likely under than over the true estimate, we can, with Hollis Read and others, safely call it in round numbers forty millions of the sons and daughters of Africa who have been enslaved or destroyed by this diabolical traffic in the souls and bodies of our fellow men.

It seems almost incredible that a great principle in political economy, in national, moral and Christian religion, should be openly violated for more than three centuries; yet such is history.

It is inexplicable, how this succession of barbarous outrages against God's people, numbering a great nation, could have been endorsed by public opinion, sanctioned by law, and upheld by solemn treaty; when every stage of its progress was marked by such flagrant enormities as only the most degraded could conceive.

Only once during his administration was President Lincoln known to promptly and sternly refuse mercy; this was in the case of an African slave trader. It seems the man had served his sentence in prison; but was still held in default of one thousand dollars fine. The man wrote to the President, frankly acknowledging his guilt, was very pathetic in his appeal on paper, but the

President was unmoved. "I could forgive the foulest murder for such an appeal," he said, "for it is my weakness to be too easily moved by appeals for mercy; but the man who could go to Africa, and rob her of her children, and sell them into endless bondage, with no other motive than that of getting dollars and cents, is so much worse than the most depraved murderer, that he can never receive pardon at my hands. No; he may rot in jail before he shall have liberty by any act of mine."

This was the sentiment of every true philanthropist of every country; especially when they considered that to all this loss of life there must be added the demoralization of the African slave trade; by bringing the natives in contact with the most abandoned men on earth, it utterly exterminated every vestige of morality. It destroyed industry, encouraged polygamy, and the most unbridled pollution and licentiousness the world has ever known.

The mental degradation was almost as great as the moral, tending to brutalize the natives, dwarf their minds, and preclude all thoughts of improvement.

It divided the people into two classes, resulting in the stronger oppressing the weak; cultivating in the one class the ferocity of the tiger pouncing upon his prey, while the other class might be compared to the hunted deer in the forest, ever on the alert and never safe from bondage, a hundred fold worse than death.

It annihilated society, rendering happiness, property, life itself, utterly insecure. Often a

man would build a good home, raise a large family, but as soon as his children were large enough to tempt the cupidity of a petty chieftain, some dark night the torch would be applied to his house, the salable children seized for the slave-ship, while the parents and the younger ones were cruelly butchered.

But what are the Christian nations doing for Africa now, to compensate for the thousand and one evils inflicted upon her in the past? It is true they have sent a few explorers, and a few missionaries, and planted two or three colonies. But this is more than offset by the tawdry gew-gaws, beads and trinkets, firearms and gunpowder, tobacco, opium, whisky and rum, which is sent to them on every ship. When will Christian nations decide that poor heathen Africa has suffered enough, and stay their ruthless and inhuman destruction?

CHAPTER III.

THE DUTCH SLAVER AND THE MAYFLOWER.

"They planted them together—our gallant sires of old,
Though one was crowned with crystal snow and one with solar gold,
With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty fray
Which surged and swelled around them on that memorable day
When they planted Independence as a symbol and a sign,
They struck deep soil and planted the palmetto and the pine."

VIRGINIA L. FRENCH.

Nearly all the world has heard of the Mayflower which brought the Pilgrims over in 1620 but comparatively few people know that the first Cavaliers came to the shores of Virginia in the good ships Discovery, Good Speed, and the Susan-Constant in 1607. Few events of importance are recorded from the settlement of Jamestown until the ever memorable year, 1619.

It was near the close of summer of that year, when the colonists were surprised to see the sail of a distant ship entering the estuary of the James River. In an instant the cannon was fired as a signal for all to assemble, which they promptly did, seizing their weapons as they came, thinking the alarm might be caused by a dreaded Indian attack. But their consternation was quickly turned

into wonder, when they discovered a ship approaching. They naturally supposed it was an English vessel sent out by the London Company; but a nearer inspection revealed the peculiar shape and flag of a Dutch man-of-war.

The thrifty Hollanders had come in to find a market for their African slaves among the planters at Jamestown.

The transaction is recorded by the historian of this period in the following significant words: "About the last of August came in a Dutch man-of-war that sold us 20 Negars."

An admirer of the scholarly John Calvin said of one of his lectures, "Every word weighed a pound;" judged by the baneful results of African slavery thus introduced, every word of this brief record must have weighed a ton, for they chronicled the entering wedge of an institution which was destined to split the Nation, and cancer-like afflict the body politic nearly two and a half centuries, and in its death throes to deluge the land in the blood of a fratricidal war.

This year was also memorable for the organization of the House of Burgesses, which was the first Legislative body assembled in America; and the importation of ninety "highly respectable" young women, who were sent over by the London Company to become wives of the planters.

The company had taken "extraordinary care and diligence" in the selection. They had "good testimony of their honest life and carriage," which was enclosed with the name of each one for the benefit of the husband. No wonder these Virginia mothers, although mated to idlers, gold seekers,

and adventurers, without stability of character, gave to the world a people which rivaled the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and in some respects excelled them.

Their passage was fixed at one hundred and twenty pounds of the best leaf tobacco, which was cheerfully paid by their husbands. The young brides were well pleased, and writing back induced sixty more of their marriageable friends, "agreeable persons, young and incorrupt," to come over the next year. But this time the London Company raised the price of transportation to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco, but there is no record of any planter protesting or refusing the goods at the advanced price. This was the first and most successful matrimonial bureau of which we have read.

Thus we find in this remarkable year, the Virginia planters received two among God's greatest blessings, self-government and noble, good wives; and one of the Devil's greatest curses, slavery.

Four important effects grew out of the cultivation of tobacco in this country. It encouraged the planters to clear the land and work it on a large scale. It built up a steady and profitable trade with Europe. It was an incentive for the better class of emigrants with capital, and energetic farmers, to come over to Virginia and engage in the new industry. It introduced and encouraged the importation of Negro slaves, as the cheapest means of carrying on great plantations.

Finding the ship load of sand which Newport took to England contained no gold, the excitement of the gold seekers abated, and all who

were not utterly worthless and incorrigible (spurred on, it may be, by their energetic wives) began the cultivation of tobacco extensively, as a means of getting gold. It soon became the leading industry, and almost superseded money, for public officers and even clergymen received their salaries in it. For a time it was cultivated in the streets of Jamestown. Several years the planters, in their eagerness for tobacco to export, neglected to raise sufficient crops of corn, which came near causing famines.

The one crop idea thus early seen has been a favorite blunder not only with Virginia, but throughout the South, from that day to the present time.

One of the heroes of this period was John Rolfe, the energetic young Christian planter, who was not only the pioneer tobacco grower, but the first of the English colonists to make a convert to Christianity among the Indians. By his marriage to the daughter of Powhatan, he probably saved the infant colony from destruction by the Indians.

As is well known, the noted patriot and statesman, John Randolph of Roanoke, and other "F. F. V.'s," were proud to trace their genealogy to Rolfe and Pocahontas, or Lady Rebecca as she was rechristened.

But the greatest man among them was Captain John Smith, the real founder of Virginia, who had the executive ability of Bradford, and the bravery and chivalry of Miles Standish. What these two Pilgrim Fathers combined were to Plymouth, that and more Smith was to Jamestown. But it must be remembered that his greatness is more promi-

nent, from being contrasted with the incompetency of most of his associates, while the Pilgrim Fathers were all alike great.

Several times Smith pacified or intimidated the threatening Indians, and procured by barter sufficient corn to keep the vagabonds and idlers (which King James insisted on sending over) from starvation. He thus wrote to the London Company: "When you send again, I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of tree-roots well provided, than a thousand of such as we have."

When Smith was appointed Governor, he was an inspiration to the industrious, but a terror to the lazy. He introduced the apostolic law that "if any would not work neither should he eat." This had a very salutary effect, but unfortunately his term of office was short; being terribly injured in a powder explosion, he returned to England in 1609 and never again visited Virginia.

Smith left the Colony in a prosperous condition, with four hundred and ninety people, but in six months by disease, famine and the attacks of the Indians, they were reduced to sixty; and these in despair had abandoned the settlement, and in their boats were at the mouth of the river when they met Lord Delaware in a ship from England, with a company of immigrants and abundant supplies. Of course they gladly returned to Jamestown.

Money was made very rapidly by raising tobacco, but it impoverished the soil equally fast. This, however, was a matter of no moment, as large

ROF. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON SCHOOL.

farms and plenty of slaves became the order, and as fast as a piece of land was exhausted, a larger field was ready to take its place.

In spite of the baneful effects of the slave system, for as Henry Clay said, "slavery was a curse to the master and a wrong to the slave," in spite of the character (or want of character)of the first settlers, Virginia produced some of the noblest statesmen and incorruptible patriots, as well as some of the finest society of the New World.

Like her oldest and fairest daughter, Kentucky, the "Old Dominion" was but a synonym for chivalry, hospitality, good cheer, and sociability. For what the early fathers lacked, was more than made up by the superior qualities of the imported mothers of Virginia. The Father of his country gave his mother the credit of making him what he was, and Mother Washington is one of the few women to whom a monument has been built by a grateful people. And there were contemporary mothers just as patriotic and competent, as the following incident of the Revolution demonstrates. "In one of Tarlton's marauding expeditions into the interior of Virginia, his troops stopped to breakfast at the plantation of old Major Hardy. All those of the household that drew the sword were with Washington, but they had by no means carried off all the pluck and patriotism.

The good lady received her visitors with such spirit and dignity that it seemed she still considered her house her own, and she still appeared to give with haughty hospitality what her unwelcome guests would have taken as a matter of course. The officers who breakfasted in the house were

awed into respect by her manner, and her houses and barns were spared a fate that befell many others. But the passage of such a troop was like a visit of locusts. Fodder-stacks had disappeared, granaries were emptied, meat houses were rifled, pig-pen and poultry yard silent as the grave. The matron contemplated the devastation with swelling indignation. All gone—all. If they had been Washington's troopers she would have gloried in the sacrifice; but to be forced to feed the host of the oppressor—to give nourishment and strength to those who might soon meet her husband and sons in battle—that was hard indeed.

The Negroes had returned from their hiding-places, and stood grouped around, with eyes fixed upon their mistress, but not daring to break the silence. Presently an old Muscovy drake crept out from beneath the corn-crib, where he had taken refuge during that Reign of Terror. The sight of this solitary and now useless patriarch was the feather that broke the camel's back. The matron's patience gave way under it. "Jack," she screamed, "catch that duck!"

With the instinct of obedience, Jack pounced upon the wheezing waddler. "Now mount that mare—mount instantly!"

With countenance of ashy hue, and staring eyes, Jack obeyed the order.

"Now ride after the soldiers, ride for your life. Give my compliments to Colonel Tarlton—mind, to no one else—the officer on the black horse—give him my compliments, and tell him your mistress says he forgot to take that duck."

Away went the messenger in full speed after the retreating cohorts.

"Well, Jack, did you deliver that message?" "Sartin, missus." "To Colonel Tarlton himself?" "Sartin, missus." "And what did he say?" "He put duck in he knapsack, and say he much 'bleeged."

Those old Virginia gentlemen were so hospitable in the ante-bellum days they would almost go out into the highways and compel gentlemanly looking strangers to come in, that their houses might be filled with visitors.

Porte Crayon (David H. Strother) had been doing the White Sulphur Springs and Natural Bridge, in company with his sister and two charming young lady cousins in a carriage with a Negro driver. Stopping for refreshments at a village tavern on the return trip, he was just beginning a conversation with Boniface, when he was approached by an elderly gentleman, whose dress and deportment showed him to be one of the lords of the land, an old school Virginia gentleman, a genuine "F. F. V." As he is a *sui generis*, fast disappearing (more's the pity) we will do what he fain would have us, spend a little time with him.

Squire Hardy, for such was his name, engaged in a conversation with Porte Crayon, and finding him agreeable company, and perhaps a distant relative, soon had the entire party transferred to his roomy old mansion, two miles in the country.

Everybody was delighted as soon as they entered the house. The old lady left off in the middle of a cut of yarn she was winding from the hands of a small ebony-hued maid, to welcome her guests, and Crayon was entertained for two hours with the genealogy of the family. It was ascertained beyond a doubt that they were related.

This interesting discovery was confirmed next morning, by a message from an aged domestic, Aunt Winnie, who informed Mr. Crayon that she had nursed his father, and insisted on receiving a visit from him at her cabin.

Aunt Winnie was a person of too much importance on the estate to be slighted, so the visit was made in due form next morning.

Her little whitewashed cabin stood at no great distance from the "great house," and was fitted up with due regard to the comfort of the aged occupant, not forgetting the ornamental, in the shape of highly colored lithographs and white fringed curtains.

"Lord bless us!" said the old woman, "don't tell me dis is mass' Nat's son. Mussy on us! What you got all dat har on your face, like wild people? Good gracious! can't tell who de boy do look like on account of dat har!"

Crayon smiled at the old nurse's comments, and having made the donation usual on such occasions, turned to depart. "Thankee, young master; Lord bless you. You'se 'mazin' good lookin' in de back, anyhow!"

Aunt Winnie was supposed to be upwards of a hundred years old, and could count among her descendants children of the fifth generation, one of whom stood at her side when she received Crayon. She walked with difficulty, but her eyes were bright, and her other faculties apparently complete Her memory was excellent, and her narratives of the olden times were replete with interest. She it was who told the story of Colonel Tarlton and the Muscovy drake.

Squire Hardy, the genial host, pretended to despise all modern elegance and luxuries, but his wife and daughters always carried their point and got whatever they desired. On one occasion, after a visit to Richmond, his wife and daughters concluded that the parlor looked bare and old fashioned, and it was decided by them that a change was necessary.

"What!" said he, in a towering passion, "isn't it enough that you spend your time and money in vinegar to sour sweet peaches, and sugar to sweeten crab-apples, that you must turn the house you were born in topsy-turvy? God help us! we've a house with windows to let the light in, and you want curtains to keep it out; we've plastered the walls to make them white, and now you want to paste blue paper over them; we've waxed floors to walk on, and we must pay two dollars a yard for a carpet to save the oak plank! Be gone with your nonsense, ye demented jades!"

The squire smote the oak floor with his heavy cane, and the rosy petitioners fled from his presence laughing. In due time, however, the parlors were furnished with carpets, curtains, paper, and all the fixtures of modern luxury. The ladies were of course delighted, and it was plain to see that the worthy man enjoyed their pleasure, as much as they did the new furniture.

Here we will leave him in the bosom of his family, and turn to the Mayflower, and see for what it stood.

Any body of people but the Pilgrims would have planned to arrive in a new and inhospitable country in pleasant weather, so they would have

had plenty of time to provide food and prepare for winter; not so the Pilgrim Fathers; they never seemed to have studied their own comfort, and landed on that bleak and frozen shore just as winter was approaching. Before spring they had buried half of their colony, including Governor Carver, but when the Mayflower set sail for England not one of the pilgrims returned in her; they had a fixed determination and were bound to stay.

The saying, "The Puritans were persons who came to America to enjoy religious liberty and prevent others from securing the same blessing," would have been quite witty if it were only true. The country was as large then as now, with only two or three little settlements on the coast, and those who differed from them were at perfect liberty to move on.

The fact is, the Puritans and Pilgrims sought freedom of worship for *themselves*, not for all mankind.

It remained for the great and good Roger Williams, whom they banished (not without cause), to found a colony whose chief corner-stone was civil and *religious liberty* for all. Thus Providence became a city of refuge for the oppressed and persecuted of all nations, where they might enjoy perfect "soul liberty," and freedom of conscience. And the leaven of this principle (for which Baptists have contended from time immemorial) has lightened the entire nation and become the constitutional law of a great people.

The immortal idea of Roger Williams is thus embodied in our constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of re-

ligion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

In time Plymouth was overshadowed and absorbed by the Puritan colony at Boston. Hence the terms Pilgrim and Puritan are so often used interchangeably.

The principles of the Pilgrims soon permeated Massachusetts, then New England, and finally the whole nation felt its influence. It was like a flaming beacon upon a hill which after it has diffused its light and heat around, tinges the distant horizon with its glow.

Before noting the contrast between the Cavalier and Puritan, we will briefly consider the points of resemblance. Both were English, and sent out under the auspices of the two colonization and mercantile associations, known as the London Company, and Plymouth Company. Neither colony reached the destination for which it embarked.

As Bancroft stated, "the first Virginia colony, sailing along the coast of North Carolina, was by a favoring storm driven into the magnificent bay of the Chesapeake. The Pilgrims, having chosen for their settlement the country near the Hudson, the best position on the whole coast, were conducted, through some miscalculation, to the most barren and inhospitable part of Massachusetts."

Each doomed to bondage the Indians and purchased African slaves. One had their warlike chieftain in the person of Captain John Smith, the other in Miles Standish.

One has said, "A story without a love-plot is like a bush without a rose, or a flower without perfume " But the Cavaliers and Puritans each had a genuine love story which was

full of interest. Mention has already been made of the romantic marriage of Rolfe and Pocahontas, and the distinction of their descendants; but the first marriage of the Puritans is still more remarkable.

This was solemnized May 12, 1621, between Mr. Edward Winslow and Mrs. Susannah White, widow of William and mother of Peregrine White, the first "white" child born in New England. Hence she was the first mother, and afterwards the first bride of New England Moreover, she became the wife of one distinguished governor, and mother of another.

The importation of wives by the Cavaliers is not without a flavor of poetry and a spice of romance; while the affair of the heart, in which Miles Standish and John Alden were rivals for the affections of Priscilla the Puritan maiden, has been immortalized by America's greatest poet. Still the contrast between the two sections is more striking than the similarity. In the first place, they were actuated by entirely different motives in coming to form a settlement in the New World. As is well known, the early Cavaliers expected to find a new El Dorado with gold beyond the dreams of avarice, and those who came later purposed to cultivate tobacco to gain wealth. But the Puritans did not expect to increase their wealth or improve their situation. When King James asked, "How intend ye to gain a livelihood in the new country?" they replied, "By fishing at first." Though they did not expect gold, yet by means of their trained intellects, their habits of industry, their variety of occupations and inventive inge-

nuity, even with an inhospitable climate, they made the sandy beach and bleak hillside blossom like a rose, and soon had more wealth than the Cavaliers who came mainly to seek it. This is remarkable when it is remembered that the Cavaliers had a genial climate, a rich soil and plenty of slaves to cultivate it.

What the House of Burgesses was to the Cavalier, the Town-meeting was to the Pligrims. But there was this difference: the House of Burgesses was composed of representatives of plantations—later, of counties—and was never designed to be a meeting of the whole people; while in the Town-meeting, all public matters were freely discussed and decided—there laws were made, and every man met his neighbor on equal terms. There was established what could not be found elsewhere, except in Switzerland, "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." That of the Cavaliers became a government of the people, by the politicians, for the money. The result was that in the South the few did the thinking for the masses. Consequently the leaders became very skillful politicians, not only controlling their own states but the nation as well. This was due to actual ability, and the fact that they kept a threat of secession suspended over Congress.

Of the fifteen Presidents from Washington to Lincoln, nine were Southern men, of whom seven were Virginians by birth. Of the six others, at least two, and perhaps three were Northern men with Southern principles.

The most of the Cavaliers had but one profession, politics, yet they prosecuted that with phenomenal

zeal and success. But the Pilgrim Fathers cared so little for office, that in 1632 it was enacted that if any man was elected to the office of Governor, and would not serve, he should be fined twenty pounds sterling, and half this amount was the penalty for declining to accept the office of council. What a contrast is here presented to the hoard of hungry candidates of this period, scrambling and contending for office!

The Cavaliers had a few good colleges, but practically no public school system. The poorer class of white citizens, that in the North were "the honest yeomanry, the country's pride," were in the South kept steeped in ignorance, degradation and petty crime. But these latter people, variously called Crackers, Sandhillers, Clayeaters and poor whites, were indirectly ruined by the withering curse of slavery.

Channing wrote, "Slavery is the calamity of our Southern brethren, and not their crime." To which we answer yes, especially the poor whites of the South, because slavery dishonored toil. Labor was the disgraceful portion of Negro slaves. Hence to show their independence and superiority over the Negro, the poor whites "toiled not, neither did they spin."

How did they live? They existed. Said Fannie Kemble, the wife of a Georgia planter, "No white man of any class puts his hand to work of any kind soever. This is an exceedingly dignified way of proving their gentility, for the lazy planters who prefer a life of semi-starvation and barbarism to the degradation of doing anything themselves; but the effect on the poorer whites of the country

is terrible. I speak now of the scattered white population, who, too poor to possess land or slaves, and having no means of living in the towns, squat, as it is appropriately termed, on other men's land or government districts, till evicted by the rightful proprietors. These wretched creatures will not labor, for they are white, and labor belongs to slaves alone. They are hardly protected from the weather by their rude shelter. Their food is supplied by hunting, fishing, and stealing from the cultivated patches of the nearest plantation. Their clothes hang about them in filthy tatters, and the combined squalor and fierceness of their appearance is frightful. This population is the direct outgrowth of slavery."

John H. Aughey, in his work, "The Iron Furnace," tells of two men of the low white class, who actually traded wives. It seems that Bill wanted to go to Texas, but his "ole gal" refused to budge; while Dick was perfectly contented where he was, but his wife, much younger than himself, was not satisfied with her surroundings. In talking over the situation one day, a bright thought struck Bill. "Dick," said he, "s'posin' we swap wives?" "Well," said Dick, "s'posin' we do?" "I'll gub ye an eben swap." "Nary time," said the other; "you wouldn't 'spect a man to gub ye a young filly for an old mar, would ye?" "Naw, never think of that. What boot will ye take?" "Best shot-gun and $10.00." "Too much; gub ye the worst shot-gun and $5 00." Good 'nough, if the 'oman's is willin'." The "omans," like Barkis, were willin', each stipulating that she might retain her child, and the exchange was effected.

The poor whites were allowed to vote, but the planters held all the offices. They passed laws making these despised people patrol the country, to catch fugitive slaves with hounds, and do all their menial work. Having no education, they were easily duped by their self-constituted leaders.

Not so New England. In 1635 provision for establishing a public school in Boston was made. This was the commencement of the common school system. In a few years, free instruction was provided for every white child in Massachusetts. The example was soon copied by all New England, and before many years it spread to the middle and other Northern states. Not satisfied with thus leading the world in public schools, the next year the General Court voted four hundred pounds, or the entire year's tax of the colony, to found a college at Cambridge, then called Newtown. This is said to be the first instance in which the people through their representatives gave their own money to found an institution of learning. Two years later Rev. John Harvard, a Baptist minister, left his library of three hundred and twenty volumes, and seven hundred and fifty pounds, to endow the University which bears his name.

It must not be forgotten that the Pilgrims were all well educated men. Many of them were known in Europe for their talents and acquirements.

The public schools, and town-meetings, were great educators for the masses. The people were eager to learn, and believed in free speech. Southern advocates of the rightfulness of slavery

were invited to participate in joint discussion, and gladly heard from the lecture platform. But the advocates of slavery denied free speech at the South. Garrison and Parker would have been put to death had they gone South and attempted to lecture. They even suppressed the circulation of anti-slavery literature, by rifling the mails, and insisted that the subject should not be agitated at all. But this plea was effectually answered by Lowell, when he said: "To be told that we ought not to agitate the question of slavery, when it is that which is forever agitating us, is like telling a man with the fever and ague on him to stop shaking and he will be cured."

The pro-slavery element instituted gag-law, and determined to crush out all opposition to their "peculiar institution;" and many of the anti-slavery statesmen who had been loudest in denouncing slavery were effectually silenced. But there was one woman's voice that knew no silence, and with her strong yet sympathetic heart, Mrs. Stowe, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," pleaded the cause of the poor Negro slave in twenty languages.

Perhaps next to "Uncle Tom," the work which created the strongest sentiment against slavery was Helper's "Impending Crisis of the South: How to Meet it." This book was written by a poor white of North Carolina, and proved conclusively that slavery was fatal to the interest of the non-slave-holding whites of the South.

This argument, supported by figures, was unanswerable. But alas, so far as his class was concerned, it was like casting pearls before swine, for most of the poor whites could not read. This

fact alone saved slavery from being doomed to destruction there and then, for at least seven voters out of ten in the slave states were non-slave-holding whites. A compend of this book, published in a cheap form for gratuitous distribution at Washingington, made many converts to anti-slavery principles.

For many years the irrepressible conflict was waged on the floor of Congress with the preponderance of argument in favor of the anti-slavery faction. Said Mr. Badger of North Carolina, in the United States Senate, "Is it not hard, if I should emigrate to Kansas, that I should be forbidden to take my old mammy (slave nurse) along with me?" To which B. F. Wade replied, "We have not the least objection to the Senator's migrating to Kansas and taking his old mammy with him. We only insist that he shall not be permitted to sell her after he has taken her there."

It was by no means true that all north of Mason and Dixon's line were anti-slavery, and all south of it pro-slavery. Lincoln himself probably descended from the Cavaliers, and belonged to the better class of poor whites of Kentucky. Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky was one of the ablest abolitionists of the nation, while Garrison was mobbed in Boston under the shadow of Faneuil Hall, and Lovejoy was killed at Alton, Illinois. But in the main the principles of the Pilgrims permeated the North, and that of the Cavaliers, the South.

The first public building erected by the Pilgrims was a combined fort and church. With Cromwell they thought "he that prays best, and preaches best, will fight the best." They prayed on the eve

of battle, and were disposed to "trust in God and keep their powder dry." But the same was true of Washington, R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

The anecdote of Stonewall Jackson's Negro body servant, who said before a battle, "The Yankees will ketch it to-day, for massa Tom prayed three times las' night," is well known.

These body servants usually had an easy place and received kind treatment. A case in point is mentioned by a correspondent for the Century. This Uncle Tom was the body servant to the gallant General B—— of South Carolina, who had left one leg in the Mexican war. Tom accompanied his master on his summer visit to Saratoga. Here he was induced to attend an abolition meeting. A real Southern slave, a victim of the cruelties just rehearsed, was an object of interest. A kind hearted disciple of Garrison was so moved upon that he offered Tom money with which to effect his escape. To the disgust and indignation of all present Tom declined it.

"I'm powerful 'bleeged," said he, "but I doan' know nuthin' 'bout all dis! I gits my keepin' at de hotel and dese clo'es; and 'fore God, I doan' have nuthin' to do all de summer but shine one boot a day."

Tom's master, with characteristic Southern ardor, threw himself into the war frenzy of 1860. He boasted that he could stand on his one foot and rout a whole regiment of Yankees with his derringer. "Why," said he, "the Yankees won't fight; I will drink all the blood they spill." But one of the first to fall was his gallant son, and the proud father did not long survive him.

Had this general taken the pains to consult the historical status of his own state, South Carolina, and compare it with Massachusetts during the Revolutionary struggle, he would have seen nothing to justify him in sneering at the Yankees for cowards.

According to George Livermore, the total number in the Colonial army was 231,959 troops. Of these Massachusetts alone furnished 67,907. All the states south of Pennsylvania combined, furnished but 59,493, or 8,414 less than the old Bay State. New England alone equipped and maintained 118,350, more than half the entire number in use.

"It is hardly an exaggeration to state that more Whigs of New England were sent to the aid of Carolina, and are now buried in her soil, than she sent from it to every scene of strife from Lexington to Yorktown."

South Carolina, with a Northern army to help her, could not, or would not, preserve her own capital.

When Putnam of Connecticut heard of the fight at Concord and Lexington, he left his plow in the furrow and started at once for Cambridge. When Stark heard the same news in New Hampshire he was sawing pine logs. Closing the gate of his mill he started at once for Boston in his shirt sleeves. Soon an army of 15,000 Puritan soldiers was ready for the Cavalier commander-in-chief.

During the Revolution every male citizen of Rhode Island between the ages of sixteen and sixty is said to have fought for independence.

The inference drawn by Mr. Livermore is that a large majority of the citizens of South Carolina of that period were Tories, and British sympathizers. This, he thinks, is shown by the great number from that state who flocked to the British standard after the fall of Charleston. He conceded, however, that the patriotism of the partisan generals, Marion, Sumpter and Pickens, and the conduct of the noble women of the state, saved them from disgrace.

The descendants of the stalwart Pilgrims contributed their full quota to the patriotism and valor of the struggle for independence. In 1774 they determined to use the famous Forefather Rock as fuel to increase the flame of indignation against the oppression of England. When it was raised by means of powerful screws, it divided without any apparent cause. This was considered a good omen, signifying that they would be separated from the mother country. Half of it was transported to the place selected, and a flag raised over it containing this brief, stern motto: "Liberty or death." A monument was afterwards built over it containing the names of the forty-one signers of the compact on board the Mayflower. The other half was reduced to fragments and scattered far and wide throughout the country.

De Tocqueville said of it: "This rock has become an object of veneration in the United States. I have seen bits of it carefully preserved in several towns of the Union. Does not this sufficiently show that all human power and greatness is in the soul of man? Here is a stone which the feet of a few outcasts pressed for an instant and the stone becomes famous."

Wendell Phillips said of this stone: "Neither do I acknowledge, sir, the right of Plymouth to the whole rock. No, the rock underlies all America; it only crops out here. It has cropped out a great many times in our history. You may recognize it always. Old Putnam stood upon it at Bunker Hill, when he said to the Yankee boys, 'Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes.' Jefferson had it for a writing desk when he drafted the Declaration of Independence, and the statute of Religious Liberty for Virginia. Lovejoy rested his musket upon it, when they would not let him print at Alton, and he said 'Death or Free Speech.' Garrison had it for an imposing stone, when he looked into the faces of seventeen millions of angry men and printed his sublime pledge: 'I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard.' When Alexander H. Stevens made his great speech accepting the Vice-Presidency of the Southern Confederacy, he said in substance: 'Slavery, the stone which the builders rejected, is now the chief corner stone of the Confederacy.'"

This view differed materially from that of President Davis as published in his "Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy," Mr. Davis emphatically denied that slavery was the cause of the war. And General R. E. Lee stated to John Leyburn at Baltimore: "So far from engaging in a war to perpetuate slavery, I am rejoiced that slavery is abolished. I believe it will be greatly for the interests of the South. So fully am I satisfied of this as regards Virginia especially, that I would cheerfully have lost all I have lost by the war, and have suffered all I have suffered, to have this object attained."

Why, in the name of truth, did not these venerable leaders of the South tell us what they considered the real cause of the war? General Lee was a grand man and Christian warrior, and colonized the most of his slaves in Liberia before the war. But the fact remains that though he repudiated slavery as the cause of war, both he and Mr. Davis seemed to have exhausted their ingenuity in vain to invent any other cause. In the absence, therefore, of any justification, we are forced to believe with half the South, all the North and the rest of the civilized world, that the only cause for which the South fought was *human slavery*.

Mr. Davis refers to African servitude among us as "confessed to be the mildest and most humane of all institutions to which the name 'slavery' has ever been applied."

Confessed when, and by whom? By the slave holders themselves, and their sympathizers, such men as Jefferson Davis, who, to say the least of it, was personally interested and not a fair witness.

> "Mankind is ever weak,
> And little to be trusted;
> If self the wavering balance strike,
> It's seldom right adjusted."

The strongest argument Mr. Davis advanced in justification of secession, stripped of its verbiage, might be stated as follows: Whereas, George Cabot, United States Senator from Massachusetts, during Washington's administration; Colonel Timothy Pickering, Secretary of War, under Washington; and Hon. Josiah Quincy, congressman from Massachusetts; and some of the "hot spurs" of the legislature of that state, did at differ-

ent times threaten to secede from the Union and establish a separate government of the New England and adjoining states; therefore the South was perfectly justifiable both in threatening and enacting the threat, even when it involved the treasonable action of firing on the Nation's flag, and instigating a long and bloody war.

The weakness and sophistry of this argument is apparent on its face. He assumed that secession was right of itself, which is a false premise, for when the colonies went into the Union, there was not the slightest reservation of the right to withdraw from it at option. In the next place he tries to justify the treasonable action of the South because, forsooth, a few prominent men at the North threatened to separate from the Nation in its early history, before the bands which bound the states together were cool from the process of welding. Is there no difference between the idle threat of a few men, whose council was repudiated by their state, and the preconcerted action of the South?

"We live in *deeds*, not *words*;
In *facts*, not figures on the dial."

Moreover, Pickering explicitly disavows hostile feeling toward the South as follows: "While thus contemplating the only means of maintaining our ancient institutions in morals and religion and our equal rights, we wish no ill to the Southern states and those naturally connected with them." But the South was the aggressor. Confident in her own prowess, she seemed determined to provoke the North to war. For during the administration of Buchanan, his secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb embezzled $6,000,000 in gold, sent

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it South, and then resigned to accept office under the Confederacy. The secretary of the navy scattered the war ships to the "four winds," while the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, emptied the arsenals of the North of twelve hundred cannons and one hundred and fifty thousand stand of arms, valued at eight millions, and joined the Confederacy. Then, when all things were ready, came secession and rebellion. But Uncle Sam and Aunt Columbia spanked their wayward and naughty children soundly and brought them back home.

And now the better element of the Southern people are glad the curse of the Dutch Slaver is eliminated from their fair land; and in their heart of hearts, they are glad the old flag waves over one glorious united nation.

Still we do believe that had the Puritan settled Virginia, and the Cavalier Massachusetts, the question involved would have remained the same, but the Puritan would have fought for slavery, and the Cavalier for freedom. This theory is strengthened when it is remembered that the first American slaver, "The Desire," was fitted out at Salem, or Marblehead, Massachusetts, in 1636. And we are forced to believe that the only reason slavery did not flourish in the North was because it was found unprofitable on account of the short summers, and severe winters. It is but just to state that while the descendants of the Puritans were noted for their love of liberty, their broad culture, their industry and inventive ingenuity, their literary attainments, and business capacity, the sons of the Cavaliers were brave and chivalrous, whole-souled and hospitable; and while they hated

their enemies with great bitterness, they loved their friends "with a love that was more than love." They took naturally to law, politics and society. Foreign visitors considered them the most companionable and attractive people of America. And, now that the cause of all trouble—slavery—is removed, and the two sections, each great in their own way, are cultivating the arts of peace, we look forward with eager hearts to the Twentieth century, when North and South will be merged into the more comprehensive term, America, and no matter what threatening powers may invade our land, we will have a people "whose polar star is Duty, whose staff is Justice, and whose goal is Liberty."

CHAPTER IV.

SLAVERY BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

The first African slaves were brought to the New World in the year 1565, in the English ship "Jesus," commanded by Sir John Hawkins, under the patronage of "Good Queen Bess." Thus we find that exactly three hundred years from the landing of this first cargo of two hundred and fifty chained slaves at St. Domingo, our martyred President went to his God bearing the shackles of four million freedmen.

The demand for these slaves grew out of the fact that Spanish cruelty had exterminated the inoffensive Indians found on the islands, and it was found necessary to have Negro slaves to cultivate the plantations.

The hearty sons of Africa not only survived the oppressive cruelty of their heartless task-masters, but in time they rebelled against them, and under their invincible "Black Prince," Toussaint, killed them in battle or drove them from the island. Thus, as Bancroft well says, "Hayti, the first spot in America that received African Slaves, was the first to set the example of African Liberty."

He also says the sovereigns of England, especially Elizabeth and Anne, "participated in the

hazard, the profits and the crimes, and became at once smugglers and slave merchants."

We are horrified at this depravity, and yet history is repeating itself; Christian England and America are to-day, with the approval of their rulers, sending opium to China and rum to Africa.

As we purpose showing how slavery spread to the different colonies, we will take a hasty glance at each of them, in the order of its introduction.

Virginia, 1619:—It seems to be a mooted question among historians, as to whether the Dutch ship landed the first slaves of the thirteen original colonies at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1619 or 1620. We find as much authority for the one year as the other; but upon the whole we are inclined, with Ridpath, Williams and others, to favor 1619 as the correct date.

However, the first slaves that landed in what is now the United States, were brought to Florida at the founding of St. Augustine in 1565, by Pedro Menendez de Aviles, who entered into a compact with his sovereign, Philip II. of Spain, in which he obligated himself to take with him five hundred slaves.

In Virginia the institution of slavery grew very slowly at first, and the Negroes were regarded as chattels; but an act was passed in 1705 declaring them to be real estate.

The slaves had no personal rights, and could not leave the plantation to which they belonged, without a written pass from their master. If one dared to lift a hand against a Christian (?) or white man, he received thirty lashes, and if he resisted punishment, was liable to be killed with impunity,

and his murderer was guiltless in the eyes of the law. Trial by jury was denied him, and more than five meeting together was considered felony, and punishable by death.

We read of slaves given in part payment to clergymen for preaching to whites, but no record of any one preaching to Negroes. A few Negroes were emancipated for meritorious services, but a law passed in 1699 required them to leave the colony within six months of securing their liberty.

New York, 1628:—Slavery was introduced at this time; but the kind-hearted Dutch treated their Negro slaves with much humanity. The institution was mainly patriarchal. Manumission of slaves for meritorious services, or prompted by justice, was quite frequent. Under this mild system the Negroes were correspondingly happy. They married and were given in marriage, they sowed and reaped a good share of the fruits of their labor. While there were no schools for them, there were no laws against their receiving instruction when their work was done.

There is not found in all history a greater contrast than is presented by the treatment accorded these slaves by the humane Dutch, and that of their English conquerors. In 1702 an act was passed making it unlawful to trade with Negro slaves, on pain of fine or imprisonment.

"Not above three slaves were allowed to meet together, on pain of being whipped by a justice of the peace, or sent to jail."

In 1710 the city of New York passed an ordinance forbidding slaves appearing in the streets after dark without a lighted lantern, on penalty

of being locked up in the watch-house that night, and sent to prison the next day until the master paid the fine; after which the slave received fifty lashes and was discharged.

A slave market was erected at the foot of Wall Street, where slaves were sold daily to the highest bidder. Negroes had no family relation, but lived together by common consent. Even free Negroes had no property, land, schools or other privileges. Thus their lives were spent in a huge sepulcher and they were buried in a common ditch after death. This horrible state of affairs culminated in the so-called "Negro plot" of 1741. In February of that year the house of Robert Hogg, a merchant of New York City, was robbed of fine linen, medals, silver coin, etc. The case was given to the officers of the law to arrest and punish the guilty parties. They pushed the case with such zeal that aided by a "diseased public conscience, inflamed by religious bigotry, accelerated by hired liars, and consummated in the blind and bloody action of a court and jury who imagined themselvs sitting over a powder magazine," they perpetrated in the name of law the darkest and most cruel deed in American history.

From May 11th to August 29th, one hundred and fifty-four Negroes were cast into prison, fourteen of whom were burned at the stake, eighteen hanged, seventy-one transported, and the remainder pardoned. All because a few Negroes stole goods from a prominent merchant, "and the people imagined a vain thing," namely, that a plot was made by the Negroes to murder the whites and burn the city. Some of the poor wretches

resorted to accusing others, hoping so to obtain pardon thereby, until the jail was filled to overflowing. The slightest accusation of this kind was welcomed, and distorted into positive proof of guilt. Moreover, it must be remembered that the "Negroes were considered heathen, and therefore not sworn by the court; that they were not allowed counsel; that the evidence was indirect, contradictory, and malicious; while the trials were hasty and unfair."

In time all believers in the "Negro Plot" were converted to the opinion that the zeal of the magistrates had not been "according to knowledge," and that there was no competent evidence to show that there had been an organized plot. Every fair historian now condemns the heartless and bloodthirsty magistrates.

Every law passed by the legislature of New York prior to the Revolution, tended to curtail the Negroes' rights, until their condition was little removed from the brute. Nor did "Our Brother in Black" fare much better in the other colonies.

Massachusetts, 1633:—We come now to consider slavery in the "Old Bay State." It must have been introduced before 1633, for we read that during that year some Pequod Indians found a Negro up in a tree who was lost and trying to find his way home. The Indians were frightened, so ran to the white settlement and reported they had seen the Devil.

As early as 1637 some of the Pequod Indians, "who would not endure the yoke or be obedient servants," were sent to the Bermudas and ex-

changed for Negroes. Sometimes slaves received kind treatment, but as often cruel; depending entirely upon the disposition of the master.

"Negro children were considered an incumbrance in the family, and when weaned, were given away like young puppies," as we learn from the famous Dr. Dunlap.

The great and good missionary to the Indians, John Eliot, "had long lamented with a bleeding and burning passion, that the English used their Negroes but as their horses or their oxen, and that so little care was taken about their immortal souls;" therefore he requested their masters for several miles around to send their slaves to him that he might instruct them "in things of their Everlasting Peace." But he did not live long enough to make much progress in this noble work.

As might have been expected in cultured Massachusetts, there were those wise and humane enough to realize that a Negro with learning, was a more valuable slave for the acquisition.

Richard Dalton, of Boston, a ripe scholar and great linguist, becoming afflicted with weak eyes, determined to teach his Negro boy Cæsar to read Greek. So proficient did the boy become, that he could read aloud to his master any Greek author almost as readily as English.

The "Boston Chronicle" of September 21st, 1769, has the following advertisement: "To be sold, a likely little Negro boy, who can speak the French language, and very fit for a valet."

Emboldened by this evidence of capacity for mental culture, and fitness for citizenship, the Negroes demanded the privilege of British subjects.

As there was imminent prospect for war with the mother country, the colonists were conciliatory to them, knowing they would prove a factor for or against them in case of war.

The famous decision of Lord Mansfield about this time, in the Summersett case, tended to inspire a hope in the breast of the slaves of Massachusetts. It may be briefly stated as follows: Charles Stewart, of Boston, was in London with his Negro slave, James Summersett, when the slave was taken sick, and abandoned by his master, who seemingly did not care whether he lived or died. The Negro, recovering, obtained employment. When the master heard of it, he had him arrested and put on board a ship about to sail for Jamaica, where he was to be sold.

Some friends of the Negro made affidavits, and obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*. In the ensuing trial Lord Mansfield gave his decision in the following words: "The state of slavery is of such a nature that it is incapable of being introduced on any reasons, moral or political, but only by positive law, which preserves its force long after the reasons, occasions, and time itself from whence it was created is erased from memory. It is so odious that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law. Whatever inconveniences, therefore, may follow from the decision, I cannot say this case is allowed or approved by the law of England, and therefore the Black must be discharged."

Of course this decision produced universal joy among the Colonial Negroes, and it caused the question to arise, as to whether the Colonial

governments could pass acts legalizing that which was contrary to the law of England.

Maryland, 1634:—This colony was united with Virginia until 1630; consequently slavery was regulated by the laws of the "Old Dominion" up to that time. Thus when the English Catholics under Lord Baltimore settled Maryland in 1634, they found slavery had preceded them.

The slaves here were worked in a great variety of employments, such as cultivating tobacco, chopping, learning the different mechanical trades, handling light crafts along the water courses, fishing and taking oysters. This created a great demand for Negroes, and their number increased very rapidly. The period of one hundred and forty-four years, from the founding of the Colony to the Revolution, is described as "one long starless night of oppression and outrage."

As a sample of the brutality of the laws governing Negroes, an Act was passed in 1723, where the penalty of a Negro or other slave striking a white person was to have his ears "cropt on order of a justice." The Mosaic law taught "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but in this code both ears were forfeited for one blow. In 1729 a still more inhuman Act was passed, by which Negroes and other slaves found guilty of certain crimes, should be hanged, and afterwards the bodies quartered and exposed to public view. Cannibals would go only one step further; they would eat them after being quartered.

They capped the climax in 1752 by passing an Act forbidding emancipation by "last will and testament, or giving freedom to Negro slaves in

any way." Thus, like the horse or ox, the Negro of Maryland was absolute property for life. He was simply in the eyes of the law an upright, reasoning, talking animal; nothing more nor less.

Delaware, 1636:—Vincint, the historian of this Colony, shows that slavery existed on the Delaware River as early as 1636.

The record shows that Peter Alricks, Calvert, D'Hinoyossa, and two Indian chiefs, met in council in September, 1661, to arrange a treaty. At this time it was agreed to furnish the Dutch every year three thousand hogsheads of tobacco, provided the Dutch would "supply them with Negroes and other commodities." Thus we find an inter-Colonial traffic in slaves established.

We infer that slaves were frequently manumitted in this Colony, from the fact that an Act was passed in 1739 providing that good security should be given in case of manumission, that the county should not be at any charge by reason of sickness or incapacity for self-support on the part of said slave. Upon the whole, the Negro fared better in Delaware than in some of the other colonies. But even here he had no rights of any kind.

Connecticut, 1646:—There is a strong presumptive evidence that slavery existed here from the beginning, certainly since 1646, in spite of a law passed in 1642, which read as follows: "If any man stealeth a man or mankind, he shall be put to death. Exodus XXI. 16."

Of course this law was a dead letter, but the growth of slavery in this colony was very gradual.

It is refreshing to read of an Act passed in 1702

for the benefit of a certain class of slaves. It seems that certain heartless masters were in the habit of working their slaves until they were decrepit and worn out in their service, and when they were no longer profitable, emancipated them to live on charity or starve. They would then pose as those who had done noble deeds. But the law-makers were not deceived, and passed an Act compelling the owners of such slaves, or their heirs, to provide for them in their old age, even if they had liberated them by turning them out like an old horse to die.

We are glad to note that the law was rigidly enforced. But let no man imagine that a slave life in this Colony was "a flowery bed of ease."

Often was he publicly flogged for the high crime and misdemeanor of being out the night before without a pass from his master. And to make matters worse, if he used any strong epithets, or gave vent to his feelings in defamatory language, while undergoing punishment, he was subject to a double dose of the same medicine, by special Act passed in 1730.

Perhaps, like a man we have heard of, he comforted himself with the thought that he could not do such a law justice, and therefore said nothing. The man referred to was a proverbial record-breaker in profanity. He was drawing a load of apples up a steep hill, when the end board came out and all the apples rolled out of the wagon pell-mell to the bottom of the hill. Thinking he could not do the occasion justice, the man simply folded his arms and said nothing.

When the mutterings of the impending war

were heard in the distance, the colonists were aroused to the inconsistency of fighting for freedom while holding slaves in cruel bondage. Nor were they blind to the fact that their Negroes could be induced by kind treatment to help them against the common enemy. Accordingly the following Act was passed in 1774: "No Indian, Negro or mulatto slave shall at any time hereafter be brought or imported into this state, by sea or land, from any place or places whatsoever, to be disposed of, left or sold, within this state." Thus we find that Connecticut tried to alleviate the condition of her slaves, and legislate against the nefarious traffic.

She should have taken one more step and liberated the slaves she had at this time, but had she done so, doubtless England would have repealed the Act, as she did in the case of Pennsylvania and New Hampshire. We think it might be recorded of Connecticut, "She hath done what she could." Her sable sons showed their appreciation of her kindness by fighting nobly to free their masters in the Revolutionary struggle.

Rhode Island, 1647:—It is supposed slavery was introduced in this year. It remained for this liberty-loving little colony to pass the first positive Act against slavery recorded in modern history. It was passed in 1652 by the General Court, and is worded as follows: "Whereas, there is a common course practiced among Englishmen to buy Negers, to that end they may have them for service or slaves forever; for the preventinge of such practices among us, let it be ordered that no blacke mankind or white being forced by covenant bond,

or otherwise, to serve any man or his assignees longer than ten years, or until they come to bee twenty-four years of age, if they bee taken in under fourteen, from the time of their cominge within the liberties of this Collonie. And at the end or terme of ten years to sett them free, as the manner is with the English servants. And that man that will not let them goe free, or shall sell them away elsewhere, to that end that they may bee enslaved to others for a long time, hee or they shall forfeit to the Collonie forty pounds."

We rejoice that this little Colony, founded by Roger Williams, the friend of the oppressed, the defender of civil and religious liberty, should put herself on record in this manner. It is about the kind of law one would expect from "Little Rhodie." But it is deplorable that it was abortive and became a dead letter, since it was not backed up by public sentiment, either in the Colony or the mother country. For it is notoriously true that slavery flourished here even with this law upon the statute books.

No doubt some good came of the law, for as Bancroft well says, "the law was not enforced, but the principle lived among the people." For we read that when Acts were passed imposing fines on "housekeepers" for entertaining slaves after nine o'clock at night, they paid their fines cheerfully and continued to treat the slaves kindly. This shows that the leaven of the anti-slavery law was permeating the Colony.

New Jersey, 1664:—Slavery was introduced here before the formation of a separate colony, and probably near the same time it appeared in New Netherlands.

The record of early history in New Jersey in meager, but enough is known to show the slaves received kinder treatment here than in any of the other colonies. This was the invariable rule where the population was composed largely of Quakers and Dutch. With the exception of an Act protecting slaves from drunkenness, by punishing those who sold or gave them rum, few laws of importance touching slavery were passed for many years.

An Act passed by the Legislature of East Jersey in 1664 provided for the trial of "Negroes and other slaves for felonies punishable with death," to be by a jury of twelve persons before three justices of the peace; for theft, before two justices; the punishment by whipping. To the glory of New Jersey be it said this was the only Colony that gave to the Negro that coveted boon, the right of trial by jury. In most of the other colonies the Negro was convicted even before the mock trial, often without the shadow of justice. But here I doubt not he had both shadow and substance. Verily in this Colony, "the lines had fallen unto him in pleasant places."

The example of the Quakers for teaching the colored people was contagious, for others gave them instruction, and encouraged the preaching of the gospel unto them. It is believed that free Negroes were enlisted in military companies of this Colony. And the law of 1760 implies that slaves for life could be enlisted by obtaining permission from their masters.

South Carolina, 1665:—The entire slave population of South Carolina was regarded as chattel property absolutely. The solemnity of a jury was

never allowed them But in case of "burglary, robbery, burning of houses, killing or stealing of any meat or other cattle, or other petty injuries, as maiming one of another, stealing of fowls, provisions, or such like trespass, or injuries," he was tried for his life before two justices and three freeholders, who often sentenced him to death for the most trivial offence.

The code of laws of South Carolina for the correction of slaves stands without a parallel for cruelty. For striking a white man, he was severely whipped for the first offence, for the second whipped still more severely, had his nose slit, and face burned, and for the third offence a cruel death was his portion. If any Negro, slave or free, tried to persuade some other slave to run off out of the colony, he received on conviction forty lashes and was branded on the forehead with a red-hot iron, that "the mark thereof might remain." Any white man meeting a Negro might demand of him to show his ticket; and on refusal could "beat, maim or assault him." And if such slave could not be taken, to "kill him."

Such codes trained the white people into a brood of tyrants. Even the "poor white trash," who did not own a Negro, would knock them down, and throw them off the sidewalk in wanton cruelty; while the overseer who was most disposed to beat and torture the poor Negro received the highest salary. The young white boys took their cue from their fathers and overseers, and it was a common sight to see them in their sports, whip in hand, threatening or punishing the little Negroes.

In time a reaction took place, for it dawned

upon the planters that a Negro could do more labor with less abuse, especially where it was bestowed by those having no authority. A law existed against teaching a Negro to read or write, but for obvious reasons there was more leniency shown them some years before the Revolution.

North Carolina, 1669:—The code of laws proposed by Dracho for Athens is said to have been written in blood, because of its severity. The constitution and code of laws drafted by John Locke for the government of North Carolina, might be described as written in blood with a goose-quill. Surely a more brutal, unwieldy and asinine code was never proposed for the government of a crude young colony, but little removed from a backwoods settlement, in the world's history. All of the insoluble problems of political economy of the past, much of the visionary speculation of the future, was dumped into a common heap by this absurd instrument. In short, it might be defined as a conglomeration of heterogeneous inconsistencies. The poet assures us that,

> "Kings and Lords may flourish or may fade,
> A breath can make them as a breath has made,
> But the honest yeomanry, the country's pride,
> When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The Locke constitution was an insult to humanity and designed to wrest from the yeomanry what few rights were conferred by the Magna Charta.

We read that "no elective franchise could be conferred upon a freeholder of less than fifty acres," while "all executive power was vested in the proprietors themselves, or the nobility."

According to Bancroft: "The instinct of aristocracy dreads the moral power of a proprietary yeomanry; the perpetual degradation of the cultivators of the soil was enacted. The leet-men or tenants, holding ten acres of land at a fixed rent, were not only destitute of political franchise, but were adscripts of the soil; under the jurisdiction of the lord without appeal; and it was added, 'all the children of leet-men shall be leet-men, and so to all generations.'" It seems, then, that tenants were but little more then serfs or slaves; and if they, Anglo Saxons as they were, received such treatment at the hands of these petty lords, so-called, what mercy could the poor Negro expect? "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?"

By way of numbering largely and for political purposes, they received the Negro slaves into the established church. But in the constitution we find this language: "Every freeman of Carolina shall have absolute power and authority over his Negro slaves of what opinion or religion soever;" thus his humanity was conceded, and a little regard had for his soul, but his body was the absolute property of a brutal owner who "neither feared God nor regarded man." While Negroes were received into the church, there is no record of any effort made in or out of the church to give them instruction or banish their dark clouds of ignorance, superstition and crime.

While traveling from one plantation to another, a Negro was required to take the most frequented road or path; and if found in any other, except in the

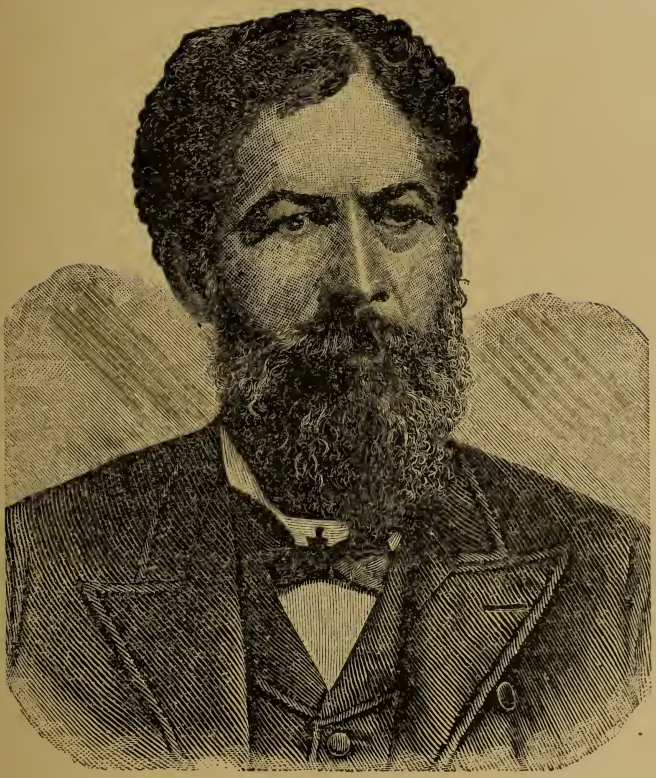
company of a white man, he was liable to be seized by the owner of the land through which he was passing, and hit forty lashes. If one Negro entertained another from a different plantation, at night, the only time they could visit, he was subject to twenty lashes on his bare back, while the guest received forty in the same manner. Still there was one clause of humanity in this code which is commendable. In case a poor half-starved slave was found guilty of stealing hogs or corn, damages could be recovered against his master in the county or general court. But we turn from this to a brutal act where a slave guilty of giving false testimony, "should have one ear nailed to the pillory, and there stand for the space of one hour, the said ear to be cut off, and thereafter the other ear nailed in like manner, and cut off at the expiration of one other hour." The Locke constitution seemed to create an insatiable thirst for blood, so much so, and the murder of slaves became so frequent, that the Legislature was forced to call a halt, by refusing to pay for the slaves killed.

New Hampshire, 1679: —Public sentiment of this Colony was decidedly opposed to Negro slavery, and the Governor used his authority to manumit a slave March 14, 1684. Belknap's History of New Hampshire thus records the fact: "The governor tould Mr. Jeffery's Negro hee might goe from his master, hee would clere him under hande and sele, so the fello no more attends his master's conscernes." In their criminal code we find this article: "If any man stealeth mankind, he shall be put to death, or otherwise grievously

punished." It is safe to infer that this law would not have been a dead letter in this Colony as it was in Massachusetts and Connecticut; but unfortunately England rejected the whole code as "fanatical and absurd." The Governor of this Colony, backed by public sentiment, determined to do all he could to prevent legal recognition of slaves; but in this he was opposed by the authority of the Crown, as the following order of 1761 would indicate: "You are not to give your assent to, or pass any law imposing duties on Negroes imported into New Hampshire."

The severe climate mitigated against their profitable use; so few Negroes found their way into the Colony. While some were treated with great kindness, others through neglect, poorly clad and fed, were often hurried to premature graves. This called for an Act in 1718 for restraining inhuman severities inflicted upon servants and slaves; a portion of which we quote from "Freedom and Bondage," as follows: "If any man smite out the eye or tooth of his man servant or maid servant, or otherwise maim or disfigure them much, unless it be by mere casualty, he shall let him or her go free from his service If any person or persons whatever in this province shall willfully kill his Indian or Negro servant or servants, he shall be punished with death." Probably this is the only Colony that ever passed a law inflicting the death penalty on a man for murdering a Negro slave.

Pennsylvania, 1681:—It is to the credit of the Quakers that one of their number, Francis Daniel Pastorius, drafted the first protest against slavery issued by any religious body in America. This



JOHN M. LANGSTON.

U. S. Grant

was written in 1688, and adopted by the Germantown Friends, and by them sent to the monthly meeting, and thence to the yearly meeting at Philadelphia. The original of this remarkable document was found by Nathan Kite of Philadelphia in 1844. Referring to the slaves it said: "Have not these Negroes as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?" It prophesied the time would come,

> "When from the gallery to the farthest seat,
> Slave and slave owner shall no longer meet,
> But all sit equal at the Master's feet."

It also boldly denounced "the buying, selling, and holding men in slavery, as inconsistent with the Christian religion." But when this memorial came for action before the yearly meeting, it was voted "not proper then to give a positive judgment in the case." Still in 1696 the yearly meeting pronounced in unmistakable language against importing more slaves, and adopted measures tending to the moral improvement of those in the Colony. George Keith denounced slavery "as contrary to the religion of Christ, the rights of man, and sound reason and policy."

The pious philanthropist, William Penn, tried in vain to embody his anti-slavery sentiments into the law of the province.

He encouraged his people by example and influence to treat the poor Negro with great kindness and justice, and we see the Society of Friends did more to ameliorate the condition of slaves than any other religious body. On the seventh of June, 1712, a bill was passed emancipating slaves by law, but was repealed by Queen Anne, the notorious slave merchant.

Georgia, 1732:—General John Oglethorpe, the founder and first Governor of Georgia, has received much unmerited praise from the casual reader of history because he opposed the introduction of slavery into that Colony. But his opposition was based on political and prudential motives, rather than philanthropy. Dr. Stevens, the Georgia historian, informs us that even Oglethorpe owned a plantation and Negroes in South Carolina, about forty miles above Savannah.

England was anxious to have a strong settlement of white men on her southern boundary, to protect her from the Spanish Colony on the south, and the Indians on the west; so it was thought the introduction of Negroes would be unfavorable to this scheme, as they were apt to desert to the Spanish. But the reasons assigned by the trustees for prohibiting slavery were: "1. Its expense, both in buying and keeping a Negro slave. 2. It would induce to idleness and render labor degrading. 3. The settlers being freeholders of fifty acres each, requiring only one or two extra hands for their cultivation, the German servants would be more profitable than black."

Moreover, it was claimed that the cultivation of silk and wine requiring skill rather than strength and endurance, whites were better adapted to it than Negroes.

As the colony grew, England became determined to carry out her original policy; but the settlers were equally resolved to have Negroes. The constant toast of the authorities was "the one thing needful," Negroes; they even smuggled them into the Colony. The opposition weakened, and in 1748

Rev. Martin Bolzius wrote to the trustees as follows: "Things being now in such a melancholy state, I must humbly beseech your honors not to regard our, or our friends petition against Negroes." Even the great George Whitefield used his utmost influence in favor of bringing Negroes into the Colony. It seems that he had a visionary scheme to build an orphanage in Georgia for the benefit of Indian children.

Through the bounty of his friends, Whitefield owned two small plantations; one in South Carolina, where slaves were employed, the other in Georgia, where only free help was used. In his letter to the trustees of Georgia, he rejoices in the success of the plantation in South Carolina, enabling him to support a great many orphans, but deplores the fact that the one in Georgia was a failure, and concludes by saying: "This confirms me in the opinion I have entertained for a long time, that Georgia never can or will be a flourishing province without Negroes are allowed." What a contrast is presented by Whitefield's view and that of a nobler and grander contemporary reformer, John Wesley, whose name will be fragrant while time lasts. Said he: "Slavery is, in and of itself, the execrable sum of all villainies."

We wonder if Whitefield ever considered that one reason why his South Carolina plantation was profitable, was because it was run on the economical plan of half starving and overworking the poor slaves, stimulated as they were by the overseer's lash We wonder, too, if he considered that slavery was the prime cause of making an orphan-

age necessary, since this cruel system produced more orphans among the Indians and Negroes than all other agencies combined. Did he take into account the character of labor then used on Georgia plantations, such as were obtained by emptying the jails and almshouses of England; men who were by nature and practice crminals and vagrants, of whom it might have been said, "they toil not, neither do they spin?" Lastly, we wonder if this great preacher ever noticed closely the language of his Lord, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." Under the influence of Whitefield and others, slavery was introduced in 1749. Thus the seeds of slavery were sown in this the youngest and fairest of the original thirteen colonies. Some of the terrible harvest was reaped by the swords of Sherman's army in that never to be forgotten march through the state; during which they burned and wasted the country, "sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main." Verily, "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

CHAPTER V.

HE FOUGHT TO FREE HIS MASTER.

"He saved others; himself he cannot save." Matt. XXVII. 42.

It was said that Marshal Ney fought five hundred battles for France, and not one against her, and yet he was shot as a traitor to his country. So in reading the annals of history, we see the Negro fought to gain and perpetuate the liberty of this country, in every prominent war, from the French and Indian to the Rebellion, while he himself was forced to remain in bondage.

We read of no greater inconsistency or more indefensible farce, than to call this the land of freedom, when millions of her people were slaves, including some of the most gallant defenders of this country or their descendants.

When we meet together on "the day we celebrate," our orators are prone to ring the changes on the American eagle, Washington and the brave patriots of '76; but who ever heard a Fourth of July orator refer to La Fayette and the French, or the other brave foreigners, but for whom our cause would probably have failed?

When was a reference in such a speech, made to the part performed by the black men in that glorious struggle for freedom? It would almost seem

that a systematic effort was made to consign these swarthy heroes to oblivion, and obliterate their very names from the page of history. But we are glad to know that the effort was a futile one. Still, while our datas are somewhat fragmentary, they are ample for a sketch, and we doubt not, the greater part of the story which perhaps will never be known was fully equal to this sample:—

There is positive proof that at least two Negroes of Virginia, Israel Titus and Samuel Jenkins, fought under Braddock and Washington in the French and Indian war. The first died at Williamstown, Massachusetts, in 1855, about one hundred and ten years of age. A sketch of his life was published in the Springfield *Republican* of about that date. Samuel Jenkins is thought to have been about one hundred and fifteen years old when he died at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1849. The Lancaster Gazette of that period gave a brief sketch of his life, remarkable in many respects.

There were doubtless others in this war who lived and died unknown to fame, their names and records having been lost.

The protomartyr of the Revolutionary war was Crispus Attucks, a Negro, who was the leader in the Boston massacre on that memorable 5th of March, 1770. Attucks led the citizens in the charge, shouting, "The way to get rid of these idlers is to attack the main guard; strike at the root; this is the nest!" These were perhaps his last words, as his men threw a shower of clubs, stones and brickbats at the soldiers, which they returned with a galling fire. Attucks was the first to fall, being conspicuous on account of his

height, which was six feet and two inches, and the still more important fact that he was in advance of his men. Two others, Samuel Gray and Jonas Caldwell, were killed, while Samuel Maverick and Patrick Carr, an Irishman, were mortally wounded. Attucks and Caldwell were buried from Faneuil Hall, afterwards called the "Cradle of Liberty," the other two from their homes, but all four in one common grave, with the following epitaph on their monument.

> "Long as in freedom's cause the wise contend,
> Dear to your country shall your fame extend;
> While to the world the lettered stone shall tell,
> Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell."

Crispus Attucks was a man of some learning, and sometime before his tragic death indited the following letter to the Tory Governor of Massachusetts:

"To Thomas Hutchinson:—You will hear from us with astonishment. You ought to hear from us with horror. You are chargeable before God and man with our blood. The soldiers were but passive instruments, were machines; neither moral nor voluntary agents in our destruction, more than the leaden pellets with which we were wounded. You were a free agent. You acted coolly, deliberately, with all that premeditated malice, not against us in particular, but against the people in general, which, in the sight of the law, is an ingredient in the composition of murder. You will hear further from us hereafter.

"Crispus Attucks"

And he did hear, and the world has heard of this liberty-loving hero and patriot. For by his

death and that of his fellow patriots the torch of liberty was kindled in Boston never to be extinguished.

Every schoolboy has read of Major Pitcairn, who commanded the British regulars in the fight at Lexington and Concord, April 19, 1775, shouting to the militia: "Disperse, you rebels; lay down your arms and disperse!" And when they stood their ground, how he ordered his men to fire, which command they obeyed, killing seven of the patriots, the first martyrs of the Revolution. But it is not as well known that one of those who fell that day was a Negro; and that his death and that of his fellow martyrs was avenged by another Negro, the brave Peter Salem, who killed Major Pitcairn while leading his men in the charge at the battle of Bunker Hill.

This Peter Salem was born and lived at Farmington, Massachusetts, and was probably a slave until the beginning of the Revolution. He served faithfully throughout the entire war.

There were quite a number of the sons of Africa fighting side by side with their countrymen of the white race at Bunker Hill, several of whom were conspicuous for their bravery, among them Salem Poor, Titus Coburn, Alexander Ames, Barzilai Lew, and Cato Howe, each of whom received a pension. This fact is established by the painting of Colonel Trumbull, who witnessed this battle from Roxbury and reproduced it upon canvas in 1786. He reproduced several Negroes in the front ranks fighting valiantly, with visible results. Indeed, as Henry Wilson stated, "it is hardly too much to say that some of the most heroic deeds of the war

of Independence were performed by black men."

The following incident is a case in point. When Major General Prescott commanded the British troops at Newport, Colonel Barton, with a black soldier named Prince, determined to capture him; and considering the fact that he was surrounded by his guard, with a large number of British soldiers quartered near, together with a fleet of ships, it was a remarkably successful stratagem. In company with "Black Prince," several other Negroes, and a detachment of the militia, Colonel Barton one dark night started in boats from a house about five miles above Newport. Muffling the oars, and avoiding the ships, they came on as noiselessly as possible, landing a short distance from the hotel, where he knew General Prescott had established his headquarters. It was arranged that Colonel Barton should take the lead, followed by Prince a short distance behind, while some of the other men brought up the rear.

When the Colonel drew near the hotel, the sentinel presented his gun and challenged him, but he continued to advance, throwing the sentinel off his guard by talking about rebel prisoners, and denouncing the rebels in general. Again the sentinel demanded the password; he replied that he did not have the password, but was loyal to his country. By this time he was near the sentinel, when, suddenly seizing his gun, he struck it to one side and wrenched it from his hand. Prince now seized the soldier in his vice-like grip, and having been bound and gagged he was handed over to the other men who had come up.

The Colonel and Prince now drew their weapons and rushed into the hotel office, where they met the landlord and demanded that he should show them General Prescott's room; he at first refused, but being threatened with instant death, he pointed to the room above. The Colonel and Prince now hurried up to this room, and finding it locked, the brave Negro burst in the door with his head, and seized General Prescott in bed. Seeing that resistance was useless and knowing that the slightest outcry meant death, he surrendered to his captors, was soon in the boat and conveyed within the American lines. He was afterwards exchanged for General Lee, an American officer of equal rank.

George W. Williams, the leading colored historian, estimates from official sources that there were not less than three thousand colored soldiers in the revolution, including Negro soldiers from every Northern colony, scattered throughout the white regiments; while Rhode Island raised a colored regiment commanded by Colonel Christopher Green, and Connecticut raised a black battalion of soldiers commanded in part by Colonel David Humphrey. But, as usual, Little Rhode Island was the most consistent of the thirteen colonies; she first made freemen of her black sons before permitting them to fight for freedom, and indeed it is not surprising that this regiment proved to have as gallant soldiers as any in the Revolution. The Negro troops turned the tide in the battle of Rhode Island, which was pronounced by Lafayette "the best fought battle of the war."

Arnold, in his history of the above named state,

thus referred to it: "It was in repelling these furious onsets that the newly raised black regiment under Colonel Green distinguished itself by deeds of valor. Posted behind a thicket in the valley, they three times drove back the Hessians who charged repeatedly down the hill to dislodge them."

One admirable trait that characterized this black regiment was devotion to their officers. This was nobly demonstrated in the attack made upon the American lines near Croton River, on the thirteenth of May, 1781. Colonel Green, their gallant commander, was cut down and mortally wounded; but the enemy's saber only reached him through the bodies of his faithful guard of blacks, who hovered over him to defend him and fought until every one of them was killed. Leonidas and the Spartans at Thermopylæ did no more. Truly did Tristam Burgess say in Congress in 1828, "No braver men met the enemy in battle."

We are indebted to William C. Nell's work on Colored Patriots of the American Revolution, for valuable information, including the following address, which was delivered in 1842, before the Congregational and Presbyterian Anti-Slavery Society, at Francestown, New Hampshire, by Dr. Harris, a Revolutionary veteran. It is of great interest, because it is an eye-witness describing what he had actually seen. Said he, after giving some of his own exploits: "There was a black regiment, yes, a regiment of Negroes, fighting for our liberty and independence—not a white man among them but the officers—stationed at what was called a flanking position, that is, upon a place which

the enemy must pass in order to come round in our rear, to drive us from the fort. This pass was everything, both to the enemy and us. Had the colored soldiers given way before the enemy or been unfaithful, all would have been lost.

"Three times in succession were they attacked, with most desperate valor and fury, by well disciplined and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserved our army from capture. They fought through the war. They were brave, hardy troops. They helped to gain our liberty and independence.

"Now, the war is over, our freedom is gained—what is to be done with these colored soldiers, who have shed their best blood in its defense? Must they be sent off out of the country, because they are black? Or must they be sent back into slavery, now they have risked their lives and shed their blood to secure the freedom of their masters? I ask, what became of these noble colored soldiers? Many of them, I fear, were taken back to the South, and doomed to the fetter and the chain.

"And why is it that the colored inhabitants of our nation, born in this country, and entitled to all the rights of freedom, are held in slavery? Why, but because they are black! I have often thought that, should God see fit, by a miracle, to change their color, straighten their hair, and give their features and complexion the appearance of the whites, slavery would not continue a year. No, you would then go and abolish it with the sword, if it were not speedily done without. But is it a suitable cause for making men slaves be-

cause God has given them such color, such hair and such features as he saw fit?"

Simon Lee, the grandfather of William Wells Brown, on his mother's side, was a slave in Virginia, and served in the Revolution; although honorably discharged with the other Virginia troops, at the close of the war, he was sent back to his master, where he spent the remainder of his life in toiling on a tobacco plantation. Such is the injustice toward the colored American, that, after serving in his country's struggle for freedom he is doomed to fill the grave of a slave!

La Fayette, in his letter to Clarkson, said: "I would never have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that thereby I was founding a land of slavery."

The following incident from Theodore Parker shows that other black veterans of the Revolution were remanded to slavery, and doubtless there were many such cases. A sea-captain of Massachusetts who commanded a small brig, which plied between Carolina and the Gulf States, said to Mr. Parker, "One day at Charleston a man came and brought to me an old Negro slave. He was very old and had fought in the Revolution, and had been much distinguished for bravery and other soldierly qualities. If he had not been a Negro, he would have become a captain at least, perhaps a colonel. But in his old age, his master found no use for him, and said he could not afford to keep him. He asked me to take the Revolutionary soldier and carry him South and sell him. I carried him to Mobile and tried to get as good and kind a master for him as I could, for I didn't

like to sell a man who had fought for his country.

"I sold the old Revolutionary veteran for a hundred dollars to a citizen of Mobile, who raised poultry, and he set him to tend a hen coop." Mr. Parker remarked that he supposed the South Carolina master, "a true gentleman," drew the pension till the soldier died. Then turning to the sea captain, whom he knew to be an anti-slavery man, he asked: "How could you do such a thing?" "If I had not done it," he replied, "I never could have received another bale of cotton, nor hogshead of sugar, nor anything to carry from or to any Southern port."

Theodore Parker also stated that in his day workmen, while excavating for the foundations of the large dry goods stores of New York city, unearthed a large number of human skeletons. On investigation they proved to be the bones of colored American soldiers, who fell in the battle of Long Island in 1776. They were carted off to fill up a chasm, and thrown on the beach to make the foundations of warehouses, like any other rubbish of the city. Had they been white men they would have been buried anew, but as they were only Negroes who had died for their own and their masters' country, this was their fate.

Hon. Calvin Goddard, of Connecticut, states that he was instrumental in securing, under Act of 1818, the pensions of nineteen colored soldiers. "I cannot," he says, "refrain from mentioning one black man, Primus Babcock, who proudly presented to me an honorable discharge from service during the war, dated at the close of it, wholly in the handwriting of George Washington. Nor can I

forget the expression of his feelings when informed, after his discharge had been sent to the War Department, that it could not be returned. At his request it was written for, as he seemed inclined to spurn the pension and reclaim the discharge."

There is a pathetic anecdote told of Baron Steuben, at the time the American army disbanded. "A black soldier with his wounds unhealed, utterly destitute, stood on the wharf just as a vessel bound for his distant home was getting under way. The poor fellow gazed at the vessel with tears in his eyes, and gave himself up to utter despair. The warm-hearted foreigner noticed his emotions, and inquiring into the cause of it, took his last dollar from his purse and gave it to him, while tears of sympathy trickled down his cheeks. Overwhelmed with gratitude, the poor wounded soldier hailed the ship and was received on board. As it moved out of the wharf he cried back to his noble friend on shore, 'God Almighty bless you, Master Baron.'"

We have already stated that Connecticut raised a battalion of colored soldiers, who were among the bravest in the American army. Some of them even immortalized their names as heroes "who were not born to die," as the following letter from Parker Pillsbury of New Hampshire, to William C. Nell, clearly indicates: "The names of the two brave men of color who fell with Ledyard at the storming of Fort Griswold, were Lambo Latham and Jordan Freeman. All the names of the slain at that time, are inscribed on a marble tablet, wrought into the monument—the names of the

colored soldiers last, and not only last, but a blank space is left between them and the whites; in genuine keeping with the "Negro Pew distinction—setting them not only below all the others, but by themselves, even after that. And it is difficult to say why. They were not last in the fight.

"When Major Montgomery, one of the leaders in the expedition against the Americans, was lifted upon the walls of the fort by his soldiers, flourishing his sword and calling on them to follow him, Jordan Freeman received him on the point of a pike, and pinned him dead to the earth (see Historical Collections of Connecticut); and the name of Jordan Freeman stands away down last on the list of heroes—perhaps the greatest hero of them all." But what of the other black hero who was with him? We will let a nephew of his, William Anderson, of New London, Connecticut, tell the story.

"September 6th, 1781, New London was taken by the British, under the command of that arch traitor, Benedict Arnold. The small band composing the garrison retreated to the fort opposite, in the town of Groton, and there resolved either to gain a victory or die for their country. The latter pledge was faithfully redeemed and by none more gallantly than the two colored men; and if the survivors of that day's carnage tell truly, they fought like tigers and were butchered after the gates were burst open. One of these men was the brother of my grandmother, by the name of Lambert, but called Lambo, since chiseled on the marble monument by the American classic appellation of

'Sambo.' The name of the other black man was Jordan Freeman.

"Lambert was living with a gentleman in Groton by the name of Latham; so of course he was called Lambert Latham. Mr. Latham and Lambert, on the day of the massacre, were working in a field at a distance from the house. On hearing the alarm upon the approach of the enemy, Mr. Latham started for home, leaving Lambert to drive the oxen up to the house. On arriving at the house, Lambert was told that Mr. Latham had gone up to the fort. Unyoking the oxen from the wagon and making all secure, he started for the point of defense, where he arrived before the British began the attack.

"The assault on the part of the British was a deadly one, and manifestly resisted by the Americans, even to the clubbing of their muskets after their ammunition was expended; but finally the little garrison of brave defenders was reduced to a handful, and could hold out no longer.

"On the entrance of the enemy, the British officer inquired, 'Who commands this fort?' The gallant Ledyard replied, 'I once did; you do now,' —at the same time handing him his sword, which was seized, and immediately run through his body to the hilt by the officer. This was the commencement of an unparalleled slaughter.

"Lambert, being near Colonel Ledyard when he was slain, retaliated upon the officer by thrusting his bayonet through his body. Lambert in return received from the enemy thirty-three bayonet wounds, and thus fell, nobly avenging the death of his commander. These facts were given me on

the spot, at the time of the laying of the corner-stone, by two veterans who were present at the battle."

We learn from Kent's Commentary that the Legislature of New York passed an Act during the Revolutionary War granting freedom to all slaves who should serve in the army for three years, or until regularly discharged.

The Hartford *Review* for September, 1839, gives the following account of a colored man by the name of Hamet, living at that time in Middletown, Connecticut, who was formerly owned by Washington:—"Hamet is, according to his own account, nearly one hundred years old. He draws a pension for his services in the Revolutionary war, and manufactures toy drums for his support. He has a white wife and one child His hair is white with age and hangs matted together in masses over his shoulders. He retains a perfect recollection of his Massa and Missus Washington, and has several mementoes of them. Among these there is a lock of the General's hair, and his service sword. He converses in three or four different languages,—the French, Spanish and German, besides his native African tongue."

Another black veteran, Oliver Cromwell, served six years and nine months under Washington's immediate command, and received an honorable discharge in Washington's own handwriting, of which he was very proud. He received a pension of ninety-six dollars annually. Was in the battles of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Monmouth and Yorktown, at which place he claims to have seen the last man killed. He enlisted in a company

commanded by Captain Lowery, attached to the second New Jersey Regiment, under the command of Colonel Israel Shreve. He brought up seven sons and seven daughters, who reached the age of maturity. He was a man of strong natural ability —never using tobacco or liquor in any form. He was more than a hundred years of age when he died at his native town, Columbus, New Jersey, January 24, 1853.

Another Revolutionary hero, Charles Bowles, was born in 1761, and at the age of twelve was placed in the family of a Tory. But he was too patriotic to be contented with his home, and two years later found him in the American army a servant to an officer. When sixteen years of age he became a regular soldier, serving faithfully to the end of the war. He then went to New Hampshire and engaged in farming. He obtained a pension, became a Baptist preacher of some prominence, and died in 1843, at the age of eighty-two.

Rev. Henry F. Harrington wrote an article on General Washington and Primus Hall, body servant to Colonel Pickering, of Massachusetts, which was published in the June issue of Godey's Lady's Book, 1849.

"On one occasion, the General was engaged in earnest conversation with Colonel Pickering in his tent, until after the night had fairly set in. Headquarters were at a considerable distance, and Washington signified his preference to stay with the Colonel over night, provided he had a spare blanket and straw. 'O, yes,' said Primus, who was appealed to; 'plenty of straw and blankets—plenty.'

"Upon this assurance, Washington continued his conference with the Colonel until it was time to retire to rest. Two humble beds were spread, side by side, in the tent, and the officers laid themselves down, while Primus seemed to be busy with duties that required his attention before he himself could sleep. He worked or appeared to work, until the breathing of the prostrate gentlemen satisfied him that they were sleeping; and then seating himself upon a box or stool, he leaned his head on his hands to obtain such repose as so inconvenient a position would allow. In the middle of the night Washington awoke. He looked about and descried the Negro as he sat. He gazed at him awhile, and then spoke. 'Primus,' said he, calling; 'Primus!' Primus started up and rubbed his eyes. 'What, General?' said he.

"Washington rose up in his bed. 'Primus,' said he, 'what did you mean by saying that you had blankets and straw enough? Here you have given up your blanket and straw to me, that I may sleep comfortably, while you are obliged to sit through the night.' 'It's nothing, General,' said Primus. 'It's nothing. I am well enough. Don't trouble yourself about me, General, but go to sleep again. No matter about me, I sleep very good.'

"'But it is matter—it is matter,' said Washington, earnestly. 'I cannot do it, Primus. If either is to sit up, I will. But I think there is no need of either sitting up. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down here with me.' 'Oh, no!' said Primus, starting, and protesting against the proposition. 'No; let me sit here. I'll do

IDA B. WELLS-BARNETT.

CLINTON B. FISK.

very well on the stool.' 'I say, come and lie down here!' said Washington authoritatively. 'There is room for both, and I insist upon it!' He threw open the blanket as he spoke, and moved to one side of the straw. Primus professed to have been exceedingly shocked at the idea of lying under the same covering with the commander-in-chief, but his tone was so resolute and determined that he could not hesitate. He prepared himself, therefore, and laid himself down by Washington; and on the same straw, and under the same blanket, the General and the Negro servant slept until morning."

Seymour Burr lived in Connecticut; he was a slave to a brother of Colonel Aaron Burr, from whom he received his name. His master treated him kindly, but the slave sighed for freedom and was resolved, if possible, to obtain it. Persuading a number of other slaves to go with him, they seized a boat, intending to join the British army, that by so doing they might become freemen. Nevertheless their owners pursued and overtook them, and being heavily armed the slaves surrendered.

Mr. Burr did not punish Seymour, but asked him why he had left such a kind master. The Negro replied that he wanted his liberty. The master consented that the Negro should join the American army, on condition that the master should receive the bounty money and the slave be free at the close of the war. Accordingly he enlisted in the seventh regiment, commanded by Colonel Brooks of Medford.

He was with his company in the siege of Fort

Catskill, where they endured great suffering from cold and starvation, until at last relieved by the arrival of General Washington, who was overjoyed on finding them unexpectedly alive, and holding the fort.

He served faithfully until the close of the war, receiving a pension. He afterwards married an Indian woman and established a home at Canton, Massachusetts. His wife survived him, dying in 1852, having lived more than five score years.

Jeremy Jonah (colored) also served valiantly in the same Regiment, afterwards obtaining a pension. He lived near Seymour Burr, and the two old comrades often made a night of it, after the manner of veterans, fighting their battles over again.

On August 16, 1777, the "Green Mountain Boys," aided by troops from New Hampshire and a few from Massachusetts, commanded by General Stark, captured the left wing of the British army near Bennington. When the prisoners, to the number of between seven and eight hundred, were collected to be tied on either side of a rope, it was found to be too short. The General called for more, but there was none at hand. In this emergency the patriotic wife of Hon. Moses Robinson stepped forward and said: "General, I will take down the last bedstead in the house and present the rope to you on one condition. When the prisoners are all tied to the rope, you shall permit my Negro man to harness up my old mare and hitch the rope to the whiffletree, mount the mare, and conduct the British and Tory prisoners out of town." The General willingly accepted Mrs.

Robinson's proposition. The Negro mounted the mare, grinning from ear to ear, and thus conducted the left wing of the British army into Massachusetts, on their road to Boston.

The following instance of Negro wit is often told. After Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, an acquaintance of his, a colored soldier, stepped up to him quite elated, and remarked: "You used to be called Cornwallis, but it is Cornwallis no longer; it must now be Cobwallis, for General Washington has shelled off all the corn."

The gallant historian is proud to record the heroic deed of Molly Pitcher, whose husband was killed in the battle of Monmouth, and she took his place at the cannon, until the end of that battle. But here is the record of a black heroine who faithfully discharged all the duties of a soldier for nearly a year and a half.

The following extract is a copy of one of the Resolutions of the General Court of Massachusetts during the session of 1791-2:—"XXIII. Resolution on the petition of Deborah Gannett, granting her £34 for services rendered in the Continental army.

"On the petition of Deborah Gannett, praying for compensation for services performed in the late army of the United States. Whereas, it appears to this Court that the said Deborah Gannett enlisted under the name of Robert Shurtliff in Captain Webb's company in the 4th Massachusetts Regiment, on May 20th, 1782, and did actually perform the duty of a soldier, in the late army of the United States, to the 23rd day of October, 1783, for which she has received no compensa-

tion; and whereas it further appears that the said Deborah Gannett exhibited an extraordinary instance of female heroism, by discharging the duties of a faithful, gallant soldier, and at the same time preserving the virtue and chastity of her sex unsuspected and unblemished, and was discharged from the service with a fair and honorable character: therefore, Resolved, That the treasurer of this commonwealth be, and hereby is, directed to issue his note to the said Deborah for the sum of thirty-four pounds, bearing interest from October 23, 1788."

Prince Richards was a pensioned Revolutionary veteran, of East Bridgewater. When a slave he learned to write with a charred stick, thus showing a *burning* desire for learning, even against the command of his master, and perhaps, the law of the state.

At the close of the war, John Hancock presented the colored company called "The Bucks" with a beautiful and appropriate banner, bearing his initials, as a token of his appreciation of their courage and patriotism during the struggle. "The Bucks," under command of Colonel Middleton, marched through Boston, halting in front of the Hancock mansion on Beach Street, where the Governor and his son united in presenting the banner.

One of the most brilliant exploits of the Revolution was the capture of Stony Point by Mad Anthony Wayne. But it must not be forgotten that the countersign and password, "The Fort is Ours," was obtained by the shrewdness of a patriotic Negro who was in the habit of selling

strawberries to the British. This same Negro guided the troops through the inky darkness, to the causeway over the marsh, around the foot of the hill. Then going in advance up the hill, he gave the countersign to the sentinel and engaged him in a friendly conversation, always keeping his back down the hill, until he was suddenly seized from behind and gagged; the rest was easy.

The historian will tell us that Washington planned, and Wayne executed this glorious exploit; but we maintain that but for this nameless black hero, the impregnable Stony Point could not have been taken.

We also read of the brig on which Jack Grove (colored) was steward; while sailing from the West Indies to Portland in 1812, it was captured by a French vessel, whose commander placed a guard on board. Jack urged his commander to make an effort to retake the ship, but the captain saw no hope. Again he urged him, saying: "Captain McLellan, I can take her myself if you will only let me go ahead." But the captain was rather cowardly and checked him, warning him not to hint such a thing, as there was danger in it. But Jack, disappointed and disgusted with him, though not daunted, rallied the men on his own hook. Captain McLellan and the rest, inspired by his example of courage and leadership, joined them, and the attempt resulted in victory. They weighed anchor and took the vessel into Portland. The owner of the brig offered Jack fifty hogsheads of molasses for his brave deed; but Jack demanded one half of the brig, which being denied, he employed two Boston lawyers and brought suit. We

were unable to learn how the case terminated.

The artist has vied with the historian in proclaiming the fact that the black men were among the bravest of the brave, with Perry in the squadron fight of Lake Erie, and Jackson at New Orleans. What student of history has not read Jackson's eloquent tribute to his brave colored fellow soldiers, after that glorious victory which they helped him to gain?

In the Chicago Tribune of February 26, 1894, Simon Young said in reply to the proposition of the Knights of Labor to deport the Negroes to Africa: "We are part and parcel of this country. Why, only to-day we buried from No. 3331 Dearborn Street old Captain Jackson, a Mexican war veteran, whose father fought in the war of 1812, and his grandfather worked a musket in the Revolutionary set-to. Our blood and brawn and brain helped to make this country. This is our home, and we're going to stay at home." Rev. Peter Williams of New York said on one occasion: "We are natives of this land; we ask only to be treated as well as foreigners. Not a few of our fathers suffered and bled to purchase its independence; we ask only to be treated as well as those who fought against it. We have toiled to cultivate it, and raise it to its present prosperous condition; we ask only to share equal privileges with those who come from distant lands to enjoy the fruits of our labor."

Let us smother all the wrongs we have endured. Let us forget the past. If we are brethren let us yield ourselves to charity, and let us concede the fact that many times have our dusky brothers

shown their power, their energy, their skill, in behalf of their friends, their masters, their country! Can we be so thoughtless—yea, so heartless as to begrudge them a place, a home in this broad land of ours for which they have fought, bled, and many of them died to save?

CHAPTER VI.

SLAVERY IN FREEDOM.

"United States, your banner wears
Two emblems—one of fame;
Alas, the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame.
The white man's liberty in types
Is blazoned on your stars;
But what's the meaning of your stripes?
They mean your Negroes' scars."

—CAMPBELL.

The noble heroes and patriots who survived the Revolutionary struggle, in which one of the main issues was "equal right to all and exclusive privileges to none," must have been impressed with the inconsistency of holding their fellow men in cruel bondage. Certain it is Vermont separated from New York in 1777, and in framing her state constitution she forever prohibited slavery. However, Pennsylvania, through the influence of the Quakers, was the first of the original thirteen colonies to abolish the system, which she did by adopting a measure of gradual emancipation in 1780. A little later in the same year Massachusetts abolished slavery by her state constitution.

In 1784 Jefferson proposed an ordinance to congress, prohibiting slavery in all the western country above the parallel of 31 north latitude, to go into

effect after the year 1800. To his infinite regret and lasting sorrow, this was lost by one vote. This great statesman afterwards wrote concerning it: "The voice of a single individual would have prevented this abominable crime. Heaven will not always be silent; the friends to the rights of human nature will in the end prevail."

When the constitution was adopted, the leading question considered was, how to obtain a harmonious union of all the colonies; how to fuse these distinct governments, with different interests, into one strong government. Weakened as they were by the long and bloody war with the Mother Country; bankrupt and almost discouraged, they were willing for harmony and unity on almost any terms. Accordingly, we find the framers of the constitution compromising and using ambiguous language in regard to slavery right in the constitution itself.

The words slave, slavery, or Negro, are systematically avoided, and they are spoken of as "persons bound to service," and "three-fifths of all other persons." But it nowhere says how bound, and an honest constitutional judge construing this clause to harmonize with the Declaration of Independence (which preceded and was in a sense the basis of the constitution), would certainly have decided that "bound to service" meant in equity, "bound by contract to service," not forced under the lash, without any contract, and for the entire benefit of the so-called master class.

The framers of the constitution differed widely as to whether the Negroes should be regarded as persons or property? It was finally settled that

they were neither absolutely the one nor the other, but partook of both qualities; and it was provided that five slaves should count as three freemen, in the apportionment for representatives and for direct taxation. As an expounder of the compromise on this basis said, the slave was considered "as divested of two-fifths of the man." This is why the constitution was claimed by both sides in the "irrepressible conflict." This instrument was necessarily compromising as touching slavery, but we should be very charitable in reviewing it, when we consider that an unconditional pro-slavery, or anti-slavery constitution, would not have been adopted by the members of the constitution, nor ratified by the different states. The leadership of Washington and the wisdom of Franklin were strained to their utmost before this question was finally settled by compromise, in the constitutional convention.

Even then, as might have been expected, slavery would not remain settled, for while not strictly in the constitution, it was not expunged from it, and proved to be a veritable "Old Man of the Sea," riding on the back of the constitution, seeking to strangle it, until, drunken with the wine of its own violence, it was shaken off and crushed in the war of the Rebellion.

Theodore Parker illustrates slavery and the constitution as follows: "There is an old story told by Hebrew rabbis, that before the flood there was an enormous giant called Gog. After the flood had got into the full tide of successful experiment, and every man was drowned except those taken into the ark, Gog came striding along after Noah, feel-

ing his way with a cane, as long as a mast of the "Great Eastern." The water had only come up to his girdle. It was then over the hill-tops and still rising—raining night and day. The giant hailed the Patriarch. Noah put his head out of the window, and said, 'Who is there?' 'It is I,' said Gog. 'Take us in; it is wet outside!' 'No,' said Noah; 'you're to big; no room. Besides, you've a bad character. You may get on top if you like,' and he closed the window. 'Go to thunder,' said Gog; 'I will ride after all.' And he strode after him, wading through the waters; and mounting on top of the ark, with one leg over the larboard and the other over the starboard side, he steered it just as he pleased and made it rough weather inside.

"Now in making the constitution, we did not care to take in Slavery in express terms. It looked ugly. We allowed it to get on top astride, and now it steers us just where it pleases." Hence the question, Could slavery find shelter behind the constitution of the United States? received almost as many different answers as there were men attempting it. To this great question the abolitionists, led by Garrison, replied, "Yes, therefore away with the constitution." "Yes," replied the anti-abolitionists, "therefore let slavery alone." "No," said the anti-slavery Whigs, "for the constitution is not a pro-slavery instrument." "No," said Gerrit Smith, "for slavery, in the nature of the case, cannot find a shelter behind anything that bears the name of law; the constitution that offered shelter to slavery would have no validity. The question whether or no slavery finds shelter behind the constitution, is wanting in pertinency; there is no such question."

This was substantially the view of Frederick Douglass, who defended it against all gainsayers, with great boldness and power.

Whatever the constitution might be, no one could question the fact that the Declaration of Independence, the Magna Charta of American Liberty, was anti-slavery, when it published to the world the following glorious principles: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created *equal*, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are *Life*, *Liberty* and the pursuit of *Happiness*. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Remember the equality and liberty were not limited to the white, black or red men, for all were in the colonies at that time, but it emphatically says all men; it includes all races, and excludes none. The pursuit of happiness was also guaranteed unto all men, by this instrument, but was there any happiness for the poor souls driven like galley-slaves, and treated like beasts of burden?

Moreover, we read that "Governments are instituted among men, deriving their powers from the consent of the governed." When did the Negro ever give his consent, or, indeed, when was he ever consulted as to how he should be governed from the time he was kidnaped by piratical man-stealers in Africa, until he escaped their clutches at death?

At its conclusion we find this passage: "And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence,

we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor." In view of the treatment the Negro received, mainly because he was black, this reliance on the "protection of Divine Providence" appears sacrilegious, and this pledge of "sacred honor," a farce.

Can it be that this palladium of Liberty, penned by the immortal Jefferson, was superseded by the constitution and thrown aside as a cast-off garment? It certainly appears so. For if any regard had been paid to this Declaration of Independence, slavery would not have cursed the nation a single year. For it was an unmitigated curse, its advocates being judges. Henry Clay himself said, "Slavery is a curse to the master and a wrong to the slave." Its cloven foot was shown even in drafting this important instrument. It may not be known to all our readers that part of the original document drawn up by the committee consisting of Jefferson, Adams, Livingston, Sherman and Franklin, was rejected and stricken out in deference to slavery, but such is an undoubted historical fact.

The first draft of the Declaration of Independence can be seen in the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, an institution founded by Franklin. It contains this forcible language: "He," (King George III.), "has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur a miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the

opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce."

Mr. William Chambers, the English traveler and author, considers this original draft of our Declaration the greatest archæological curiosity in America.

Thus a union embracing the Southern colonies could only be obtained by withdrawing this scathing rebuke, and prostituting liberty to slavery. In fact, we are forced to the conclusion that the Declaration of Independence, contrary to the design of those who drafted it, never had the validity of law. Though announcing the doctrine of human equality and inalienable rights, it proved to be, as far as effectiveness was concerned, only a respectable piece of buncombe, simply words. Certain it was, when the surrender at Yorktown ended our allegiance to the mother country, we had simply exchanged masters. This country was no longer owned and governed by King George and his Parliament, but from the day of the surrender at Yorktown, 1781, to the day of a still greater surrender at Appomattox in 1865, a period of nearly eighty-five years, this country was ruled with a rod of iron by a domineering minority, in the form of an aristocracy of Southern slave holders, aided by Northern sympathizers. Hence the surrender at Appomattox secured liberty to the white man at the North as well as the black slave at the South.

Since then the Declaration has meant what its language would imply, and this glorious old expunged paragraph should be restored. At the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1787, it was generally believed that slavery would die out in all the states. A man would not have been laughed to scorn had he predicted that Maryland, Delaware and Virginia would be free states in his lifetime. Seven states had already abolished slavery, or were preparing to do so. And it must be borne in mind that the constitution abolished the African slave trade after the year 1808, though why this clause was never enforced is not apparent. Certain it is, public sentiment was gaining ground against slavery even in Georgia, as is shown by the fact that one of her representatives stated on the floor of the House, without contradiction, "that there was not a man in Georgia who did not wish there were no slaves, and everybody believed they were a curse to the country."

Several influences contributed to mould public opinion against slavery at this time. First in order of importance, as we have already seen, was the Declaration of Independence. Second, the bravery of the colored soldiers in the war of Independence. Having aided his master in breaking the yoke of oppression, it was inconsistent for the black man to continue a servant in

"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

Third, the opposition of abolition societies, and religious bodies, particularly the Quakers, who were most aggressive; the Methodists, who resolved

in general conference that "slave-keeping was hurtful to society, and contrary to the laws of God, man and nature;" and the Baptists especially in Rhode Island. Fourth, the influence and example of such fathers of the Republic as Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Hamilton and Madison. Fifth, the fact that it had been demonstrated that slavery did not pay.

Washington and Jefferson both opposed the idea of buying or selling Negroes off the plantations to which they belonged, and both proved by their personal experience that a large number of Negroes on a Virginia plantation was an economical failure. Supporting his numerous slaves brought Jefferson to poverty in his old age. Washington, in a private letter written while President, expresses an opinion that slavery must soon be abolished in Virginia and Maryland, and as is well known, manumitted his own slaves by his last will.

Neither Jefferson nor Adams had any part in framing the constitution, as they were both absent at foreign courts. They held identically the same views on the slavery question, for in a letter written about this time Jefferson expressed a strong desire that the slave trade, and slavery itself, might be abolished; while John Adams never owned a slave during his life, because of his abhorrence to slavery.

Franklin, as president of the Pennsylvania abolition society, earnestly besought Congress to give immediate attention to the subject of slavery. He further petitioned, "that you will be pleased to countenance the restoration of liberty to those

unhappy men, who are degraded into perpetual bondage; and that you will discourage every species of traffic in persons of our fellowmen."

Hamilton, while secretary of the New York abolition society, received a request from La Fayette, proposing himself as a fellow member of his society. And Madison in the constitutional convention urged the members to strike out the section delaying the prohibition of the slave trade until the year 1808, saying: "Twenty years will produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves. So long a term will be more dishonorable to the American character than to say nothing about it in the Constitution."

Of course such statesmen and patriots as these would create a strong public sentiment against slavery, which was fast spreading over the entire nation. But an event occurred in 1793 which turned the tide in favor of slavery, and benefited the planter more than the Fugitive Slave law.

"What," asked Webster, "created the new feeling in favor of slavery in the South, so that it became a cherished institution, no evil, no scourge, but great religious, social and moral blessing?"

To answer the question in a sentence we would say, the invention of the cotton-gin. This was due to the mechanical skill of Eli Whitney of Massachusetts. Young Whitney, while engaged in school-teaching, was making his home at the hospitable mansion of Mrs. General Nathaniel Green, on her Georgia plantation, where he perfected his invention with the aid of his kind partner, Mrs. Green.

Prior to this invention it was the work of

a man for one whole day to separate a pound of cotton fiber from the seed; but by the use of this machine one man could do the work of fifty or more.

Undoubtedly the wealth of the South was augmented by this invention more than any other, or perhaps all others combined. Instead of being grateful to Whitney for conferring untold wealth upon them, some neighboring planters broke into the house where it was kept and stole his invention; so that much of his life was embittered by tedious and expensive lawsuits for the recovery of his rights. Whitney, however, invented a gun after this from which he realized a fortune. The cotton-gin, by making slave labor profitable, tended to rivet the chains more firmly on these unfortunate people. In the same year of this invention, a duty of three cents a pound was placed on cotton, which stimulated its production.

The slave territory was extended by the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, of Florida in 1819, and the annexation of Texas in 1845. Slavery had been quickened in the border states, Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky, which had been in fair way to abolish it altogether as unprofitable in the raising of grain, tobacco and live stock Sad to relate, some of the most conscientious Christian people of these states, and the District of Columbia, engaged in the disreputable business of raising slaves for the Southern market, the same as they did mules or cattle, and kept this up as one of the main sources of weath until slavery was overthrown.

The first Fugitive Slave law was passed in 1793,

the same year of Whitney's cotton-gin. It grew out of the fact that a free Negro had been kidnaped in Pennsylvania, by three white ruffians, and carried to Virginia. When the Governor of Pennsylvania could not get him from the Governor of Virginia, he called the attention of President Washington to it, who in turn brought it before Congress, and urged them to take some action in the matter. The result was the passage of this first Fugitive Slave Bill. But the record does not show what became of the poor kidnaped free Negro.

Such laws were not designed to give the Negro any protection, but were all in sympathy with the supposed master.

It may be said that from this time on the aggressive power was ever ready to "lengthen her cords, and strengthen her stakes," and extend her boundaries, by fair means if she could, foul if she must; and the latter was usually adopted. Her motto seems to have been "rule or ruin."

Everything was forced to bow submissive to the Peculiar Institution. Her usual threat which she hung suspended over the North like Damocle's sword, was, "Do this or we will secede!" Even the matchless Daniel Webster had proven recreant to his early principles and bowed the knee to this Baal, in his eagerness for a Presidential nomination; while his no less distinguished contemporary, Henry Clay, living midway between the two sections, was ever ready to step in between the belligerents with a cunningly devised compromise, as one-sided as that of the two boys who found a knife jointly, and decided that the smaller

boy should own, and the larger should carry and use it.

Even in the North there were many open sympathizers with slavery, while others were disposed to apologize for it; but those in the main were either concerned in manufacturing cotton, or ignorant of the heartless cruelty of the institution.

The national capital was located on slave territory, and her slave-pen became a great market, where human cattle were daily disposed of to the highest bidder, and was one of the most infamous in the nation. The story is told of a woman who escaped from it, and was pursued by four men across the long bridge. She was fast gaining on them, when they shouted to others on the Virginia side, who ran to that end of the bridge to intercept her. Seeing this, she uttered a wild cry of despair and threw herself into the river, preferring death to falling into the heartless hands of her pursuers Another woman and two children fled for protection to the steps of the capitol building, and while the emblem of liberty floated from its dome, she was forced to the slave-pen.

Perhaps the most baneful feature of slavery, from a moral standpoint, was the unbridled license it gave to amalgamation. I don't mean theoretically—only the despised abolitionists were accused of that—but real practical amalgamation, such as men in power, and the most prominent statesmen were notoriously guilty of. Well might Thomas Jefferson say: "The best blood of Virginia runs in the veins of her slaves." Jane Grey Swisshelm, in her "Half a Century," says: "One of President Tyler's daughters ran away with the man she

loved, in order that they might be married, but for this they must reach foreign soil. A young lady of the White House could not marry the man of her choice in the United States. The lovers were captured, and she was brought to His Excellency, her father, who sold her to a slave trader. From that slave-pen she was taken to New Orleans, by a man who expected to get twenty-five hundred dollars for her on account of her great beauty."

The same author gives some evidence that Harrison and Taylor both preceded Lincoln as victims of Southern plots. As it is rather startling, or plausible, to say the least of it, we will quote it in full. Said she of her visit to Washington during Taylor's administration, "Mr Taylor, the Whig President, had pronounced the Fugitive Slave Bill an insult to the North, and stated his determination to veto it. Fillmore, the Vice-President, was in favor of it. So Freedom looked to a man owning three hundred slaves, while slavery relied on a Northern man with Southern principles. President Taylor was hated by the South, was denounced as a traitor to his section, while Southern men and women fawned upon and flattered Fillmore. . . . . When it became known that the Fugitive Slave Bill could pass Congress, but could not command a two-thirds vote to carry it over the assured veto of President Taylor, he ate a plate of strawberries, just as President Harrison had done when he stood in the way of Southern policy, and like his great predecessor, Taylor died opportunely, when Mr. Fillmore became president and signed the bill."

She visited Charles Sumner while he was in the Alleghany Mountains, recovering from the Brooks assault. Referring to it, she said: "In talking with Mr. Sumner during that visit, I learned that the same doctor attended both President Harrison and President Taylor in their last illness, and used his professional authority to prevent their friends seeing them until the fatal termination of their illness was certain. Also, that it was that same doctor who was within call when Brooks made his assault on Sumner; took charge of the case, and made an official statement that the injury was very slight, gave it a superficial dressing and sought to exclude every one from the room of his patient. Said Sumner: 'I shuddered when I recovered consciousness, and found this man beside me.' He dismissed him promptly, and did not hesitate to say that he believed he would not have recovered under his treatment. When the South seceded, this useful man left Washington and joined the Confederacy."

This is certainly a very strong chain of circumstantial evidence that Lincoln and Garfield were not our only martyred Presidents.

The following is from a letter written by the celebrated Irish orator and statesman, Daniel O'Connell. It was written at Dublin, October 11th, 1843, to his fellow countrymen in America, concerning slavery, which they were disposed at that time to endorse or apologize for: "You say the Negroes are naturally an inferior race. That is a totally gratuitous assertion on your part. In America you can have no opportunity of seeing the Negro educated. On the contrary, in most of

your states it is a crime—sacred Heaven!—a crime to educate even a free Negro! How, then, can you judge of the Negro race, when you see them despised and condemned by educated classes—reviled and looked down upon as inferior? The Negro race has naturally some of the finest qualities. They are naturally gentle, generous, humane, and very grateful for kindness. They are brave and as fearless as any other of the race of human beings; but the blessings of education are kept from them, and they are judged of, not as they would be with proper cultivation, but as they are rendered by cruel and debasing oppression.

"It is as old as the days of Homer, who truly asserts that 'the day which sees a man a slave takes away half his worth.' Slavery actually brutalizes human beings. It was about sixty years ago when one of the Sheiks, not far south of Fez, in Morocco, who was in the habit of accumulating white slaves, upon being strongly remonstrated with by a European Power, gave for his reply that, by his own experience he found it quite manifest that white men were of an inferior race, intended by nature for slaves; and he produced his own brutalized white slaves to illustrate the truth of his assertion. And a case of an American with a historic name—John Adams—is quite familiar. Some twenty-five years ago—not more—John Adams was the sole survivor of an American crew wrecked on the African coast. He was taken into the interior as a slave of an Arab chief. He was only for three years a slave, and the English and American consuls having been informed of a white man's slavery, claimed him and obtained

his liberation. In the short space of three years he had become completely brutalized; he had completely forgotten the English language, without having acquired the native tongue. He spoke a kind of gabble, as unintellectual as the dialects of most of your Negro slaves; and many months elapsed before he recovered his former habits and ideas.

"We cannot bring ourselves to believe that you breathed your natal air in Ireland—Ireland, the first of all the nations on the earth that abolished the dealing in slaves. The slave trade of that day was curious enough, a slave trade in British youths—Ireland, that never was stained with Negro slave trading—Ireland, that never committed offense against the men of color—Ireland, that never fitted out a single vessel for the traffic in blood on the African coast.

"We ask you to exert yourselves in every possible way to put an end to the internal slave trade of the states. The breeding of slaves for sale is probably the most immoral and debasing practice ever known in the world. It is a crime of the most heinous kind, and if there were no other crime committed by the Americans, this alone would place the advocates, supporters and practicers of American slavery in the lowest grade of criminals It is no excuse to allege that the Congress is restricted from emancipating slaves by one general law. Each particular slave state has that power within its own precincts; and there is every reason to be convinced that Maryland and Virginia would have followed the example of New York, and long ago

abolished slavery, but for the diabolical practice of 'raising,' as you call it, slaves for the Southern market of pestilence and death.

"Irishmen! sons of Irishmen! descendants of the kind of heart and affectionate disposition, think, oh! think only with pity and compassion on your colored fellow creatures in America. Offer them the hand of kindly help. Soothe their sorrows. Scathe their oppressor. Join with your countrymen at home in one cry of horror against the oppressor; in one cry of sympathy with the enslaved and oppressed,

> 'Till prone in the dust slavery shall be hurl'd,
> Its name and nature blotted from the world.'

"Irishmen, I call upon you to join in crushing slavery, and in giving liberty to every man and every caste, creed, or color.

"D. O'C."

These soul-stirring sentiments are quite different to those of another Irishman, who was in the act of marrying a Planter's widow. When the minister asked, "Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" he replied, "Yis, your riverance, and the Naygurs too."

Henry Wilson, in his "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," informs us that when the news of the French Revolution of 1848, in which the King was deposed and driven into exile, reached Washington, it was the occasion of great rejoicing. President Polk sent a message to Congress in which he announced the event, and stated that "the world has seldom witnessed a more interesting and sublime spectacle than the peaceful rising of the French people, resolved to secure for themselves enlarged liberty."

On the same day a series of resolutions were introduced into the House expressing satisfaction that "the sentiment of self-government is commending itself to the honorable consideration of the more intelligent of nations;" and announcing the hope that "down-trodden humanity may succeed in breaking down all forms of tyranny and oppression;" and tendering their "warmest sympathies to the people of France and Italy in their present struggle."

The following amendment was offered by Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts, that "we especially see an encouraging earnest of their success in the decree which pledges the government of France to early measures for the immediate emancipation of all slaves in the colonies." The following amendment to the amendment was offered by Mr. Schenck of Ohio, "recognizing, as we do, that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude."

This was followed by a speech from Mr. Hillard of Alabama, in which he said, "I solemnly believe that the time has come when kingcraft has lost its hold upon the human mind. The world is waking from its deep slumber, and mankind begin to see that the right to govern belongs, not to crowned kings, but to the great masses."

He was not ready to recognize the doctrine of human equality *per se*. He referred to Mr. Ashmun's amendment as "a matter which does not belong to it," and defiantly asserted that all over the South there was a determination on the part of the masters to maintain the claim on their slaves, "with a courage and firmness which nothing

can intimidate or shame." The same inconsistency was displayed by Mr. Haskell of Tennessee, who stated that the kingdoms of Europe "were upheaving beneath the throb of liberty which was animating the bosoms of the people, and that it was from this country that they had caught the flame;" he then declared that he was "sick and tired of this continual thrusting in this subject of slavery," which tended "to stop the progress of freedom, to injure this government itself, and put out this light toward which with hope were turned the eyes of the down-trodden world."

The handful of anti-slavery members made gallant fight defending their principles, and pointing out the gross inconsistency of singing pæans over the triumph of liberty in France, and at the same instant expressing a determination to perpetuate a more cruel and despotic tyranny in this Republic.

Mr. Giddings, seeing this inconsistency, said: "Look from that window, and you will see a slave-pen, whose gloomy walls in mute but eloquent terms proclaim the hypocrisy of the deed." After reminding the House that all this is sustained by laws passed by Congress, he continued, "Will not the French cast back all such pretended sympathy with abhorrence? Will they not look with disgust on such deception and hypocrisy when they see a nation of slave dealers tendering their sympathy to a free people?"

About this time seventy-seven slaves of Washington attempted to gain for themselves that freedom they had just heard so highly eulogized for others. They doubtless reasoned that if freedom was a glorious boon for the French peasant—and had

not the Southern statesmen said so?—it could not be wrong for them to desire it.

An old gentleman in Kentucky advised his neighbor's sons to enlist for the Mexican war; but was terribly worried when two of his own sons took his advice. So in this case, liberty was a glorious thing for their neighbors across the ocean, but not to be even thought of in this (so-called) land of the free. So the schooner Pearl, in which these slaves embarked for freedom, was overtaken at the mouth of the Potomac, and forced to return to Washington with its unfortunate passengers. Having been committed to jail, they fell into the hands of the merciless slave dealers and received the dreaded doom of being sent South.

Among these poor victims of man's cruelty and lust, was the beautiful quadroon, Emily Russell, a sweet, amiable, gentle Christian girl. She, with the others, was suffered to be bought by the cruel Baltimore slave dealers, who fixed her ransom at eighteen hundred dollars on the shameful plea that she was the most beautiful woman in all that country. She was consigned to the South. But the sun of her life was about to set below the horizon, and death came to her relief in all the vigor and freshness of girlhood, saving her from what probably would have been a life of misery, and causing her mother to exclaim: "The Lord be thanked. He has heard my prayers at last."

Though ignorant, helpless, crushed in spirit, weighed down with hardship and cruel bereavement, they were still human, and as true and affectionate hearts beat within their breasts as any that throbbed beneath lighter skins.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AGONIZING, CRUEL SLAVERY DAYS.

"And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"

—BURNS.

We would gladly pass by this chapter in silence, for it must be painful alike to writer and reader.

But as the surgeon must harden his heart while he probes the wound, that he may apply a healing lotion; so the historian must record the facts however heart-rending, that he may perchance suggest a remedy.

As has been stated, slaves were found to be profitable for labor, only in the Southern states, where the semi-tropical crops, rice, indigo, sugar and cotton were produced. This includes those states from Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, southward. Then the question might be asked, Why did not these four states either manumit their slaves or sell them to the Southern planters, and thereby stop an unprofitable business, and restrict the slave territory? Simply "because the love of money is the root of all evil." For while slaves were not profitable in the border states for labor, they were profitable for propagating the race, increasing the numbers; and to have sold off all the slaves of those states would have been to kill the goose that laid the golden egg.

When it was found that the raising of grain, live stock, and so forth, by slave labor was unprofitable, many slaves were sent South, where they brought a high price; but enough were reserved for cultivating the farms and to increase the numbers, so as to again flood the market. For, horrible to relate, in the four border states and the District of Columbia, the slaves themselves became one of the large products of export. According to "Wilson's Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," "this traffic had become so enormous that in 1836 it was estimated that the number sold from the single state of Virginia was forty thousand, yielding a return of twenty-four millions of dollars. It was in fact the great business, licensed and protected by laws, advertised in the papers and recognized as one of the branches of legitimate production and trade." But of course there were humane men even in the South, whose hearts were grieved at the cruel traffic conducted around them. They denounced in vehement and scathing language a barbarous custom which tore the infant from its mother's yearning breast, that the one might be sold and the other left; scattering families, severing husbands and wives never to meet again, until they met at the bar of a just God as common accusers of an inhuman master. There are times when ties of blood hold us but loosely; still a day comes when nature asserts itself, and no acquired affection has the power over us that is wielded by the love we are born to; and we can but appreciate the melancholy scene the song-writer describes:—

"I am thinking to-day of dem years dat's passed away,
When dey tied me up in bondage long ago;
In old Virginny state, it was there we separate,
And it fill my heart with misery and woe.
Dey took away my boy, he was his mother's joy,
From a baby in de cradle we him raise;
Oh! dey put us far apart and dey broke de old man's heart
In dem agonizing,cruel slavery days."

Even one of the governors of South Carolina, in a message to the Legislature, denounced "this remorseless and merciless traffic, the ceaseless dragging along the streets and highways of a crowd of suffering victims to minister to insatiable avarice."

A Presbyterian synod of Kentucky refers to the slave caufle often seen there as proclaiming "the iniquity of our system." It adds, "There is not a village that does not behold the sad procession of manacled victims."

A Southern editor wrote of such a procession he saw passing through his city, "with heavy, galling chains riveted on their person, half naked, half starved," traveling to the plantations of the South, where "their miserable condition will be second only to the wretched creatures in hell."

The pathetic scene as described by the following verse was often enacted.

"One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chain;
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane."

A Baltimore journal of this period said: "Dealing in slaves has become a large business; establishments are made in several places in Maryland

and Virginia, at which they are sold like cattle. These places of deposit are strongly built, and well supplied with iron thumb-screws and gags, and ornamented with cow-skins, oftentimes bloody."

One of Virginia's most gifted sons of his day, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, said in the Legislature of that state, in 1832, that "the state was one grand menagerie, where men are reared for the market like oxen for the shambles." He even considered the domestic slave trade much worse than foreign; for in the latter, said he, "only strangers in aspect, language and manner" are taken; while in the former the master class sells those he has "known from infancy, into a strange country, among a strange people, subject to cruel taskmasters." Evidently an extensive traffic was carried on in slaves all through the South, as the papers of that period were filled with such advertisements as "Cash for Negroes," "Negroes for sale," and "Negroes wanted."

By actual count, four thousand and one hundred Negroes were advertised for sale in sixty-four newspapers of the eight slave states in the last two weeks of November, 1852. We have quoted thus from Southern authority; so also is the following curious advertisement which appeared in the *New York Independent* of March 1850, copied from the *Religious Herald*, a Baptist paper of Richmond, Virginia: "Who wants thirty-five thousand dollars in property? I am desirous to spend the balance of my life as a missionary, if the Lord permit, and therefore offer for sale my farm, the vineyard adjacent to Williamsburg. . . . . and also about forty servants, mostly young and likely, and

rapidly increasing in number and value." Truly consistency is a jewel, but this good man (?) evidently was a stranger to it.

Perhaps the most demoralizing phase of the slave trade was the fact that fathers would often sell for the Southern market their own children without the slightest compunctions of conscience. But how were these poor creatures treated when once they arrived at their destination on the Southern plantations, weary and foot-sore, galled by their heavy chains? All that these poor victims of unrequited toil could expect to get out of this life was food and clothing, and a place to shelter them, and did they always get that? The Secretary of the Treasury obtained a report from forty-six sugar plantations of Louisiana; according to this, the cost of feeding and clothing an able-bodied slave was thirty dollars per year. Olmstead, who has traveled extensively through the South, estimates that ten dollars would be necessary for clothing, which would leave only twenty dollars for food, or five and one-half cents per day. He then asks, "Does the food of a first-rate laborer anywhere in the free world cost less?" Corn-meal was the invariable article of food, though sometimes at rare intervals, bacon, molasses or rice was provided.

A Louisiana cotton planter furnished De Bow, author of "De Bow's Resources of the South and West," an itemized estimate of the expense of a cotton crop. In this the cost of feeding a hundred slaves, furnishing the overseer's table, and the hospital, was estimated at seven hundred and fifty dollars for the year. This was seven dollars and a half for each slave, or less than three cents

per day. From the same planter De Bow also learned that the cost of furnishing shoes, clothes, and beds for one hundred slaves, also sacks to gather cotton, did not exceed seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum. This statement accounts for the fact that all the slaves on the cotton and sugar plantations invariably looked ragged and dirty. The supply of food for slaves was fixed by the Legislature of several Southern states. Louisiana required that meat should be furnished, but this law became obsolete. North Carolina fixed the daily allowance of corn. And yet to-day Southern statesmen are fond of assuring us that they have always "opposed all sumptuary laws." It might be added that they prohibited any one selling or giving whisky to their Negroes. But since the war they have bitterly opposed Prohibition as a sumptuary law.

In the cotton, sugar and rice districts the slaves were systematically overworked. In South Carolina the legal limit of a day's work on a cotton plantation was fixed at fifteen hours. But during the picking season the slaves labored sixteen hours under the driver's lash; while on the sugar plantations of Lousiana, during the grinding season, eighteen were exacted, often with no Sunday's rest. Think of it, you free laborers, who very properly draw the line at about half of this time, with good wages and Sunday rest.

Patrick Henry said of the overseer of his day, "They are the most abject, degraded, and unprincipled race." Time and new conditions did not improve them, for the historian Rhodes says of them, "They were generally ignorant, frequently

intemperate, always despotic and brutal. Their value was rated according to the size of the cotton crop they made, and with that end in view they spared not the slaves, who always worked under the lash." Even Chancellor Harper, who wrote a strong defense of slavery, says: "It is true that the slave is driven to labor by stripes."

The fact is demonstrated that the Negroes were often overtasked to their permanent injury, from the complaint made by Southern agricultural journals of the bad policy of thus wasting human property. But nothing was said about the inhumanity of thus killing slaves by abuse.

A stout Negro driver, chosen because of his unusual cruelty, followed each gang of working slaves, urging them on with loud voice and the cracking of his long whip.

A tradesman in Alabama told Olmstead that if the overseers raise "plenty of cotton, the owners never ask how many niggers they kill." Olmstead also learned that "a determined and perfectly relentless overseer could get almost any wages he demanded, for when it became known that such a man had made more bales to the slave than his competitors, every planter would try to get him."

The name Alabama means, "Here we rest," but this certainly did not apply to the poor colored people.

"If you don't work faster, or if you don't work better, I will have you flogged," was often heard, and seldom an idle threat.

In Olmstead's "Cotton Kingdom," he quotes from an overseer who said: "Why, sir, I wouldn't mind killing a nigger more than I would a dog." Fannie

Kemble is responsible for the statement, that the sugar planters of Louisiana unhesitatingly avowed that they found it upon the whole their most profitable plan to work off (kill with labor) their whole number of slaves about once in seven years and renew the whole stock. They proceeded to adopt this plan, as we have seen, by working during the grinding season eighteen hours per day, and seven days for a week, contrary to the laws of God, man and nature.

Again quoting from Rhodes: "No one can wonder that it was a painful sight to see slaves at work in the cotton field. Their besotted and generally repulsive expression, their brute-like countenances, on which were painted stupidity, indolence, duplicity, and sensuality; their listlessness; their dogged action; the stupid, plodding, machine-like manner, in which they labored, made a sorrowful picture of man's inhumanity to man." General Sherman, while living in Louisiana, observed that "the field slaves were treated like animals."

Frederick Douglass, speaking of one period in his life, said: "My natural elasticity was crushed; my intellect languished; the disposition to read departed; the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died out; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me, and behold a man transformed to a brute."

As is generally known, cotton was the main crop raised by slave labor, and the great hope of the Southern Confederacy. Their leaders believed two errors, and from these drew a false conclusion. First, they said, cotton cannot be grown without slave labor; and second, England cannot exist

without Southern cotton, *ergo*, England must come to "the gigantic relief" of the Southern Confederacy.

According to De Bow's estimate in 1850 of the three million one hundred and seventy-seven thousand slaves in the South, one million eight hundred thousand were employed in cotton culture. The motto of the planter seemed to be, "Let us buy more Negroes to raise more cotton, to buy more Negroes to raise more cotton," and so on *ad infinitum*. The same year there were only three hundred and forty-seven thousand, five hundred and twenty-five slave holders, who with their families numbered about two millions. The entire white population of the South was six million one hundred and twenty-five thousand; consequently less than one third of the white people of the slave states could have been in any way benefited by this "peculiar institution," and more than seven millions bond and free either labored for them, or were controlled by this aristocracy.

The curse of slavery fell hardest upon the women, those who were least able to bear it, as the following quotations from Fanny Kemble's Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation will show. Said she: "On my husband's first visit to his estate he found that the men and the women who labored in the fields had the same tasks to perform. This was a noble admission of female equality, was it not? And thus it had been on the estate for many years past. He, of course, altered the distribution of the work, diminishing the quantity done by the women." Fanny Kemble had a woman's sympathy for the slave women of her hus-

band's plantation, and did all in her power to alleviate their condition. She noted with burning shame the general lewdness and gross immorality prevalent among the slaves.

The increasing of families was indirectly encouraged without the slightest restriction. A woman seemed to think that "the more she added to her master's property by bringing new slaves into the world, the more claim she would have upon his consideration and good will. This was perfectly evident to me from the meritorious air with which the women always made haste to inform me of the number of children they had, and the frequent occasions on which the older slaves would direct my attention to their children, exclaiming, 'Look, missis! plenty little niggers for you and little missis!'"

Sad to relate, this idea seems to have been instilled into the slaves almost from childhood, as the following from the same author shows: "On my return home I was met by a child (as she seemed to me) carrying a baby, in whose behalf she begged me for some clothes. On making some inquiry I was amazed to find that the child was her own; she said she was married and fourteen years old; she looked much younger even than that, poor creature. Her mother, who came up while I was talking to her, said she did not herself know the girl's age; how horribly brutish it all did seem, to be sure!"

A short time after this several slave women called on her at the great house; and this is what she says of two of them: "Among others, a poor woman called Mile, who could hardly stand for pain and swelling in her limbs; she had brought

fifteen children into the world, nine of them having died; for the last three years she had become almost a cripple with chronic rheumatism, yet she is driven every day to work in the field. She held my hands, and stroked them in the most appealing ways, while she exclaimed, 'Oh, my missis! my missis! me neber sleep till day for de pain,' and with the day her labor must again be resumed. I gave her flannel and sal volatile to rub her poor swelled limbs with; rest I could not give her—rest from her labor and her pain—this mother of fifteen children.

"Another of my visitors had a still more dismal story to tell; her name was Die; she had had sixteen children, fourteen of whom were dead. They had strained her arms up to be lashed I asked her what she meant by having her arms tied up. She said their hands were first tied together, sometimes by the wrists and sometimes, which was worse, by the thumbs, and they were then drawn up to a tree or post, so almost to swing them off the ground, and then their clothes rolled round their waist, and a man with a cowhide stands and stripes them. I give you the woman's words. She did not speak of this as anything strange, unusual, or especially horrid and abominable."

One more extract concerning the manner in which her husband's slaves were fed. Said she to the lady friend for whom she wrote the journal: "How do you think Berkshire County farmers would relish laboring hard all day upon two meals of Indian corn or hominy? Such is the regulation on the plantation, however, and I beg you to bear in mind that the Negroes on this estate are gener-

ally considered well off. They go to the field at daybreak, carrying with them their allowance of food for the day, which toward noon, and not till then, they eat; cooking it over a fire which they kindle as best they can, where they are working. Their second meal in the day is at night, after their labor is over, having worked, at the very least, six hours without intermission of rest or refreshment since their noonday meal, properly so-called, for it was meal and nothing else." She also stated that their houses were miserable little squalid hovels, swarming with vermin, crowded to suffocation, and so poorly ventilated that in that hot climate it was almost impossible to get a breath of fresh air. The same was in a measure true of the so-called slave hospitals.

Jane Grey Swisshelm, sometimes called the "Fanny Kemble of America," in her book entitled "Half a Century," speaking of the time she lived in Louisville, Kentucky, almost fifty years ago, said: "While I lived on that dark and bloody ground, a Negro was beaten to death in an open shed, on the corner of two public streets, where the sound of the blows, the curses of his two tormentors, and his shrieks and unavailing prayers for mercy were continued for a whole forenoon, and sent the complaining air shuddering to the ears of thousands, not one of whom offered any help.

"Passing a crowded church on a Sabbath afternoon, I stepped in, when the preacher was descanting on the power of religion, and, in illustration, he told of two wicked young men in that state, who were drinking and gambling on Sunday morn-

ing, when one said: 'I can lick the religion out of any nigger.'

"The other would bet one hundred dollars that he had a nigger out of whom the religion could not be licked. The bet was taken and they adjourned to a yard. This unique nigger was summoned, and proved to be a poor old man. His master informed him he had a bet on him, and the other party commanded him to 'curse Jesus,' on pain of being flogged until he did. The old saint dropped on his knees before his master, and pleaded for mercy, saying: 'Massa! Massa! I cannot curse Jesus! Jesus die for me! He die for you, Massa. I no curse him; I no curse Jesus!'

"The master began to repent. In babyhood he had ridden on those old bowed shoulders, then stalwart and firm, and he proposed to withdraw the bet, but the other wanted sport and would win the money. Oh! the horrible details that the preacher gave of that day's sport, of the lashings, and faintings, and revivals, with washes of strong brine, the prayers for mercy, and the recurring moan, 'I no curse Jesus, Massa! I no curse Jesus. Jesus die for me, Massa; I die for Jesus!'

"As the sun went down Jesus took him, and his merciless master had sold a worthless nigger for one hundred dollars. But the only point which the preacher made was that one in favor of religion: When it could so support a Nigger, what might it not do for one of the superior race?"

A female member of the Fourth St. Methodist Church was threatened with discipline, for nailing her cook to the fence by the ear with a ten-penny nail. The preacher in charge witnessed the punish-

ment from a back window of his residence. Hundreds of others witnessed it, called by the shrieks of the victim; and his reverence protested on the ground that "such scenes were calculated to injure the church."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Rev. John H. Aughey, a brilliant young Presbyterian minister, who fled from the South to save his life shortly after penning these lines, having been an eye-witness to many of the scenes.

"Kosciusko, Atlanta Co., Mississippi, December 25, 1861.

"MR. WILLIAM JACKMAN.

"DEAR SIR:—Your last kind and truly welcome letter came to hand in due course of mail. . . .

"In your letter you desired me from my standpoint to give you my observations of the workings of the peculiar institution, and an expression of my views as to its consistency with the eternal principle of rectitude and justice. In reply I will give you a plain narrative of facts. On my advent to the South, I was at first struck with the fact that the busy hum of labor had in some measure ceased. What labor I did observe progressing was done with little skill and mainly by Negroes. I called upon the Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckenridge, to whom I had a letter of introduction, who treated me with the greatest kindness, inviting me to make his home my home when I visited that section of the country. On leaving his house, he gave me some directions as to the road I must travel to reach a certain point. 'You will pass,' said he, 'a blacksmith's shop, where a one-

eyed man is at work—my property.' The phrase, 'my property,' I had never before heard applied to a human being, and it grated harshly upon my ears. But it grated much more harshly a week after this to hear the groans of two such chattels, as they underwent a severe flagellation, while chained to the whipping-post, because they had, by half an hour, overstayed their time with their families on the adjoining plantation. The next peculiar abomination of the peculiar institution which I observed was the licentiousness engendered by it. Mr. D. F— of Madison County, Kentucky, had a white family of children, and a black, or rather mulatto family. As his white daughters married he gave each a mulatto half-sister, as a waiting-girl or body-servant.

"Mr. B— of Marshall County, Mississippi, lived with his white wife till he had grandchildren, some of whom came to school to me, when he repudiated his white wife, and attached himself to a very homely African, who superintends his household, and rules his other slaves with rigor. Mr. S— of Tishomingo County, Mississippi, took a Negro for a wife, and had a large family of mulatto children. He once brought this woman to church at Rienzi, to the great indignation of the white ladies, who removed to a respectable distance from her. I preached recently to a large congregation of slaves, one-third of which were as white as myself. Some of them had red hair and blue eyes. If there are any marked characteristics of their masters' families, the mulatto slaves are possessed of these characteristics.

"I never knew a pious overseer—never! There

may be many, but I never saw one. Overseers, as a class, are worse than the slaveholders themselves. They are cruel, brutal, licentious, dissipated and profane. They always carry a loaded whip, a revolver and a bowie-knife. These men have the control of women, whom they often whip to death. Mr. P—, who resided near Holly Springs, had a Negro woman whipped to death while I was at his house during a session of Presbytery. Mr. C— of Waterford, Mississippi, had a woman whipped to death by his overseer. But such cruel scourgings are of daily occurrence.

"Colonel H—, a member of my church, told me yesterday that he ordered a boy, who he supposed was feigning sickness, to the whipping-post, but that he had not advanced ten steps towards it when he fell dead!—and the servant was free from his master. During our conversation, a girl passed. 'There is a girl,' said he, 'who does not look very white in the face owing to exposure, but when I strip her to whip her I find she has a skin as fair as my wife.'

"Mrs. T— recently whipped a boy to death within half a mile of my residence. A jury of inquest returned a verdict that he came to his death by cruelty, but nothing more was done. Mrs. M— and her daughter, of Holly Springs, abused a girl repeatedly. She showed her bruises to some of my congregation, and they believed them fatal. She soon after died. Mrs. S—, a member of my church, has several maimed Negroes from abuse on the part of the overseer. I am residing on the banks of the Yock-a-nookany, which means 'meandering' in the Indian tongue. In this vicinity there

are large plantations, cultivated by hundreds of Negroes. The white population is sparse. Every night the Negroes are brought to a judgment-seat. The overseer presides. If they have not labored to suit him, or if their task is unfulfilled, they are chained to a post and severely whipped. The victims are invariably stripped, to what extent is at the option of the overseer.

"Mr. C— of Waterford, Mississippi, punished his Negroes by slitting the soles of their feet with his bowie-knife! One man he put into a cotton-press and turned the screw till life was extinct. He stated that he only intended to alarm the man, but carried the joke too far. I have heard women thus plead, in piteous accents, when chained to the whipping-post and stripped: 'O my God, master! don't whip me! I was sick! Indeed I was sick! I had a chill and the fever is on me now! I haven't tasted a morsel to-day! You know I works when I is well! O, for God's sake don't whip a poor sick nigger! My poor chile's sick too! Missis thinks its dyin'! O master, for the love of God, don't cut a poor distressed woman wid your whip! I'll try to do better, ef you'll only let me off this once!'

"These piteous plaints only roused the ire of their cruel task-masters, who sometimes knocked them down in the midst of their pleadings. One beautiful Sabbath morning, I stood on the levee at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and counted twenty-seven sugar houses in full blast. I found the Negroes were compelled to labor eighteen hours per day, and were not permitted to rest on the Sabbath during the rolling season. The Negroes

of most plantations have a truck patch, which they cultivate on the Sabbath. I have pointed out the sin of thus laboring on Sunday, but they plead necessity; their children, they stated, must suffer from hunger if they did not cultivate their truck patch, and their masters would not give them time on any other day.

"Negroes, by law, are prohibited from learning to read. This law was not strictly enforced in Tennessee and some other states till within a few years past. I had charge of a Sabbath school for the instruction of the blacks in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1853. This school was put down by the strong arm of the law in a short time after my connection with it ceased. In Mississippi a man who taught slaves to read or write would be sent to the penitentiary instanter. The popular plea for this wickedness is that if they were taught to read they would read the abolition documents; and if they were taught to write, they would write themselves passes, and pass northward to Canada. Such advertisements as the following often greet the eye: 'Kansas War.—The undersind taks this metod of makkin it noan that he has got a pack of the best nigger hounds in the South. My hounds is well trand, and I has had much experience a huntin niggers, havin follered it for the last fifteen years. I will go anywhar that I'm sent for, and will ketch niggers at the follerin raits. My raits fur ketchin runaway niggers $10 per hed, ef they's found in the beat whar thar master lives, $15 if they's found in the county and $50 if they's tuck out on the county. N. B.—Pay is due when the nigger is tuck. Planters ort to send fur me as soon as thar niggers runs away, while thar track is fresh.'

"Every night the woods resound with the deep-mouthed baying of the bloodhounds. The slaves are said by some to love their masters; but it requires the terrors of bloodhounds and the fugitive slave law to keep them in bondage. You in the North are compelled to act the part of the bloodhounds here, and catch the fugitives for the planters of the South. Free Negroes are sold into bondage for the most trivial offenses; slaveholders declare that the presence of free persons of color exerts pernicious influence upon their slaves. They therefore are very desirous of getting rid of these persons, either by banishing from the state or enslaving them. The Legislature of Mississippi and other states passed laws for their expulsion. The Governor of Missouri vetoed the law in that state, on the grounds that it was unconstitutional. The question is often asked, Is slavery sinful in itself? My observation has been extensive, embracing eight slave states, and I have never yet seen any example of slavery that did not seem sinful. If slavery is not sinful in itself, I must have always seen it out of itself. I have observed its workings during eleven years among a professedly Christian people, and pronounce it an unmitigated curse.

"JOHN H. AUGHEY.

"To Mr. William Jackman,
"Amsterdam,
"Jefferson County, Ohio."

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDERGROUND RAILROADS AND FUGITIVE SLAVES.

"I hear another voice: 'The poor
Are thine to feed;
Turn not the outcast from thy door,
Nor give to bonds and wrong once more
Whom God hath freed.'"

—WHITTIER.

The necessity for this so-called "Railroad" grew out of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, which established courts and commissioners unknown to the constitution, and was certainly the most inhuman law passed by a civilized country in the nineteenth century.

The most common act of benevolence to a fugitive slave had to be kept a profound secret. The penalty for giving or selling a meal to one of the passengers on this Road, or helping them on their way, was imprisonment and one thousand dollars fine; while those who aided and encouraged slaves to escape, were subject to a long term in the penitentiary.

Naturally when the better element of the people found that this infamous law, passed at the dictation of the slave power, was diametrically opposed to the golden rule, and the example of Him who "went about doing good," they believed with the apostles that they "ought to obey God rather

than men," and rightly spurned this law by heroically helping the poor bondmen to the free states and Canada, the Mecca of the fleeing slaves. The result was a spontaneous uprising and banding together of determined men and women from Maine to Kansas, with many stations and starting points through the South, which on account of its rapid transit, unity of action and secret operation, was called the Underground Railroad. There is said to have been four main trunk lines across the state of New York, and several through Ohio and southern Michigan. But how was it operated? Like other railroads, it had its officers, engineers, conductors, ticket agents, train dispatchers, stations, hotels and lunch counters. Its business was conducted with great harmony, profound secrecy and perfect fidelity.

Unlike other railroads, when it ceased to exist, it divided its immense profits among its passengers, who invested it in large tracts of land in Canada, in building dwellings, barns, churches, schoolhouses, factories of all kinds, and in stocking, improving and cultivating farms.

The poor slaves, groaning under cruel bondage, and sighing for freedom, often heard of this Road in various ways; sometimes a Northern traveler would show them how to find the north star and hint that in that direction lay liberty, and that he would find friends to help him on his way. Frequently a slave who had escaped would get a friend to write back to a benevolent neighbor, and tell him all about it, who, in turn, would inform the Negroes of his neighborhood. But more often they found out about this Road by a per-

fectly organized system of communication and co-operation, established even in the South.

There have always been scattered throughout the South people who hated slavery, and had compassion on the poor victims of this American despotism. Such individuals have known, or made it a point to find out and communicate with others of "like faith and order," northward of them at convenient stages, who had acquaintances in the free states, and could be depended upon to help the fugitive on his way to freedom.

Thus lines were formed from the South to the very borders of Canada, and while they may have been more or less zigzag, they always trended northward and the fleeing black man found them safe and reliable. If he succeeded in escaping his pursuers until he reached the second or third station, he was seldom overtaken.

Samuel J. May estimates that more than twenty thousand found homes in Canada, while hundreds ventured to remain in the free states. The business was managed with such prudence and cautiousness that few of those engaged in it realized the penalties provided. Yet some of the noblest of earth suffered martyrdom, as victims of the cruel fugitive slave law.

Rev. John Rankin, of Ohio, was fined one thousand dollars, besides serving a term in prison. Rev. C. T. Torry died in a Virginia prison.

W. L. Chaplin, of Massachusetts, became editor of the Albany Patriot in 1844. In 1850, while in Washington as correspondent for his own paper, he was induced to aid two young men, slaves of Robert Toombs and Alexander H. Stephens of

GEO. W. WILLIAMS.

GEO. W. CABLE.

Georgia, to escape. Surprised in the act, he was arrested and imprisoned, charged with abducting slaves. Having been a prisoner five months, he was released on the enormous bail of twenty-five thousand dollars. Knowing that if convicted he would certainly be sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years or perhaps for life, his friends decided that the bail must be forfeited and paid. His own little property was sacrificed, and this large amount was finally raised, mainly through the princely beneficence of that grand philanthropist, Gerrit Smith.

Calvin Fairbank spent seventeen years and four months in the Kentucky penitentiary at Frankfort for the glorious crime of "Nigger Stealing." During this time, he is said to have received thirty-five thousand stripes on his bared body.

About the year 1840 Captain Jonathan Walker of Massachusetts took a contract to build a section of a proposed railroad in Florida, employing a number of Negroes in its construction. Being a Christian and kind-hearted man he treated his men with kindness, permitting them to eat at the same table with himself, and bow the knee to a common heavenly Father around a common altar. As a natural consequence, he gained the respect and love of his men, who in 1844 persuaded him to aid them in an attempt to escape in an open boat to an island not far distant, belonging to England.

All went well until the captain was taken violently sick, and the fugitives, having no knowledge of navigation, were at the mercy of wind and wave, until picked up by the crew of a wrecking sloop and conveyed to Key West, where he was

imprisoned, until sent to Pensacola. Arriving here, he was chained to the floor of a cell, where two days before a man had committed suicide, the floor being still covered with blood.

In his trial in the United States court, he was sentenced "to be branded on the right hand with the capital letters, 'S. S.'; to stand in the pillory one hour; to pay as many fines as there were slaves 'stolen;' to suffer as many terms imprisonment; to pay the costs, and to stand committed until the fines were paid."

The execution of these sentences began at once. The initials of the words "Slave Stealer" were branded upon his hand, by a brutal United States marshal. He stood an hour in the pillory, during which, while utterly helpless, he was pelted with rotten eggs by a cowardly, renegade "Northern man with Southern principles."

He was now sent to prison, where he remained eleven months with a heavy chain on his leg, which was never removed even for changing his clothing. Money was raised by his friends to pay his fines and he was liberated in 1845.

The effort thus made to stigmatize and heap odium upon this noble hero and philanthropist, recoiled on the national Government, whose craven cowardice and heartless ignominy was alone responsible for it. Whittier enshrined this event in a grand patriotic poem, and completely turned the tables, making "S. S." a badge of honor indicative of the "heroic spirit of an earlier, better day."

"Then lift that manly right hand, bold plowman of the wave,
Its branded palm shall prophesy Salvation to the Slave;
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air.
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God look there!
Take it henceforth for your stan dard, like the Bruec's heart of yore;
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before."

According to Henry Wilson, Thomas Garrett, a Quaker of Delaware, was the most prominent and successful agent of the Underground Railroad, continuing the good work for more than fifty years; he assisted nearly three thousand slaves to escape from bondage. During this long time he kept open house for the poor fugitives, and was considered the good Samaritan of the Delaware. In 1848 James Bayard, afterwards United States senator, headed a prosecution against him before Judge Taney, for abducting two slave children. Of course he was convicted—they invariably were, and fined so heavily as to sweep all his property away, rendering him almost penniless at the age of sixty. When the auctioneer had knocked off his last piece of property to pay the fines, he remarked that he hoped he would "never be guilty of doing the like again." To which the good Quaker replied, "Friend, I haven't a dollar in the world, but if thee knows a fugitive who needs a breakfast, send him to me." Never was a grander sentence uttered, and we doubt not the angel in heaven recorded it with a smile of approval.

It is gratifying to read that he outlived the cruel system which converted his neighbors into persecutors; that, like Job of old, he was more prosperous in the latter part of his life than ever before, living to a ripe old age in peace and tranquility. And when he passed away, the whole

community realized that they had sustained the irreparable loss of one of God's noblemen. He chose for his pallbearers, representatives of the race for whom he had spent his life.

Levi Coffin of Cincinnati, another Quaker, was familiarly called the President of this Road; he was a man of high social position and sterling worth. It is estimated that he has been instrumental in aiding between two and three thousand slaves to escape.

It must not be forgotten that those who managed this Road were, for the most part, philanthropists and noble Christian men and women; while on the other hand the slave hunters and overseers were, with an occasional exception, as cruel and remorseless as their own bloodhounds.

The managers availed themselves of a great variety of facilities for traveling; lumber-wagons, carriages, stage-coaches, canal, ferry and steamboats, also ships and railroads, were all used when needed.

Sometimes in the Southern cities such precautions were taken as to render it next to impossible for a slave to escape detection. Even then he did not despair, but would risk his life for a prospect of liberty, by getting his friends to box him up and send him to a Northern city as express or freight.

William Still, colored, has written the best history of the Underground Road we have seen. In it he mentions several who were boxed up and so escaped in spite of extra vigilance. William Box Peel Jones arrived at Philadelphia from Baltimore in 1859. He belonged to one Robert Carr, a gro-

cer and commission merchant, who had sold a number of slaves, one at a time, and William preferred the box to the auction block. He was a little unfortunate in the choice of a box, there not being sufficient room to straighten out his legs; the cramped position causing such intense pain he was almost forced to scream out. At last he fainted away, but when he revived the pain was less intense. Arriving in Philadelphia Sunday morning, just seventeen hours from starting, he was met by the same friend who had boxed him up, he having come through on the cars. Although it was Sunday morning, this friend managed to get his piece of freight from the vessel. His joy was very great on being released, and as soon as he had recovered sufficient strength and use of his limbs he was on his way to Canada, the friend returning to Baltimore.

Henry Box Brown was boxed up in Richmond, Virginia, by his friend James A. Smith. The exact size of the box was two feet eight inches deep, two feet wide, and three feet long. Having been supplied with a large gimlet, a bladder of water, and a few biscuits, he got inside, was nailed up, and five hickory hoops were put around the box. It was now marked, "Wm. H. Johnson, Arch Street, Philadelphia. This side up with care," and sent by Adams Express. Sometimes the notice, "This side up with care," did not avail; for miles he was on his head. At last, after twenty-six long weary hours, the box and contents arrived at its destination.

In the afternoon of the same day Mr. McKim, a member of the vigilance committee in Philadel-

phia, received the following telegram: "Your case of goods is shipped and will arrive to-morrow morning early." The box was brought at once to the anti-slavery office, where William Still, Prof. C. D. Cleveland and Lewis Thompson were invited to be present at the "opening." When all was ready Mr. McKim rapped quietly on the lid of the box and called out, "All right!" Instantly came the answer, "All right, sir!" Soon the hickory hoops were cut, the top of the box removed, when he arose, ringing wet with perspiration, and said, "How do you do, gentlemen?"

After resting a few moments he remarked that before leaving Richmond he had selected for his arrival hymn, if he lived, the Psalm beginning, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heard my prayer." Most feelingly did he sing the hymn, to the delight of his small audience.

After spending some time resting and straightening his limbs at the hospitable home of James and Lucretia Mott, and remaining two days with Wm. Still, he left for Boston. Mr. Samuel A. Smith, the shoe dealer, who boxed him up in Richmond, did the same thing for two others, but was detected and spent seven years in the Virginia penitentiary, a martyr to the cause of freedom.

The following advertisement appeared in the Baltimore Sun: "One hundred and fifty dollars reward. Ran away from the subscriber Sunday night, twenty-seventh inst., my Negro girl Lear Green, about eighteen years of age, black complexion, round features, good-looking and ordinary size; she had on and with her when she left a tan-colored silk bonnet, a plaid silk dress, a light

muslin de laine, also one watered silk cape, and one tan-colored cape. I have reason to be confident that she was persuaded off by a Negro man named William Adams; black, quick-spoken, five feet ten inches high, a large scar on one side of his face, running down in a ridge by the corner of his mouth, about four inches long, barber by trade, but works mostly about taverns, opening oysters, etc. He has been missing about a week; he had been heard to say he was going to marry the above girl and ship to New York, where, it is said, his mother resides. The above reward will be paid if the said girl is taken out of the state of Maryland and returned to me; or fifty dollars if taken in the state of Maryland. James Noble, No. 153 Broadway, Baltimore."

Lear Green, so particulary described in this advertisement, deserved to be ranked among the heroines of this century. She is said to have been a "dark brown color," instead of "black," (fear of complimenting a slave often led to a false description) and possessed a countenance of peculiar modesty and grace. Her young mistress was very exacting and overbearing towards her; so she resolved to take the advice of her lover, William Adams, and thereby gain her freedom and a husband at the same time. All the avenues of travel at this time were so closely guarded there seemed but one chance to escape, the trial of which required heroic courage. But it was decided to make this attempt, for what will a woman not encounter or what obstacles will she not overcome for the double motive of love and a prospect of liberty?

An old sailor's chest was procured; a quilt, a

pillow and a few articles of clothing, with a small quantity of food and a bottle of water, were put into it, and Lear getting inside, the top was closed and strong ropes tied around it, leaving a small crevice between the edge of the chest and the top. The chest with its contents was soon stored away among ordinary freight on one of the Ericson line of steamers.

The mother of her intended, a free woman, agreed to come as a passenger on the same boat and look after this precious piece of freight.

The rules of the company assigned colored passengers to the deck, which was the very place this woman wanted, so as to be as near the chest as possible. During the night, when all was still, she could not refrain from opening the lid a little to see if her charge lived, and give her a breath of fresh air.

At the end of eighteen hours they landed at Philadelphia. Soon the chest and living freight were taken to the home of friends of the mother, on Barley Street. Later the chest and its late occupant were removed to the residence of William Still, who had her photographed in the chest. In due time she was sent on to Elmira, New York, where she married her lover, William Adams, and they lived happily together in that city.

E. M. Pettit, in his "Sketches of the Underground Railroad," mentions a number of interesting escapes, among the rest that of a mother and little daughter seven years of age, named respectively Statie and Lila, who escaped in a box from Washington, D. C., to Warsaw, New York. Statie was a very proficient house servant, belonging to

a man by the name of Limes, living just opposite Washington on the Virginia side. Her master, owning more slaves than he could employ, hired out a number of them, their wages constituting his income. Statie was allowed to hire herself out on condition that she paid her master ten dollars a month, and furnished clothing for her little girl, who, like the mother, was nearly white, and quite attractive.

At first she hired herself to a farmer named Barbour, who was very kind to her and the child. Afterwards being offered much larger wages by a hotel keeper in Washington, she accepted the place, hoping to save enough money to buy her child's freedom. She would return to her master every three months, to see her child and pay him the wages. On one of these trips she learned of his intention to sell her little girl, and resolved at once to make her escape and take the child with her.

With the aid of her kind friend Mr. Barbour, a plan was soon arranged. It happened that Barbour had formerly lived in New York, and he now told his neighbors he was going to make a visit to his friends in that state. He had a splendid team, and a good strong spring-wagon. Procuring a box to fit his wagon, he put into it straw and quilts, plenty of provision and water.

According to previous appointment, he met the mother and daughter at night just outside of Washington, and Statie and Lila were soon comfortably stored away, en route towards the north star. Mr. Barbour passed himself off for a Yankee clock peddler, a veritable Sam Slick, and as he paid

his hotel bills, drove a good wagon and team, no questions were asked. When out of sight of settlements, the fugitives would sometimes get out to pick berries, and when it was safe to do so, would walk about in the night for exercise. Thus they made the long journey through Pennsylvania to Warsaw, New York. Here he met Col. Charles O. Shepard of Attica, a popular member of the State Senate, who was there attending court. Col. Shepard was the very agent of the Underground Railroad he was in quest of; so Mr. Barbour gave his two passengers into his keeping, and he took them to Attica when he returned.

On account of its having been published in the papers, the master heard of them and employed slave-hunters to recapture and return them. But the men he sent were almost mobbed, so were glad to return without them. So mother and daughter lived happily together in Wyoming County, New York.

A gentleman took his little daughter with him to the Legislative Hall at Springfield to hear Owen Lovejoy make his great speech in favor of the bill to repeal the "black law" of Illinois.

Mr. Lovejoy showed that he had much of the same spirit of his martyred brother Elijah P., by denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law, as not only unjust and wicked, unnatural and dangerous to the stability of a free government, but also degrading and an outrage on every principle of humanity and religion. He endorsed the Underground Road in all its principles and results, and closed his speech with the following immortal words: "In so doing I accept the consequences of wicked legis-

lation, and let it be known that Owen Lovejoy, of Princeton, Bureau County, Illinois, will hold himself ready at all times to give advice, food, shelter and aid in every possible way in the pursuit of freedom, to any poor, panting fugitive from the horrors of American slavery, so help me Almighty God."

On their way home the little girl asked, "Is that man an abolitionist?" "Yes," said he. "Well, papa, are you an abolitionist too?" "Yes," he replied, "but I was such a fool I did not know it!"

What Lovejoy thus expressed was the sentiment of thousands of people of the free states, who regarded the Fugitive Slave Bill as little short of an indirect attempt to abolish Christianity, and as absurd as the Pope's Bull against the comet.

Mr. Pettit related the following interesting story of Margaret, who, with her mother, was owned by a family who gave her religious instruction, and she became very pious. At the age of sixteen she went with her young mistress, who had married a planter living on the "Eastern Shore." Margaret married at the age of twenty; but in less than a year her husband was torn from her frantic embrace and sold South.

She incurred the displeasure of her master by grieving over her fondly cherished husband, and refusing to take another. In order to break her spirit, and bring her to terms, he put her into the tobacco field and instructed his brutal overseer to work her to the utmost of her ability, which command was enforced up to the day of the birth of her child. At the end of one week she was driven again to the field and compelled to perform a full

task. It was customary at this time to have nurseries on the plantation, presided over by aged and decrepit slaves, where mothers could leave their infants during working hours. But this privilege was denied to Margaret; she was obliged to leave her child under the shade of a bush in the field, returning to it but twice during the long day.

On going to the child one evening, she found it apparently insensible, exhausted with crying, and a large serpent lying across it. Although she felt it would be better for both herself and child if it were dead, yet her mother's heart impelled her to make an effort to save it, so by caressing and careful handling she revived it. As soon as she heard its feeble wailing cry, she vowed to deliver her boy from the cruel power of slavery or die in the attempt. Falling on her knees like Hannah of old, she gave the child into God's keeping, and prayed for strength to enable her to perform her vow, for grace and patience to sustain her in suffering, toil, and hunger. Then pressing the child to her bosom, she fled with all speed, her course being northward. Having gone a mile or two, she was overtaken by Watch, the old house dog. Watch was a large mastiff, somewhat old, but he and Margaret had become great friends. She feared it would not be safe to let him go with her; still the dog had determined to go, and a mastiff has a will of his own, so she resumed her flight followed by her faithful escort.

At daybreak she hid herself in the border of a plantation, and was soon asleep. At dusk she was aroused by the noise of slaves returning to their quarters. Seeing a woman linger behind,

she went up to her and telling her troubles, asked for food. About midnight the woman returned with a supply, which she divided with Watch, and immediately started on her journey.

The second day after she left, a slave-hunter, with his dogs, was employed to catch and return her. He started with a dog and three puppies, thinking, no doubt, that as the game was only a woman and baby it would be a good time to train the young dogs. He did not find her as easily as he expected, however, but about noon of the second day the old dog struck her trail where Margaret had made her little camp the day before; so she bounded off with renewed vigor, leaving the man and puppies far in the rear. The puppies soon lost the trail where Margaret forded the streams, and the old dog was miles away, leaving the hunter without a guide. Meantime Margaret had been lying in the woods on the banks of a river, intending to start again as soon as it was dark, when she was startled by the whining and nervous action of Watch, and listening, she heard the distant bay of a bloodhound. The peril of her situation now flashed upon her. She expected to witness the mangling of her babe by the savage brute, and then be torn to pieces herself. But she did not lose presence of mind, however, and determined to sell her life and that of her child as dearly as possible; she fastened him to her shoulder, and procuring a stout club waded out as far as she could into the river or inlet, which was too wide and deep to ford at this point.

Meantime the mastiff lay with his nose between his feet, watching the coming foe. The hound, ren-

dered more fierce by the fresh track, came bounding on with her nose to the ground, scenting her prey, and seemed not to see Watch, until, leaping to pass over him, she found her throat seized by the massive jaws of the mastiff. The struggle was terrible but brief, for the mastiff did not loosen his jaws until the hound was dead.

Margaret returned to the bank and would have embraced her brave deliverer, but fearing this was but the advance of a strong pack, she threw the dead hound into the river and pushed on up the stream.

A few hours after this she fell in with friends, who hid her several days, then sent her to Philadelphia, from there to New York City over the Underground Road. Here she became a celebrated trained nurse, and was in great demand by invalids. She made a host of friends and earned a competency. Renting a comfortable house, she kept the faithful old mastiff until he died of old age some years afterwards.

Her boy, whom curiously enough, like Hannah of old, she named Samuel, obtained the rudiments of an education at a school in West Chester County. Afterwards, at the home of Gerrit Smith, he enjoyed the advantages of a thorough education; became a devoted and eloquent minister of the gospel in the Congregational church. Like his mother, he was so black it was said to grow dark when he entered a room; but it grew light when he began to speak. Samuel afterwards went to England, and was sent by the British government on a mission of importance to Jamaica.

Samuel J. May, in his "Recollections of the

Anti-Slavery Conflict," mentions several interesting incidents of his personal experience as a station agent. "On one occasion," said he, "while living at Syracuse, a squalid mortal came to my back-door with a note stating that he was a passenger on the Underground Road. 'O massa,' said he, 'I'm not fit to come into your house.' 'No,' I replied, 'you are not now, but soon shall be.' So, stepping in, I got a tub of warm water, with towels and soap. He helped me with them into the barn. 'There,' said I, 'give yourself a thorough washing and throw your clothing out upon the dirt heap.' He set about his task with a good will, and I returned to the house and brought out to him a complete outfit of clean clothing, from a deposit kept supplied by my parishioners.

"He received each article with unspeakable thankfulness, but the clean white shirt, with collar and cravat, delighted him above measure. I found him to be a man of much natural intelligence, but ignorant of letters. He had had a very hard master and exulted on his new-found freedom. After remaining with me two days, he went on to Canada."

Quite a contrast is shown by the following incident. One Saturday night Mr. May's eldest son came to the parlor door and said, "Here, father, is another living epistle to you from the South," and ushered in a fine looking, well dressed young man. Mr. May took his hand in welcome and said: "But this is not the hand of one who has been doing hard work; it is softer than mine." "No sir," he replied, "I have not been allowed to do work that would harden my hands. I have been the slave of a very wealthy planter in Ken-

tucky, who kept me only to drive the carriage for mistress and her daughters, to wait upon them at table and accompany them on their journeys. I was not allowed even to groom the horses, and was required to wear gloves when I drove."

Mr. May noticed he used good language, and pronounced it correctly, and remarked, "You must have received some instruction; I thought the laws of the slave states sternly prohibited the teaching of slaves." "They do, sir," he replied, "but my master was an easy man in that respect. My young mistresses taught me to read, and got me books and papers from their father's library. I have had much leisure time and have improved it."

By further conversation it was shown that he was familiar with a considerable number of the best American and English authors in poetry and prose. Mr. May now asked, "If you had such an easy time, and were so much favored, why did you run away?" "O, sir," he answered, "slavery at best is a bitter draught. Under the most favored circumstances, it is bondage and degradation still. I often writhed in my chains, though they sat on me so lightly compared to others. I was often on the point of taking wings for the North, but the words of Hamlet would come to me, 'Better to bear those ills we have, than fly to others we know not of,' and I should have remained with my master had it not been that I learned a few weeks ago he was about to sell me to a particular friend of his, then visiting him from New Orleans. I suspected this evil was impending over me from the notice the gentleman took of me and the kind of questions he asked me.

"At length, one of my young mistresses, who knew my dread of being sold, came to me, and bursting into tears, said, 'Harry, father is going to sell you!' She put five dollars into my hand and went weeping away. With that, and with much more money I had received from time to time, and saved for this hour of need, I started that night and reached the Ohio River before morning. I immediately crossed to Cincinnati and hurried on board a steamer, the steward of which was a black man of my acquaintance. He concealed me until the boat had returned to Pittsburg. There he introduced me to a gentleman he knew to be friendly to us colored folks That gentleman sent me to a friend in Meadville, and he directed me to come to you."

Mr. May told him that since he was a coachman and waiter, he could get him an excellent situation in that city; which would enable him to live comfortably until he was acquainted with Northern manners and customs, and something better presented itself. But Harry hastily replied, "O, I thank you, sir, but I shall not dare to stop this side of Canada. My master, though kind to me, is a proud and passionate man. He will never forgive me for running away. He has already advertised me, offering a large reward for my arrest and return to him. I am not safe here and must go to Canada." So Monday afternoon he left with a letter of introduction to a gentleman in Kingston, where he arrived safely in a few days.

Mr. May also told of a beautiful octoroon who came to him from New Orleans. Her story was about as follows: "I was a slave in New Orleans;

my master was concerned in a line of packet steamers that ply between New Orleans and Galveston. For the past few years he had kept me on board one of his boats as the chambermaid. This was rather an easy and not a disagreeable position. I was very attentive to the lady passengers, especially when they were seasick, and made many friends. They often made me presents of clothes, trinkets and money, and what was better, they taught me to read. At each end of the route I had days of leisure, which I improved as best I could. I was often worried by the thought that I was a slave, but as I was comfortable in other respects, I might have remained in bondage, had I not learned that my master was about to sell me to a dissolute young man, and I knew it would be a life much more to be dreaded than the bondage I then endured; so at once I determined to escape.

"Being much of the time at the wharf in New Orleans, I could readily distinguish the vessels of the different nations. So I went to one I knew was an English ship, on board of which I saw a lady—the captain's wife. Asking and obtaining permission to come on board, and encouraged by her kind manner, I revealed to her my secret and my wish to escape. She could hardly be persuaded that I was a slave, being, as I supposed, the child of my master; but when all doubt was removed she readily consented to take me with her to New York.

"I succeeded in getting what money I had saved and all my clothes on board, so we sailed next day. The captain was equally kind and I was

able to pay as much as he would take for my passage. On arriving in New York the captain took pains to inquire for abolitionists, and being directed to Mr. Lewis Tappan, took me with him to the good gentleman. Mr. Tappan provided for my safety in that city, and the next day sent me to Mr. Myers at Albany, on my way to you."

Mr. May kindly offered to find her a place in some one of the best families in Syracuse; but she was afraid to remain there. She had seen in New York City her master's advertisement offering five hundred dollars for her restoration to him. She was positive there were slave-hunters on her track. Two men in the train between Albany and Syracuse had annoyed and alarmed her by their close observation. One had seated himself by her side and tried to engage her in conversation, and to look through her veil. At length he asked her to take off the glove of her left hand; by this she knew that he had seen the advertisement stating that one finger on the left hand was minus a joint. Instead of complying with this rude request she called the conductor, who gave her a seat by a lady, so reached Syracuse in safety.

After remaining with Mr. May several days, passing the time by reading French, he sent her to Kingston, Canada, where she was no longer a slave, but as God intended, enjoying her freedom.

CHAPTER IX.

FORERUNNERS OF FREEDOM. JOHN BROWN, THE PROTOMARTYR.

On a marble monument at Canton Centre, New York, is to be seen this inscription: "In memory of Captain John Brown, who died in the Revolutionary War, at New York, September 3rd, 1776. He was the fourth generation from Peter Brown, who landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth, Massachusetts, December 22, 1620."

With such ancestors, the subject of this sketch could hardly fail to be a liberty-loving, slavery-hating patriot. John Brown, known in history as "Ossawatomie Brown," was born in Torrington, Connecticut, May 9th, 1800. He was nearly six feet tall, slender, wiry, and of dark complexion. His brow was prominent, with slightly Roman nose, which gave him quite a commanding appearance. He had great self-possession, conscientiousness and strong will-power. He was quick in his motions and elastic in his tread.

When Congress gave the Free State settlers of Kansas no protection, but was in reality trying to drag the territory into the Union with a slave constitution, many anti-slavery men rushed into Kansas, determined to maintain their rights and dispute every inch of ground, even if it led to a border war, as indeed was the inevitable result.

Among the champions of freedom who went to Kansas were John Brown and his sons. He was not in sympathy with either of the anti-slavery or political parties then in existence, but with his friends and followers formed a little party of his own which advocated carrying the war into the enemies' ranks, and aggressive measures for the freedom of slaves. In a speech at Ossawatomie about this time, he said: "Talk is a national institution, but it does no good to the slaves." He also said to a personal friend: "Young men must learn to wait. Patience is the hardest lesson to learn. I have waited twenty years to accomplish my purpose." These are the words of a practical, judicious leader, who had deep convictions of duty, a strong hold on truth, and "a conscience void of offense towards God and man." In short, he was a born ruler and leader of men, but had the misfortune to be a little in advance of public sentiment on the question of how to get rid of the hydra-headed monster, slavery.

One of Captain Brown's most successful expeditions was that in which he liberated eleven slaves in Missouri, conducted them through Iowa and Illinois to Canada, that haven of escaped slaves.

I think it was in 1847 that John Brown accepted an invitation to visit Boston from George L. Stearns, who proffered to pay his expenses. A full account of this visit was given by Mrs. Stearns in a letter. It was arranged for him to meet certain friends of freedom on Sunday, as this was the only time convenient to all parties. It was feared Brown would not approve of this, but he said in his characteristic way: "Mr. Stearns, I

have a little ewe-lamb that I want to pull out of the ditch, and the Sabbath will be as good a day as any to do it." Mr. Stearns' oldest son, then a boy eleven years old, was greatly fascinated by this strange, kind-hearted man, and after obtaining his father's permission, he brought out his spending money and gave it to Brown, saying: "Captain Brown, will you buy something with this money for those poor people in Kansas, and sometime will you write to me and tell me what sort of a little boy you were?" "Yes, my son, I will, and God bless you for your kind heart," he answered.

One of his sayings in Boston is quoted by Mrs. Stearns in the same letter, as follows: "Gentlemen, I consider the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence one and inseparable; and it is better that a whole generation of men, women and children should be swept away, than that this crime of slavery should exist one day longer." She also tells of her baby boy, little three year old Carl, coming into the room as Captain Brown was talking; and how he stood and looked at him intently with his beautiful, beaming eyes; but as the good man was simply irresistible to children, the little boy was soon on his knee playing with his beard or nestling his head in his bosom. We read, "A man may smile and smile and be a villain still;" but my observation teaches me that one who loves and is beloved by children is apt to be a candid and a noble man. Captain Brown had the same experience with the children of Frederick Douglass, when boarding in the family at Rochester, January, 1858. One of them still says: "The

sun seemed to rise and set with me in John Brown." He even demonstrated his love for children by his request concerning the kind of mourners he wanted at his funeral, as mentioned in his last letter, which we will read farther on.

In the latter part of 1847 John Brown and Frederick Douglass spent the night together at Springfield, Massachusetts. The conversation which then took place between them is quoted from Frederick May Holland's work. In it Douglass tells his own story as follows: "He touched my vanity at the outset in this wise: 'I have,' he said, 'been looking over your people during the last twenty years, watching and waiting for heads to rise above the surface, to whom I could safely impart my views and plans. At times I have been almost discouraged, but lately I have seen a good many heads popping up, and whenever I see them, I try to put myself in communication with them.' John Brown's plan, as it was then formed in his mind, was very simple and had much to commend it. It did not, as some suppose, directly contemplate a general uprising among the slaves, and a general slaughter of the slave masters, but it did contemplate the creation of an armed force, which should constantly act against slavery in the heart of the South. He called my attention to a large map upon the wall, and pointed out to me the far-reaching Alleghanies, stretching away from New York into the Southern States. 'These mountains,' he said, 'are the basis of my plans. God has given the strength of these hills to freedom. They were placed here by the Almighty for the emancipation of your race. They are full

of natural forts, where one man for defense will be equal to a hundred for attack. They are full of good hiding places, where a large number of brave men could be concealed and for a long time baffle and elude pursuit. I know these mountains well, and could take a body of men into them there, despite all the efforts Virginia could make to dislodge and drive me out of them. My plan, then, is this: to take about twenty-five brave men into those mountains, and begin my work on a small scale, supply them with arms and provisions, and post them in companies of five on a line of twenty-five miles. These shall for a time busy themselves in gathering recruits from the neighboring farms, seeking and selecting the most daring and restless spirits first.' In this part of the work, he said, the utmost care was to be taken to avoid treachery and discovery. Only the most conscientious and skillful of his men were to be detailed for this perilous duty. With care and enterprise, he thought, he could soon gather a force of one hundred hearty men, who would be content to lead the free and adventurous life to which he proposed to train them. When once properly drilled, and each man had found the place for which he was best suited, they would begin the work in earnest. They would run off the slaves in large numbers. They would retain the strong and brave and send the weak ones North by the Underground Railroad. His operations would be enlarged with the increasing number of his men, and they would not be confined to one locality. He would approach the slaveholders in some cases at midnight, and tell them they must

give up their slaves, and also let them have their best horses upon which to ride away. Slavery, he said, was a state of war, in which the slaves were unwilling parties, and that they therefore had a right to anything necessary to their peace and freedom. He would shed no blood, and would avoid a fight, except when he could not escape from it and was compelled to do it in self-defense. He would then, of course, do his best. This movement, he said, would weaken slavery in two ways. First, by making slave property insecure, it would make such property undesirable. Secondly, it would keep the anti-slavery agitation alive, and public attention fixed upon the subject, and thus finally lead to the adoption of measures for the abolishing of the slave system altogether. He held that the anti-slavery agitation was in danger of dying out, and that it needed some such startling measures as he proposed, to keep it alive and effective. Slavery, he said, had nearly been abolished in Virginia by the Nat Turner insurrection; and he thought his plan of operation would speedily abolish it in both Maryland and Virginia. He said his trouble was to get the right kind of men with which to begin the work, and the means necessary to equip them. And here he explained the reason for his simple mode of living, his plain dress, his leather stock. He had adopted this economy in order to save money with which to arm and equip men to carry out his plan of liberation. This was said by him in no boastful terms. On the contrary, he said he had already delayed his work too long, and that he had no room to boast either his zeal or his self-denial.

From eight o'clock in the evening till three o'clock in the morning, Captain John Brown and I sat face to face, he arguing in favor of his plan, and I finding all the objections I could against it. Now mark! This conversation took place fully twelve years before the blow was struck at Harper's Ferry, and his plan was even then more than twenty years old. He had, therefore, been watching and waiting all these years for suitable heads to rise up, or 'pop up,' to use his expression, among the sable millions, to whom he could safely confide his plan, and thus nearly forty years had passed between this man's thoughts and his act."

The last interview between John Brown and Frederick Douglass took place in an old stone quarry near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, August 20th, 1859. There were only four men present at this council of war, if it might be so termed; Douglass and a colored man named Shields Green, who had recently escaped from slavery in South Carolina, John Brown, and his secretary Mr. Kagai. Douglass now learned for the first time that Brown had changed his plan, and meditated an attack on Harper's Ferry at once and running the risk of getting to the mountains afterwards. With his usual far-seeing sagacity, Douglass told Brown he was running into a steel trap, and urged him to desist, as it could result only in ruin to himself, and injury to the cause they both loved. But it was unavailing; the man of iron will had made up his mind, and nothing could turn him from his purpose. When Douglass was about to separate from him, having declined to join him in his undertaking, Brown made one more pathetic appeal,

and putting his arms around him in a manner more than friendly, he said: "Come with me, Douglass; I will defend you with my life. I want you for a special purpose. When I strike, the bees will begin to swarm and I shall want you to help me hive them."

Alas! how sadly mistaken he was in his theory remains to be seen.

John Brown purchased or leased a small farm about six miles from Harper's Ferry, on the Maryland side, July, 1859, and established here his headquarters and arsenal. He had one hundred and two Sharp's rifles, sixty-eight pistols, fifty-five bayonets, twelve artillery swords, four hundred and eighty-three pikes, one hundred and fifty broken handles of pikes, sixteen picks, forty shovels, besides quite a number of other appurtenances of war.

Captain Brown expected to make his attack on Harper's Ferry on the night of October 24th, 1859; but while in Baltimore in September, he was under the impression that there was a conspiracy in his camp. Fearing he would be betrayed and his plans frustrated, he determined, without informing his Northern friends, to strike the first blow on the night of October 17th.

The story is soon told. He was made a prisoner October 19th, and remained until November 7th without a change of clothing or medical aid. Forty-two days from the time of his imprisonment he was hanged, after a mock trial, by Governor Wise of Virginia. That this so-called raid was ill-timed and premature, all will agree; but the motive which inspired him to action was certainly

a desire to imitate the example of Him who came "to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Whittier very pathetically describes the scene:

"John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;
And lo! a poor slave mother with her little child pressed nigh;
Then the bold blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child."

He had gone into Virginia to save life, not to destroy it. This is proven by a statement made before the fight at Harper's Ferry: "And now, gentlemen, let me press this one thing on your minds. You all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your friends, and in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you. Do not, therefore, take the life of any one if you can possibly avoid it; but if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it." After the fight at Harper's Ferry he also said: "I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection. The design on my part was to free the slaves."

Congressman Vallandigham of Ohio, who examined him in court, said afterwards in a speech: "It is in vain to underrate either the man or the conspiracy. Captain John Brown is as brave and resolute a man as ever headed an insurrection, and in a good cause, and with a sufficient force, would have been a consummate partisan commander.

He has coolness, daring, persistency, stoic faith and patience, and a firmness of will and purpose unconquerable! He is furtherest possible removed from the ordinary ruffian, fanatic or madman."

South Carolina, Missouri and Kentucky each sent a rope to hang him. But the one from Kentucky proving the strongest, was selected and used. It seems a little paradoxical that Kentucky, the home of Henry Clay the "Great Compromiser" of slavery, and the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln the great emancipator of slavery, should furnish the rope to hang John Brown, the forerunner of Lincoln, and one of the noblest and best men of any age or country.

His last letter was written to Mrs. George L. Stearns, his Boston friend at whose home he was entertained, and is as follows:

"Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., 29th Nov., 1859.

"MRS. GEORGE L. STEARNS,

Boston, Mass.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—No letter I have received since my imprisonment here has given me more satisfaction or comfort than yours of 8th inst. I am quite cheerful, and never more happy. Have only time to write you a word. May God forever reward you and all yours. My love to all who love their neighbors. I have asked to be spared from having any mock or hypocritical prayers made over me when I am publicly murdered, and that my only religious attendants be poor little, dirty, ragged, bareheaded and barefooted slave

boys and girls, led by some old gray-headed slave mother.

"Farewell, farewell. Your friend,

"JOHN BROWN."

Mr. Stearns helped to go through the formality of a defense, but it was in vain.

A well organized plan was made to rescue him, conducted by the brave Colonel James Montgomery of Kansas, but the prisoner sent word to them that his sense of honor to his jailer, Captain Acvis, prevented him from walking out should the door be left open.

A satchel belonging to Captain Brown was found when he was taken prisoner, containing letters which implicated Frederick Douglass. Warned by his friends, Douglass escaped first to Canada and from there to England. Buchanan's marshals were hot on his trail, coming to Rochester six hours after he left. Governor Wise made requisition on the executives of New York and Michigan, but the bird had flown. To show the temper of the Governor when he found his prey had escaped, I will quote from his speech made in Richmond, December 21, of the same year. He said, with tremendous applause: "Oh, if I had had one good, long, low, black, rakish, well-armed steamer in Hampton Roads, I would have placed her on the Newfoundland Banks, with orders, if she found a British packet with that Negro on board, to take him. And by the eternal gods, he should have been taken—taken with very particular instructions not to hang him before I had the privilege of seeing him well hung."

It seems that the death of John Brown and his followers had not mollified the rage of Governor and people. It might be said of Brown that, like Samson, he accomplished more in his death than during his life, for he lighted the torch of freedom, which was never extinguished. For though John Brown's body lay moulderng in the tomb, his soul went marching on, until freedom was proclaimed to four millions of slaves.

II. Calvin Fairbank:—The subject of this sketch is living at Angelica, New York, now upwards of eighty years of age. Although broken in health, he still takes great interest in passing events and keeps up an extensive correspondence with his friends. We have exchanged several letters with him and are glad to give him his true place in history by the side of Garrison, Brown and Lovejoy. Some years ago he wrote an interesting history of his life, and has recently published another book giving an exceedingly interesting account of "How the Way was Prepared" for the emancipation of slaves. He is a hero who has spent long years in jail in testimony of his devotion to the cause of human freedom. His career, one of daring and suffering, almost surpassing belief, has been unique and without parallel. The story of his life is best told in his own words and way:

"I was born in Pike, New York, eighty years ago. In my childhood my father was a farmer, but later he became a lumberman, engaged with an uncle of mine in clearing up a tract of timber land near Olean, the lumber from which they floated down the Alleghany and Ohio rivers and sold in

the Cincinnati markets. My father and mother were Methodists, and one of the most vivid recollections of my childhood is of going with them when I was about twelve years old to attend a quarterly meeting held in another town a dozen miles or so from Hume, N. Y., where we then lived. We remained over night, and as the large attendance at the meeting had filled every house in the town, I, being a boy, was sent to sleep at the home of an ex-slave family, the head of which had made his escape from Virginia some years before. Child though I was, the stories of the suffering and misery endured by slaves which the old Negro told me that night, as we sat together on the stone hearth in front of the open fireplace, settled the course of my after-life. I resolved, if I lived, to help right the great wrongs with which I had thus been made acquainted, and though it was not until many years later that I came to know of the existence of the Underground Railroad and the American Anti-Slavery Society, my resolution grew stronger as I grew older, and only needed fitting opportunity to bear fruit. The opportunity came in the spring of 1837, just before I was twenty-one years of age, when my father sent me down the river to Cincinnati in charge of a raft of lumber. It was a morning in April, sharp, crisp and clear, and we were rounding a bend in the Ohio River just below Wheeling when I caught sight of a strapping darky, an ax flung over his shoulder, jogging along on the Virginia bank of the river, singing as he went:

"De cold, frosty morning make a niggah feel good,
Wid de ax on de shoulder he go jogging to de wood"

"'Halloo, there! where are you going?' I called to him. 'Gwine choppin' in de woods!' 'Chopping for yourself?'

"'Han't got no self.' 'Slave, are you?' 'Dat's what I is.' 'Why don't you run away?' 'Case I don't know where to go.' 'I'll show you where to go.' 'White man mighty onsartin; niggah more so,' he said, shaking his head doubtfully.

"We talked for some time, I all the while urging him to make the break for the North, whither his wife had already escaped. Finally he asked where I was from, and when I told him from New York state my reply seemed to settle it, for he dropped his ax and jumped onto the raft. I pushed off and we swung over to the Ohio side. As we touched the shore the darky, whose name was Johnson, danced a jig for joy. I directed him to the house of a man named Snyder, who lived near by and who, I had been told, kept a station on the Underground Railroad, and continued on my way down the river. When I came back I learned that Johnson had remained in hiding for some time with the Snyders and had finally gone, no one knew where. I had now got my hand in as a slave stealer, and was anxious for more work to do. On the same trip down the river, near the mouth of the Little Miami, I helped across the Ohio a family of seven, Stewart by name, four men and three women, all of them over six feet tall.

"After I had marketed my lumber at Cincinnati I took passage on a steamer for Pittsburg. The steamer stopped at Maysville, Kentucky, to take on freight, and while it was loading I went for

a walk about the town. On one of the back streets I met an extremely pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen who seemed in deep distress. I asked her what was the matter and she told me that she was a slave—you would not have known it from her color—and was trying to escape from her master, a man who lived a few miles out in the country from town, and who also was her father. I took the girl back to the steamer and introduced her to my sister, explaining to the clerk and captain that I had met her in Maysville by appointment. No questions were asked, and we made the trip to Pittsburg in safety. She was exceedingly bright and a skilled musician, and, I remember, made a deep impression on some of the male passengers, one of whom went so far as to ask the privilege of corresponding with her. She settled in New York, finally married well, and is now living in San Francisco in more than comfortable circumstances.

"In June, 1838, I was again in Cincinnati selling lumber, and while there heard of a slave family of fourteen, a few miles below the city, in Kentucky, who were anxious to escape. I engaged a scow and with a Negro named Casey paddled them across the river to the Ohio side. We were closely followed by their owner and a posse of officers, but succeeded in throwing them off the scent. Next day Henry Boyd, a wealthy Cincinnati colored man, guided the runaways in safety to Lawrenceburg, Indiana, whence they were sent further North. This made twenty-three slaves I helped to liberty before I was as many years old.

"I was anxious for a better education than the common schools I had thus far attended afforded

me, and to secure it entered the seminary at Lima, N. Y., in 1839. Later I became a student at Oberlin College, Ohio, from which institution I graduated in 1844. While a student at Oberlin I made the acquaintance of Gerrit Smith, Joshua R. Giddings, Theodore Parker and other abolition leaders, and became thoroughly imbued with their ideas, coming to hold with Smith that the Federal constitution, instead of countenancing slavery, positively forbade it. During my college vacations, in order to obtain money with which to continue my studies, I taught school in Lexington, Kentucky. One of the first friends I made in Lexington was Cassius M. Clay. He was then, as now, a large-hearted, noble-minded man, and an attachment sprang up between us which to-day is as warm as ever. In those days he was editing the True American, the only anti-slavery paper published in the South. His boldness in attacking the lion in its very den, as it were, produced the most violent opposition, and upon a number of occasions I was among those who guarded his printing plant from destruction by mobs. Once, I remember, I manned for two days and nights a cannon loaded with grape and canister posted in front of his office door. There were one or two more cannons about the premises, and a mob, had it visited us, would have received a warm reception.

"One day in August, 1841, word came to me that an escaped slave, named Coleman, with his wife and three children, were in hiding in Lexington. The poor creatures had made their way from East Tennessee, but their owner was hot on their track, and they were afraid to go further

without a guide I left my school in charge of another, and started with them toward the Ohio River at night and on foot. We traveled for six nights, lying in hiding during the day. We finally reached the Ohio, opposite Ripley, and crossed the river in a skiff. Just after we had crossed I saw a Negro boy run along the Kentucky shore and disappear. I suspected he was trying to escape, and went back to help him. I found him behind a log in the swamp, and got away with him, though men with bloodhounds were hunting the boy at the time.

"In April, 1842, I was in Covington, Kentucky, and while there was told of the case of Emily Ward, a handsome girl of eighteen, two-thirds white, who had been sold and was about to be taken South to become the mistress of her purchaser. She was kept in an attic facing the river. I went at nightfall, and attracting her attention by tossing pebbles against the windows, threw up to her, tied to a stone, a note telling her I had come to help her escape. By the same means I got up to her first a cord with a bundle of men's clothes fastened to it, and finally a stout rope. She put on the clothes, and crawling through a rear window of the room in which she was locked, slid down the rope to the ground. When we were a few feet away from the house we met her master, who apologized for unintentionally brushing against me in the darkness. The girl's case was known to every one in Covington, and I did not dare to hire a boat to take us across to Cincinnati for fear of detection; so we got on board a raft, eight by twenty rods, containing one million feet of boards and one

hundred thousand shingles, worked by twelve men besides myself, the pilot. Once in Cincinnati, we were safe. I took Emily to the house of Levi Coffin, Superintendent of the Underground Railroad in that department, and turned her over to him. He found her a comfortable home and she did well.

"Five days after helping Emily Ward to escape I again crossed the Ohio at night on a log. This time I had for a companion John Hamilton, a mulatto. He was a man of superior natural ability and made his mark. After the war he returned South and became a State Senator in South Carolina, only to be murdered by the Ku-Klux. This was my last log trip, but within a week I rescued the Stanton family, father, mother and six children. They had been sold and were about to be sent to a Louisiana sugar plantation. I packed them in the bottom of a load of straw bought just out of Covington ostensibly for livery use, and drove them in safety to Cincinnati, where Levi Coffin sent them North over the Underground Railroad.

"In August of the same year I spent several weeks in Montgomery County, Kentucky, as the guest of Richard McFarland. A girl of sixteen was anxious to escape and applied to me for help. Starting on a clear, moonlight night, we drove before noon next day to Lexington, a distance of ninety miles. On the way we were overhauled by a brother of McFarland, who was searching for a lost slave. When I heard the man's name my heart rose in my mouth, but by putting on a bold front I succeeded in getting off without disclosing the identity of myself and companion. My scruples against so gross a breach of hospitality as stealing the prop-

erty of my host were fully overcome by the fact that both the girl and her mother were the children of their master. Kate was a pretty blonde, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, showing not the slightest trace of Negro blood. From Lexington I took her to Cincinnati and gave her into the care of Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the National Era, one of the noblest and bravest soldiers in the abolition army. Later, Kate's mother, brother and sister escaped. The children were all educated by Mr. Bailey and are still living in prosperous circumstances.

"The most remarkable incident of this period of my life occurred in March, 1843. One day in the latter part of that month, while looking through the jail at Lexington, my attention was attracted to one of the prisoners, a young woman of exquisite figure and singular beauty. I asked the jailer who she was, and to my surprise, for she looked pure Caucasian, he told me that she was a slave girl named Eliza and the daughter of her master, who a few days later was to sell her upon the block for the New Orleans market, impelled by the jealousy of his wife because the slave girl was superior to her own daughters. Then I talked with the girl; I found that she was intelligent as well as beautiful, and I resolved to exert every effort to save so magnificent a creature from so sad a fate. I told her I would go to Cincinnati and do my best to raise the money with which to purchase her freedom; if I obtained it I would be back before the sale came off; if I did not return she would at least have the sorry satisfaction of knowing that I had done all I could. I hurried to

Cincinnati and sought out that old hero and apostle of freedom, Levi Coffin. He gave me prompt and generous assistance, and in a short time we raised seven hundred dollars. I then laid the case before Salmon P. Chase, afterwards Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, and Chief Justice, who gave me two hundred more and went with me to see Nicholas Longworth. The latter was worth millions, but we were afraid nothing would come of our appeal to him, but decided to make it, as it cost us nothing. 'Mr. Longworth,' said Chase, 'do you consider yourself a Christian?'

"'I am not a very good one,' was the reply.

"'Well, we have got a case here that appeals to both humanity and Christianity. Mr. Fairbank will tell you about it.' I told the story. Longworth listened in silence, and when I was through drew his check-book from a drawer and began filling out a check. A moment later Longworth wheeled around and handed me a check for one thousand dollars. A number of well-to-do Negroes raised and gave me several hundred dollars more, and when I went back to Lexington, the day before the time appointed for the sale, I carried two thousand two hundred and seventy-five dollars. Moreover, in my pocketbook was an agreement signed by Chase, Longworth and William Howard, another rich Cincinnatian, empowering me to draw upon them, if necessary, to the extent of twenty-five thousand. The sale took place and was attended by fully two thousand people, drawn there by descriptions of the girl's comeliness and rumors of the effort that was to be made to save her. The best people of the town were there, and

a number of strangers from Boston, New York and Philadelphia were also present, curious and horror-stricken. But one man appeared to bid against me, a Frenchman from New Orleans, who I was told made it his business to attend sales of young girls and purchase them for a fate worse than death. Eliza, when placed upon the block, seemed ready to drop from fear and shame. The auctioneer began his work by pointing out her beauties, concluding with, 'What am I offered for her?' 'Five hundred,' I cried. The New Orleans man instantly raised my bid, until I raised his last bid to thirteen hundred, when he turned to me with an ugly look and said: 'How high are you going to bid?' 'Higher than you do, Monsieur,' I replied. He turned away and raised my bid, and we kept bidding until he turned to me and asked: 'How high are you going?' 'None of your business, sir, but you haven't enough money to buy this girl.' The auctioneer grew impatient and cried, 'Give, give.' Finally he dropped his hammer and tearing open Eliza's waist, exposed a bust as perfect as ever artist sculptured. 'Look, gentlemen,' he cried. 'Who is going to lose a chance like this. Here's a girl fit to be the mistress of a king.' 'Too bad!' 'What a shame!' ran through the crowd at sight of this indignity; but only to be followed by greater exposure of the poor girl's person. The hammer fell at fourteen hundred and eighty dollars, and the girl was mine. An instant later she tottered back into the arms of her aunt in a deep swoon. 'She is yours, young man,' said the auctioneer. 'What are you going to do with her?' 'Free her, sir,' and my answer awoke a cheer,

which, rising to a Kentucky shout, rent the air. As soon as they could be made out, I handed Eliza the papers which formally set her free. Four days after the sale I took Eliza to Cincinnati, where she became a member of the family of Gamaliel Bailey. Under his care she received a finished education, married well, and to-day is a cheerful, charming matron. Only the members of her immediate family know the history of her early years; so you will understand why I do not give her full name.

"Lewis Hayden, who served as a member of the Massachusetts general court and in the Legislature of the same state, and who was long ago one of the honored citizens of Boston, was when a young man a slave, the property of Baxter and Grant, owners of the Brennan House, in Lexington. Hayden's wife, and his son, a lad of ten years, when I first knew them, were the slaves of Patrick Baine. On a September evening in 1844, accompanied by Miss D. A. Webster, a young Vermont lady who was associated with me in teaching, I left Lexington with the Haydens in a hack, crossed the Ohio on a ferry the next morning, changed horses and drove to an Underground Railroad depot at Hopkins, Ohio, where we left Hayden and his family. When Miss Webster and I returned to Lexington, after two days' absence, we were both arrested, charged by their master with helping Hayden's wife and son to escape. We were jointly indicted, but Miss Webster was tried first and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary at Frankfort.

"My cell-mate in the jail in which I was con-

fined before my trial was Richard Moore, a young mulatto, a slave under sentence of death for the murder of his mistress, a Mrs. Turner. The thing seemed impossible, but I determined to attempt his and my own escape. A week or so before the time set for his execution I suggested a plan for four or five slaves to break jail, and in this way secured two bars of iron, which I hid away. Early on the Tuesday night previous to the Friday upon which Moore was to hang, we attacked the wall of our cell. All night we worked without rest; the palms of my hands were worn to the tendons. We had reached the last bowlder on the outside of the four-foot wall when the city clock struck five. We were half an hour too late. 'I am a dead man,' said Moore, and fell almost to the floor. When what we had done was discovered we were handcuffed together, and remained so day and night until Moore was executed. Do you wonder that I have never forgotten this experience?

"While my case was still pending I learned that the Governor was inclined to pardon Miss Webster, but first insisted that I should be tried. When called up for trial, in February, 1845, I pleaded guilty and received a sentence of fifteen years. A little later Miss Webster received her pardon. I served four years and eleven months, was released August 23, 1849, by Governor John J. Crittenden, the able and patriotic man who afterwards saved Kentucky to the Union. His action was prompted by petitions in my behalf from all parts of the North. I returned to the North immediately after my release, and did what I could do to prevent the passage of the Fugitive

Slave bill. After it became a law by the signature of President Fillmore, I resisted its execution whenever and wherever possible.

"An incident which happened soon after I returned North showed me that my labors for the slaves had not been in vain. In the autumn of 1849 I was in Detroit, Michigan. In talking over my early experiences one day with General Lewis Cass I told him of Sam Johnson, the first Negro whom I had freed.

"'Why,' said the General, 'Johnson lives just out of this city. He has told me the same story a dozen times.' The General informed me that Johnson drove into the city almost daily, and next morning I waited at the place to which I had been directed for his appearance. He finally came, seated in a wagon loaded with grain and drawn by a six-horse team. 'Whose team is that?' I asked. 'Mine,' was the reply. 'Do you know that I am your master?' I continued. 'Hain't got no master,' said he gloomily. Then recognizing who I was, he leaped from his seat with a joyful, 'Blessed if you hain't de chap dat sot me free,' and caught me in his arms. He took me to his home, a few miles from Detroit, and I found him to be a well-to-do farmer, owning a well-stocked farm of one hundred and sixty acres, with his wife and children about him. Living near the Johnsons, and like them, contented and comfortable, I found the Stewart and Coleman families, for whom I had also lighted the path to freedom.

"My father had died of cholera at Lexington in 1849, while seeking to secure my release, and in October, 1851, I went South to get the body and

bring it back to our old home here in New York. While waiting in Louisville for the cooler weather which would permit a fulfillment of my mission, I rescued a woman named Julia and her child. Crossing the Ohio in a skiff at night, I took them to an underground depot at Buckrams, Indiana I saw the mother afterward at Windsor, Canada, where she had married well. Two weeks later I carried off Tamor, a bright mulatto girl of twenty belonging to A. L. Shotwell of Louisville. I knew the undertaking was an extremely dangerous one and I laid my plans carefully. The girl met me one evening at a certain gate, dressed for the occasion. We walked through the busiest part of the city to the banks of the Ohio, which we crossed in a leaky skiff, which I propelled with a piece of board while Tamor kept the skiff from sinking by constant bailing with a large cup which we had brought along for the purpose. Resting as we might, during the night, chased from one retreat to another, I drove with her early next morning to a railroad station twenty-four miles from the river, and took her on the cars to Salem, Indiana, where I left her with a friend. This was the last slave whom I was ever able to help off. In fifteen years I had, unaided and alone, freed forty-seven slaves, besides lending assistance in many other cases.

"The freeing of Tamor again cost me my own liberty. One week afterwards I was kidnaped from Indiana soil, and without process of law taken to Louisville and lodged in jail. I was tried in February, 1852, the owner of Tamor appearing as my prosecutor, and though the evidence against

me was of the flimsiest character, my reputation as slave-stealer secured my conviction. My sentence was fifteen years at hard labor in the state prison. My friends did little for me, and that was one reason why I fared so hard. They were afraid, so intense was the feeling against me in Louisville, that if they succeeded in securing my acquittal by a jury, a mob would take it up and lynch me. My own mind, however, was at rest on that point. I would have taken part in any lynching that might have been attempted and looked out for myself.

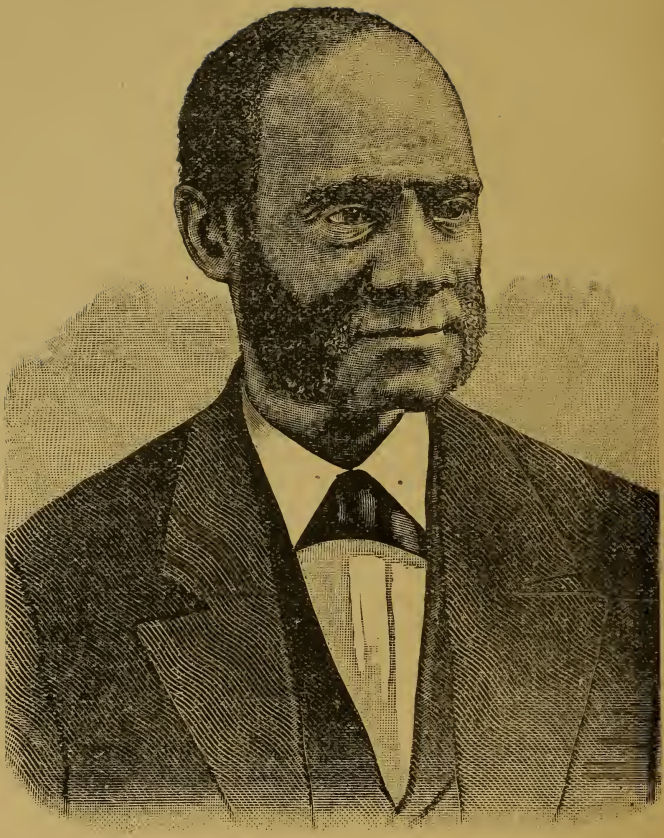
"I returned to the prison at Frankfort in March, 1852. Captain Newton Craig, the warden under whom I had served my first term, was still in charge. What was known as the lease system was then in vogue, the prison being leased to the warden for a certain sum a year, the warden looking to the labor of the prisoners for his profit. The prison during all the years that it was my home was in a horrible condition, unspeakably filthy and miserably ventilated. During my first imprisonment Craig had treated me kindly, but his bearing when I came before him for the second time plainly told me that my lot was to be a hard one. After being locked up for two days I was brought before the warden in the prison chapel, the Governor and other prominent citizens being present, and denounced for what I had done. 'Mr. Davis,' said the warden, 'take Fairbank to the hackling house and kill him.' To the hackling house I accordingly went. This was where the hemp, after being broken, was hackled. After a month's work in the hackling shop I was sent to

the spinning shop, and finally to the weaving shop, where I remained for ten and a half years. While in the hackling shop I received my first flogging with the rawhide on the bare back, the blows cutting deep into the quivering flesh.

"Zeb Ward became warden of the prison in 1854. He leased it at six thousand a year and made one hundred thousand out of the lease in four years. To do this he literally killed two hundred and fifty out of three hundred and seventy-five prisoners. Ward was one of the strangest men I ever knew, physically handsome, socially magnetic, but utterly devoid of heart or conscience. He was a gambler, libertine and murderer under cover of the law. When he took the keys of the prison he said: "Men, I'm a man of few words and prompt action. I came here to make money, and I'll do it if I kill you all."

"He was as good as his promise. During his wardenship and that of J. W. South, who succeeded him in 1858, I received on my bared body thirty-five thousand stripes, laid on with a strap of half-tanned leather a foot and a half long, often dipped in water to increase the pain. All the floggings I received under Ward were for failure to perform the tasks set for me to do, generally weaving hemp—two hundred and eighty yards a day being what I was expected to perform, an utter impossibility. I was whipped, bowed over a chair or some other object, often seventy lashes four times a day, every ten blows inflicting pain worse than death. Once I received one hundred and seven blows at one time, particles of flesh being thrown upon the wall several feet away.

CISSEREITTA JONES.
(BLACK PATTI.)



HENRY HIGHLAND GARNETT.

My weight, which was one hundred and eighty pounds when I entered the prison, was several times reduced to one hundred and eighteen pounds. I have seen new men in the hackling house fall at their work, weak from flogging, and when taken to the hospital die before morning from pneumonia and the strap. A remarkable constitution and great muscular strength were the only thing that saved my life. As it was, I was an old man at forty.

"But there was an occasional ray of sunshine in my prison life. Interest in my case constantly increased, and at last public opinion set in in my favor.

"In February, 1858, having been pressed for three years to do so, I stood in the prison chapel and addressed an audience of several thousand people, including the Governor and other state officials. In the course of my sermon—I had been ordained a minister just before my second arrest—I told them that war was inevitable, and that when it came slavery would be swept away like chaff. Lincoln was elected President, and in less than five years war followed.

"In September and October, 1862, General Bragg held Frankfort for six weeks, and during that period three times rebel soldiers came to kill me. Once with a rope in hand they came upon me in the prison yard and asked me where they 'could find that damned nigger-stealer, Fairbank.' I sent them another way, then hurried to Warden Whitesides, a kindly and humane man, who took charge of the prison in 1862, and he hide me. On their second visit we got word of their coming and

I was in hiding when they arrived. Their last visit was unexpected, and they found me in the prison kitchen. Brought to bay, I had to fight for my life. I caught up an ax and planting myself in the doorway, said: 'Come on, boys; you are not afraid of me!' None of them seemed inclined to attack me first, and finally the whole party, several hundred strong, marched out.

"The freedom for which I had waited so long came two years later. Among those whose friendship I gained during my confinement was Richard T. Jacobs, a wealthy planter of strong anti-slavery tendencies, who had married a daughter of Thomas H. Benton. Jacobs often talked about me with his brother-in-law, John C. Fremont, and the latter in turn told my story to President Lincoln, who, as after events showed, was deeply impressed by it. Early in 1864 General Speed S. Fry was sent from Washington to Kentucky with orders to enroll all Negroes whom he found fit for military service. Thomas E. Bramlette, then Governor of Kentucky, attempted to prevent General Fry from carrying out his orders, as President Lincoln had expected he would, and was ordered to Washington. Jacobs, who was Lieutenant Governor, became Acting Governor. On his first day in office General Fry said to him: 'Governor, the President thinks it would be well to make this Fairbank's day.'

"He called upon me that day and told me that he was going to turn me loose. Counting my previous imprisonment, I had spent seventeen years and four months of the best part of my life in prison. On the evening after my release I

enjoyed at the Capital Hotel in Frankfort a cordial reception by the people of the city and distinguished persons from other parts of Kentucky, which I shall ever remember with pleasure as a reunion after victory. Twenty-four hours later I crossed the Ohio, and do not believe me sentimental when I tell you that when I found myself once more on the free soil of the Buckeye State I knelt down and kissed the ground.

"In the following June occurred the event anticipation of which had strengthened and encouraged me through all those dark and dreary years. Previous to my second imprisonment I had been betrothed to Mandana Tileston of Williamsburg, Massachusetts. True as the magnet to the poles, when misfortune again befell me she left her New England home, engaged as a teacher, first in Hamilton and then at Oxford, Ohio, waited and watched over the border, supplied me with every comfort within her power, worked and petitioned for my release without ceasing, and faithful to the last, refused honorable alliances to wait the uncertain fate of a prisoner. It was a happy day indeed when we were married."

III. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

"Seven Grecian cities fought for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

If we estimate his life by labors performed, sufferings, amounting almost to martyrdom, endured; unswerving devotion to the principles of equal rights to all, William Lloyd Garrison was certainly the greatest of anti-slave leaders. He

was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10th, 1805. His mother's maiden name was Fanny Lloyd; and his father, Abijah Garrison, though a sea captain, possessed some literary ability and ambition.

It is a little remarkable that the house in which our hero was born was overshadowed by the church under whose altar the remains of George Whitefield were buried. Thus at the very spot where the life's work of this great advocate of slavery ended, God in his providence raised up a greater and more zealous advocate of anti-slavery, to rouse the people from the lethargy into which Whitefield and his disciples wooed them.

In 1808 Abijah deserted his wife and children, never returning, leaving them to struggle for existence as best they could. William Lloyd, or Lloyd as his mother called him, was apprenticed when quite young to learn the shoemaker's trade. Not liking the work, he was next set to learn cabinet-making. This proving uncongenial, his mother secured him a place in a printing office, where he mastered the business in happy contentment.

When but a youth, he wrote for the "Newburyport Herald," and Boston papers; then at the end of his apprenticeship, became the editor of a new paper in Newburyport, called "The Free Press."

This paper was noted for its high moral tone, but like the most of such "felt wants," its existence was brief. We next find him in Boston, editor of "The National Philanthropist," said to be the first paper started to advocate the doctrine of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. The motto of the paper was this truism, "Moderate

drinking is the down-hill road to drunkenness," which was at once expressive and original.

While editing this paper he became acquainted with Benjamin Lundy, and they felt mutual affinity of kindred spirits from the first.

In 1828 Mr. Garrison became editor of "The Journal of the Times," in Bennington, Vermont, a paper established to support John Quincy Adams for the Presidency. He earned his salary by ably supporting Mr. Adams, but he also earned adverse criticism by being the champion of temperance, peace and the emancipation of slaves.

Among his exchanges was Lundy's "Genius of Universal Emancipation." The reading of this little monthly paper intensified his hatred of slavery; so he wrote a petition to Congress for its abolition in the District of Columbia. Having obtained a large number of signatures by sending it to the different postmasters of Vermont, he sent it to Congress, where it caused no little commotion on being read. In the fall of 1829, Mr. Garrison went into partnership with his Quaker friend Lundy; so "The Genius of Universal Emancipation" was enlarged and issued weekly at Baltimore, Md. But a difficulty presented itself to the success of the paper under their joint management. Mr. Lundy favored a gradual emancipation, while Mr. Garrison advocated immediate emancipation. At last, at the suggestion of Lundy, each wrote from his own standpoint, signing his initials to the articles.

The rage of the slave-holders knew no bounds when Garrison demolished their sophistries and subterfuges, by which they eased conscience, with

an invincible logic, and he insisted with voice of thunder that it was their duty to "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free."

About this time a vessel belonging to Francis Todd of Garrison's native town, Newburyport, took on a cargo of eighty slaves at Baltimore for New Orleans. He at once denounced it in his paper, saying it was not one whit better than if the slaves had been brought from Africa; and the law denounced foreign slave-trade as piracy. For this he was arrested and fined fifty dollars, in default of which he was sent to jail. To show that his brave spirit was neither crushed nor daunted by imprisonment, he spent his time in writing against slavery, and inscribing sonnets on the walls of his cell. One of them was as follows:

"Prisoner! within these gloomy walls close pent,
Guiltless of horrid crime or venal wrong—
Bear nobly up against the punishment,
And in thy innocence be great and strong!
Perchance thy fault was love to all mankind;
Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law,
Or strive all human fetters to unbind,
Or wouldst not bear the implements of war;—
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with the Lord to bleed,
And glory midst in tensest sufferings!
Though beat, imprisoned, put to open shame,
Time shalt embalm and magnify thy name."

John G. Whittier, the rising young Quaker poet, had recently succeeded George D. Prentice as editor of "The New England Review," at Hartford, Connecticut, after Prentice had gone to Kentucky

to write the life of Henry Clay and edit "The Louisville Daily Journal."

He was a friend to Mr. Garrison, who had published some of his maiden poems while editing "The Free Press," and an admirer of Henry Clay. Young Whittier knew that Mr. Clay was a slaveholder, but he also believed him a true friend of freedom, judging from his effort to check the spread of slavery and to ultimately abolish it in Kentucky. So he wrote the great statesman on behalf of the "guiltless prisoner," at Baltimore, begging him to pay his fine and "let the captive go free." Mr. Clay responded promptly, asking for particulars and indicating an intention of complying with the request. While matters were thus pending, Arthur Tappan, a wealthy merchant in New York, paid the fine and costs; so the prisoner was released.

The partnership between Mr. Garrison and Mr. Lundy was now dissolved, with the most cordial feeling of friendship, which existed ever afterwards.

Seeing the apathy in regard to slavery, even in liberty-loving Massachusetts, Garrison resolved to start a paper to be called "The Liberator," right under the shadow of Bunker Hill, and near Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty."

The first number of this paper appeared in January, 1831, containing this expressive motto, "Our Country is the World, Our Countrymen are all Mankind." At the expiration of four months "The Liberator" appeared with an engraved head including a pictorial representation of an auction, with a bill tacked up offering for sale "slaves, horses and other cattle." Near by is a whipping-

post at which a Negro slave is receiving punishment. In the background is seen the capitol at Richmond, with a flag floating over the dome inscribed with the word "Liberty." Even Garrison's friends trembled at his fearless denunciation of slavery. One even suggested that he change the name of his paper to "The Safety Lamp;" but his only reply was, "I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice; I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard."

The following outrage on free speech is quoted from the Columbia, S. C., "Telescope" of this period: "Let us declare, through the public journals of our country, that the question of slavery is not and shall not be open to discussion—that the very moment any private individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immorality, in the same moment his tongue shall be cut out and cast upon the dunghill."

New Orleans offered twenty thousand dollars to any man or set of men who would seize Arthur Tappan of New York, Garrison's benefactor. While in the year 1831, the Legislature of Georgia, the governor, Wilson Lumpbin, concurring, passed a resolution offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest, prosecution and conviction under the laws of that state, of William Lloyd Garrison, editor of "The Liberator."

The record of it is found in the laws of Georgia for 1831, page 255. This of course was simply a bribe to any ruffian to seize and kidnap these brave defenders of Liberty.

On January sixth, 1832, in the midst of a tem-

pest of wind and hail, "The New England Anti-Slavery Society" was organized, in the basement of the African Baptist church in Belknap Street, Boston. Of those present only twelve persons, all white, signed the constitution, as follows:

William Lloyd Garrison, Oliver Johnson, Robert B. Hall, Arnold Buffum, William J. Snelling, John E. Fuller, Moses Thacher, Joshua Coffin, Stillman B. Newcomb, Benjamin C. Bacon, Isaac Knapp, Henry K. Stockton. These might be called the "Twelve Apostles of Abolition;" but with this humble origin the society grew into a mighty influence against slavery. This was the first association organized on the principle of immediate emancipation Arnold Buffum was chosen President, and William L. Garrison corresponding secretary.

The Quakers were in the main the friends of the oppressed, and opposers of slavery, but even this sect was by no means a unit in this particular, as the following colloquy shows: "Well, Perez, I hope thee's done running after the Abolitionists," said a leading Friend to one of his humbler brethren. "Verily I have," said Perez; "I've caught up with and gone just a little ahead of them."

Henry Clay, and many statesmen and divines of national reputation, favored the idea of colonizing the negroes in Africa, and a strong organization know as "The American Colonization Society" was formed. Mr. Garrison, having received protests against this society from a number of prominent colored men of many Northern cities, published their protest, together with his own views,

in a large pamphlet in the spring of 1832, called "Thoughts on African Colonization." In it he shows ten objections to the said society: "1. It is pledged not to oppose the system of slavery. 2. It apologizes for slavery and slaveholders. 3. It recognizes slaves as property. 4. It increases the value of slaves. 5. It is the enemy of immediate abolition. 6. It is nourished by fear and selfishness. 7. It aims at the utter expulsion of the blacks. 8. It is the disparager of the free blacks. 9. It denies the possibility of elevating the blacks in this country. 10. It deceives and misleads the nation."

The society never fully recovered from this pamphlet, which showed them up in their true light. This colonization society, while claiming to be in the interest of the Negro, never thought of consulting a colored man, bond or free, any more than a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would consult the animals they are trying to protect. In sending the "niggers" from a civilized to a barbarous land, it was—

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to 'go' and die."

Mr. Garrison crossed the ocean no less than five times, his first trip occurring in the spring of 1833. In London he was invited to an honorary seat in conference on the slavery question, where he mingled with such men as Wilberforce, Brougham, Macaulay, O'Connell, Burton and Clarkson. He put into their hands his "Thoughts on African Colonization," and brought home a "Protest" against this colonization scheme, signed

by four of the great names I have mentioned and others of equal weight.

He was sent as a delegate to the Anti-Slavery Conference of London in 1840; but when he learned that the conference refused to receive the lady delegates on their credentials, he and those who came with him took seats in the gallery as spectators.

Mr. Garrison made his third voyage in 1846, this time by invitation of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, who desired him to lecture against the Free Church, for collecting money from the Southern slaveholders.

His fourth visit to Europe was made in May, 1867, two years after the close of the war of the rebellion. He joined his children in Paris, and after attending the Exposition, went to London, where a great public breakfast was held in his honor, at St. James' Hall. Among those present were Mr. F. H. Morse, the American consul in London, John Bright, John Stewart Mill, and other members of Parliament. John Bright presided, and made the first speech. He crossed the Atlantic for the fifth and last time in company with his son Frank in 1877.

The Boston Mob, of "gentlemen of property and standing," occurred October twenty-first, 1835. The occasion of it was an advertised meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery society, to take place at Anti-Slavery Hall, 46 Washington Street.

The mayor of Boston took no steps to prevent or disperse the mob other than by being present and commanding the ladies to retire. Seeing they could hope for no protection, they adjourned to

meet again at the home of one of their number. The mayor now advised Garrison to escape by a window at the rear of the building. This he attempted to do, but was seized by the mob and dragged through some of the prominent streets of Boston with a rope about his body, amid the jeering and curses of men thirsting for his blood. At last the two strong men who supported him on either side, and a few friends and policemen with superhuman effort forced their way with him into the city hall. From here he was committed to jail ostensibly as a disturber of the peace. After being hustled into a carriage in waiting at the door, which the mob tried in vain to upset or capture, he was driven by a circuitous route to the jail and locked behind the prison bars. Was he crushed and discouraged? No, a thousand times no! It is true a new suit of clothes was torn to shreds; it is true he was buffeted and bruised; it is true he barely escaped with his life; but he slept as sweetly that night as if he had been in the bosom of his family. The next morning he wrote on the walls of his cell the following lines:—

"William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 12th, 1835, to save him from the violence of a 'respectable' and influential mob who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that, 'all men are created equal,' and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God.

"Reader, let this inscription remain till the last slave in this despotic land be loosed from his fetters."

"When peace within the bosom reigns,
And conscience gives the approving voice,
Though bound, the human form in chains,
Yet can the soul aloud rejoice.

"'Tis true my footsteps are confined,
I cannot roam beyond this cell,
But what can circumscribe the mind?
To chain the winds attempt as well!"

"Confine me as a prisoner—but bind me not as a slave.
Punish me as a prisoner—but hold me not as a chattel.
Torture me as a man—but drive me not as a beast.
Doubt my sanity—but acknowledge my immortality."

Mr. Garrison, like the immortal Bunyan, seemed to have his loftiest inspiration when behind the prison bars. Like flowers which exude their fragrance only when crushed or bruised, persecution drove him to poetry. Garrison was released from prison in the afternoon of the next day, and at the request of the city authorities, took his wife, who was in critical health, and left the city for a few days, until the excitement abated. But he lived to edit "The Liberator," until his demands were granted, and four million slaves were made free. This having been accomplished, in part through the influence of his paper, he deemed it unwise "to run the mill after the grist was out," and the last issue was published the last week in December, 1865, making the paper cover the full period of thirty-five years. But he continued the same kind friend to the freedmen he had been to the slave, until his labor ended with his life in New York City, Saturday night about eleven o'clock of May 24th, 1879, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

IV. ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY.

Perhaps with the exception of John Brown's attack at Harper's Ferry, or the bombardment of Fort Sumter, no event in connection with slavery produced more widespread excitement north and south than the murder of Lovejoy at Alton, Illinois, Nov , 1837.

Before describing this startling event, it is well to consider something of the man, and the circumstances which led up to his untimely and cruel murder.

He was born in Albion, Maine, November, 1802, and was thirty-five years of age when killed by the mob. His father, Daniel Lovejoy, was a Congregational minister and a graduate of the well known college at Waterville, Maine.

When Elijah was a young man there was a great tide of emigration from New England to the mighty West; drifting with this tide, he came to St. Louis, where after teaching school for a time, he became editor of a Whig paper called the St. Louis Times. The ready pen and stirring style of the young editor soon brought the paper into prominence, and made it a great expose of Whig sentiment in Missouri and Illinois, and he bid fair to make his mark as a politician and moulder of public sentiment.

In 1832 he experienced a remarkable conversion to the Christian faith, and became deeply impressed with the duty of preaching the gospel. Yielding to this conviction, he at once went east and entered the Princeton Theological Seminary, and the next year, 1833, was licensed to preach. A few months after this he returned to St. Louis,

where he was known as a ready writer, and soon secured a position as editor of the "St. Louis Observer," the leading organ of the Presbyterians of Missouri and Illinois. His was a remarkable career at this time, when we consider that he was not converted until 1832, when he was thirty years of age, and became a minister, and an influential religious editor the next year; thus obtaining at a single bound, among the cultured and conservative Presbyterians, that which with them was often the work of a lifetime.

His biographer, Henry Tanner, who was with him at the time of his death, describes Mr. Lovejoy as being "of medium height, broadly built, muscular, of dark complexion, black eyes, with a certain twinkle betraying his sense of the humorous, and with a countenance expressing great kindness and sympathy." He said further, "There probably had not lived in this century a man of greater singleness of purpose in bearing witness to the truth, more courageous in maintaining principle in the face of passionate opposition."

When we read quotations from the "St. Louis Observer" of this period we are astonished that such mild editorials should so provoke the wrath of the pro-slavery people. But they were evidently determined to nip in the bud and crush out in its incipiency, any agitation of the slavery question, knowing their position was untenable, and could not stand the light of investigation.

As a summary of his views at this time, I would say he favored the idea of gradual emancipation of slaves, to be followed up by colonization. Surely this was a very mild view of the situation, when

we consider that many of the Southern slave-holders themselves advocated the same measure. But his heart was grieved at the brutal treatment many slaves of this period received at the hands of masters and overseers. Here he thought the reform should be thorough and immediate. "For," said he, "it is fearfully true that many professed Christians habitually treat their slaves as though they had no immortal souls, and it is high time such a practice as this were abolished." But Garrison and his associates were throwing red-hot shot into the pro-slavery ranks. "The Liberator" and "Emancipator" were read in St. Louis and enraged the advocates of slavery. In their excitement they regarded all Abolitionists as one and the same in their views, and persistently ignored Mr. Lovejoy's plea for "cool and temperate argument, supported by facts," and the following editorial from his pen: "It has been with pain that we have seen, recently, the heated and angry meetings and discussions which have taken place amongst our eastern brethren of the abolition and colonization parties."

The excitement increased during the summer of 1845, until the slaveholders of St. Louis were not willing to have the subject discussed, however mildly. The articles of Mr. Lovejoy, although written in a kind, Christian spirit, became very offensive to them. The slaveholders were ready to tar and feather him, as an Abolitionist, while the rabble termed him an amalgamationist. Yet nothing was farther from his views.

It soon became evident that the main issue between Lovejoy and his enemies was freedom of

speech and the freedom of the press. He resolved to defend this at all hazards, and they were equally determined to suppress it.

Seeing he could have no protection in St. Louis, from insult and threatened mob violence, Mr. Lovejoy now determined to move his paper to the then thriving city of Alton, Illinois, just above St. Louis on the river. Alas! as is so often the case, he escaped Scylla only to wreck on Charybdis, as we shall see.

The "St. Louis Observer" of June 21, 1836, announced the editor's intention, but before the move could be made, some ruffians forced an entrance into his office and destroyed much of the property, including some of the editor's furniture, which was broken up and thrown into the river. The remnant, including the press, was shipped to Alton, where it remained on the landing during Sunday, and was broken to pieces and thrown into the river before Monday morning. But a public meeting was promptly held, in which the citizens denounced those who destroyed the press and raised money to buy a new one. The new press was soon received and the first number of the "Alton Observer" was issued September 8th, 1836.

For nearly a year Lovejoy enjoyed a period of comparative tranquility, but it was only the calm before the storm. Many Southerners and pro-slavery men came to the thriving young city. These could not tolerate even the mild anti-slavery tone of the "Observer," and used their influence with the "lewd fellows of the baser sort," who were to be found in every western city, especially

river towns. Then, too, the great dailies of St. Louis continued to harass him, and insist that "something must be done" to rid the country of this pestilential fellow, who actually taught that all men were created equal. This actually caused a mob at Alton on Aug. 21st, 1836.

The mob first attempted to assault Mr Lovejoy on the street about nine o'clock at night, while returning home from the drug-store with some medicine for his sick wife. Having surrounded him, the cry was, "Rail him, rail him," "Tar and feather him!" Turning to the leaders, he said in calm tone, "I have one request to make of you, and then you can do with me what you please. My wife is at home sick in bed; send one of your number to take this medicine to her, and let it be done without alarming her." This they promised to do, and one of the men started with the medicine at once. But the calm demeanor of Lovejoy, together with the self-sacrificing spirit in reference to his sick wife, touched the hearts of some of them and he was permitted to go home undisturbed. But the same night they destroyed his second press, type and other material; yet money was quickly raised, partly from different states, and partly from friends of free speech at Alton; and a third press was on hand September 21st, 1837. It was taken to a warehouse and stored.

The mayor, John M. Krum, offered to guard it, and did so by placing one constable at the door of the warehouse until about midnight. But, as might have been expected, the officer had hardly gone, when about a dozen ruffians broke in the warehouse door, dragged the press to the river and

after demolishing it, threw the fragments into that common receptacle of Lovejoy's property, the river. About ten days after this event, Mr. Lovejoy, with his wife and babe, were spending some time with his wife's mother at St. Charles, Missouri. He had preached morning and evening on that peaceful Sabbath, and about nine o'clock was enjoying a conversation with his friend Rev. Mr. Campbell, when a knock was heard at the door. On opening it, he saw a number of men on the portico and in the yard. The two leaders, formerly from Virginia and Missouri, rushed into the house and attempted to pull him out. But with the help of his heroic wife, her mother and sister, the two men were driven from the room. The drunken mob again returned to the charge, and rushing into the room, they attempted to drag him out, and might have succeeded, had it not been for his friend Campbell. It required the utmost exertion of their united efforts to force the mob from the room and clear the house. The fiends even made a third attempt to force an entrance, after which it was thought best for Lovejoy to leave the house that night. Groping through the darkness to a house of a friend, he procured a horse and arrived at Alton the next day.

Money for a fourth press was raised, it is thought by friends of free speech in Ohio, and was shipped from Cincinnati to Alton. It was received by the friends of Mr. Lovejoy, about midnight of November 6, 1837, and stored in the warehouse of Godfrey and Gilman, the leading firm in the city. Mr. Gilman, one of the owners of the warehouse, called for volunteers to guard it during the night;

nineteen responded, among them Mr. Lovejoy. The mob soon began to gather, when two of their number, Keating and West, were unwisely admitted inside the building to confer with Mr. Gilman. Of course they saw how few were on guard and immediately demanded the surrender of the press, threatening to blow or burn up the building in case of refusal. Most of those in the warehouse were anxious to fire on the mob from the window as soon as they got in range, hoping to repulse them at once. But Captain Long would not let them fire until the mob was close up to the building and had fired into the door. He then ordered one of his men to return the fire; he did so and killed one of the mob, a man named Bishop. This caused a cessation of hostilities for a moment, but the mob was soon reinforced by a lot of ruffians who had been drinking to stimulate their courage. They now made a desperate charge, shouting "Fire the building, and shoot every Abolitionist as he tries to escape!" An effort was now made to fire the building. For this purpose a long ladder was placed on the side where there were no windows. Soon a man mounted the ladder with a lighted torch and attempted to set fire to the shingles, which fortunately were damp with a heavy dew, and slow to kindle into a flame. Captain Long now called for volunteers to fight their way to the ladder and throw it down. Amos B. Roff, Royal Weller and Elijah P. Lovejoy, against the protest of his friends, promptly attempted this fatal mission. As they stepped from the door into the bright moonlight a perfect fusillade was fired at them from a pile of lumber near by. Roff and

Weller were both wounded, but the fire seemed to be concentrated upon Mr. Lovejoy, who must have been recognized in the bright moonlight. He received five balls in his body, but had strength enough to run back into the house and up the stairs, crying as he went, "I am shot! I am shot! I am dead!"

These were his last words; his friends laid him on the floor, where he instantly expired.

The mob then seized the fourth press and destroyed it. The citizens of Alton generally, appeared to sympathize with the mob; for when Mrs. Graves, the wife of the Presbyterian pastor, in his absence, rang the bell of her church, not far off, until she exhausted herself, not one of the citizens appeared to defend a minister who was about to be murdered. It seems, too, that Mr. Lovejoy rather expected to be murdered, as was seen by, perhaps, the last public speech he made after being mobbed at St. Charles. At his own request he was buried at Alton. Thus lived and died one of the noblest and bravest defenders of free speech and civil liberty the century has produced. Mob law was thus triumphant, but it was a dear-bought victory for Alton. She could destroy four presses for Mr. Lovejoy, but she could not destroy that mighty palladium of liberty throughout the Union. All the invective of contemporary journalism was hurled at Alton. Commerce shunned it as a plague-spot, and emigrants avoided it as a valley of death. A store built by Mr. Tanner at a cost of twenty-five thousand was sold by him for less than half that amount, and offered back to him for two thousand.

Many of her best and wealthiest citizens moved away. Her empty warehouses crumbled into the river, or became the haunts for bat and owl.

As a city, it seemed to be under the bane of Him who came "to proclaim liberty to the captives," saying also, "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm."

CHAPTER X.

"THE COLORED TROOPS FOUGHT NOBLY."

"They struggled and fought, with courage fraught,
With love for the cause of the Nation;
They knew in the strife for the Union's life
They must buy Emancipation."

—GEORGE W. WILLIAMS.

From the time the first mutterings of Rebellion were heard, and the war cloud no larger than a man's hand appeared on our country's horizon, the Negro believed, with an unswerving faith, that slavery was the one cause of war; that God was now ready to punish the despoiler, and let the oppressed go free. The chorus of his favorite song of this period was, "It must be now that the kingdom am coming, and the year of jubilee."

Naturally he was anxious to do all in his power to help save the country by putting down the Rebellion, and thereby proving himself worthy of the coveted boon of freedom.

But alas for the suicidal policy of the Government, he was forced to conquer race prejudice, and the most determined opposition, before he was permitted to face the enemy on the field of battle. In short, they did not believe that the Negro would fight, and seemingly demanded that he should prove himself a soldier before facing the enemy; reminding one of the father who told

his boys never to go near the water until they had learned to swim; or the Irishman who could not get on his boots until he had worn them awhile.

The New York "Times" of February 16, 1863, in an editorial summed up the objections to enlisting Negroes as follows: "First—That the Negroes will not fight. Second—It is said that the whites will not fight with them, that the prejudice against them is so strong that our citizens will not enlist or will quit the service if compelled to fight by their side, and thus we shall lose two white soldiers for one black one that we gain. Third—It is said we shall get no Negroes—or not enough to prove of any service. In the free states very few will volunteer, and in the slave states we can get but few, because the rebels will push them southward as fast as we advance upon them. Fourth—The use of Negroes will *exasperate* the South. We presume it will; but so will any other scheme we may adopt which is warlike and effective in its character and results. We are not ready with Mr. Vallandigham, to advocate 'immediate and unconditional peace.' The best thing we can do is to possess ourselves in patience while *the experiment* is being *tried*."

The President and Secretary of War and a large majority of the generals in the army acted on the theory, "This is a white man's war, and the Negro has no lot or part in it." They seemed to be blind to the fact that Negro slavery had been the disturbing element in the nation for about a century and was the real casus belli, the election of Lincoln being only the immediate occasion. Moreover, the Union army was turned into a gigantic slave-catching institution.

BISHOP DANIEL A. PAYNE.

SAMUEL R. LOWERY.

Even General McClellan, "whose pen was mightier than his sword," when commander-in chief, paused long enough in his demands on the war department for more men (to drill and send home on furloughs), to issue a proclamation from "Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, July 7, 1862," in which among other things he announced that "neither confiscation of property, political execution of persons, territorial organization of states, nor forcible abolition of slavery, should be contemplated for a moment."

In a speech made in the early days of the war at Worcester, Massachusetts, Charles Sumner said, "I do not say carry the war into Africa, but carry Africa into the war."

The honor of organizing the first regiment of colored soldiers during the civil war belongs to General David Hunter, who, while commanding the Department of the South, gave the necessary orders from Port Royal, South Carolina, in May of 1862. General Hunter was in advance of public opinion, however, and Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, wrote for full information concerning the matter. The reply of General Hunter tended to bring public opinion up to his standard; especially where he informed the Secretary of War that no regiment of "fugitive slaves" had been organized in his department. He stated that there was, "however, a fine regiment of persons whose late masters are 'fugitive rebels'—men who everywhere fly before the appearance of the national flag, leaving their servants behind them to shift as best they can for themselves. So far, indeed, are the loyal persons composing this regi-

ment from seeking to avoid the presence of their late owners, that they are now, one and all, working with remarkable industry to place themselves in a position to go in full and effective pursuit of their fugacious and traitorous proprietors." General Hunter explained to Mr. Stanton, that he was acting under instructions issued by Hon. Simon Cameron, late Secretary of War, to his predecessor General Thomas W. Sherman, who turned them over to him for his instruction and guidance. Said instruction authorized him "to employ all loyal persons offering their services in defense of the Union, and the suppression of this Rebellion."

He continues: "The loyal slaves everywhere remaining on their plantations to welcome us, aid us, and supply us with food, labor and information," filled this requirement exactly, and as they were the only men who were loyal, he had organized them into a regiment and detailed officers to drill them. He closed his letter by stating, "The experiment of arming the blacks, so far as I have made it, has been a complete and even marvelous success. They are sober, docile, attentive and enthusiastic; displaying great natural capacities for acquiring the duties of the soldier. They are eager, beyond all things, to take the field and be led into action; and it is the unanimous opinion of the officers who have had charge of them that in the peculiarities of this climate and country they will prove invaluable auxiliaries."

With General B. F. Butler, the idea of using Negroes as soldiers seems to have been a gradual growth in grace, but he was at last soundly converted. While in Maryland he offered to co-operate

with Governor Hicks in suppressing any insurrection of the slaves against the laws of the state. In New Orleans he permitted a rebel slaveholder to enter his camp, and seize a mulatto, who was nearly white, after he had enlisted and donned the Federal uniform. Before this, General Butler had called the slaves who came into his lines, "contraband of war" and set them to work, thus recognizing property in man, and rating Negroes with mules, muskets or other munitions of war. But he seemed to think more favorably of free Negroes, and finding the idea growing popular at the North, he on the twenty-second of August, 1862, issued an appeal to the free men of color in New Orleans, to volunteer their services as soldiers in defense of the Union, which met with a hearty response. From this time on he was a strong advocate of employing Negro soldiers, and afterwards ably championed their cause on the floor of Congress.

General John Charles Fremont, having been appointed to the command of the Western Department with his headquarters at St. Louis, gave a new claim to his title of "pathfinder" by finding at once a way of success for the Union army, and freedom for the slave, by the aggressive action of an emancipation proclamation. This was issued August thirty-first, 1861. It proclaimed that "the property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, or shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and slaves, if any they have, are hereby de-

clared free men." You will observe that he did not refer to Negroes as personal property or "contraband of war," but free men.

President Lincoln regarded this proclamation as premature, and annulled it; still it tended to pave the way for his great Emancipation Proclamation.

After the fall of Fort Donelson, February sixteenth, 1862, General Grant had backbone enough to send out the following order, which was the first of the kind issued during the war, and was not only in accord with the highest military wisdom, but consonant with the dictates of humanity and common sense.

"Headquarters, District of West Tenn.
Fort Donelson, Feby. 26, 1862.

"I. General Order No. 3, series 1861, from Headquarters Department of Missouri, is still in force and must be observed. The necessity of its strict enforcement is made apparent by the numerous applications from citizens for permission to pass through the camps to look for fugitive slaves. In no case whatever will permission be granted to citizens for this purpose.

"II. All slaves at Fort Donelson at the time of its capture and all slaves within the line of military occupation that have been used by the enemy in building fortifications, or in any manner hostile to the Government, will be employed by the quartermaster's department for the benefit of the Government, and will under no circumstances be permitted to return to their master.

"III. It is made the duty of all officers of this

command to see that all slaves above indicated are promptly delivered to the chief quartermaster of the district."

"By order of Brigadier General U. S. Grant.

"John A. Rawlins, A. A. G."

The "silent man-on-horseback" did not often speak, but when he did, it was to the point and purpose.

The honor belongs to Governor Sprague of Rhode Island for making the first official call for Negro troops at the North. This appeal to the colored citizens of that state was issued August fourth, 1862. But the palm for actually raising the first colored regiment was won by one of the youngest of the sisterhood of states, even bleeding Kansas. This regiment was recruited in the summer and fall of 1862. Was organized at Fort Scott by Colonel James M. Williams January fourth, 1863, and was ready to take the field the following May. It is thought the reason Kansas led the Northern States in raising colored troops, was the fact that she had not yet accomplished the days of her mourning for the martyrdom of John Brown.

Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, having obtained authority from Secretary Stanton to raise a number of colored regiments, hurried home from Washington and sent out his first order February ninth, 1863. But owing to past disappointment, having been spurned and insulted when they were eager to preserve their country, the response of the "persons of African descent" was not hearty. Moreover, Massachusetts had but a small

colored population. In this emergency the Governor sought help from the adjoining state. He dispatched Mayor G. L. Stearns to lay the case before the great leader and champion of his race, Frederick Douglass, then living and publishing his monthly at Rochester, New York.

As a result of the visit Mr. Douglass published a stirring appeal in the March number of his monthly of that year. This appeal had the desired effect; large numbers (including two of Douglass' sons) went over into Massachusetts and helped them fill up the ranks. When ready to take the field they intended marching through New York City, but the chief of police notified Governor Andrew that he would be unable to protect the colored troops from being mobbed by the foreign ruffians, and rebel sympathizers who had already tasted blood by mobbing inoffensive Negroes, looting and burning a colored orphan's home.

Tammany is usually represented by a tiger, but this time a dog in the manger would have been more appropriate. Not wishing to complicate matters, or spill unnecessary blood, they sailed around New York to meet the other rebels in the South.

But a change of sentiment rapidly took place and the colored troops scored a victory, even against the mobocracy of the metropolis. When the Twentieth Regiment Colored U. S. Troops was ready to leave its rendezvous on Ricker's Island for service, the members of the Union League Club and other friends proposed to give it a reception in New York City, but some of the committee

did not wish to expose the soldiers to mob violence and were timid, to say the least. It was decided to inform the commander of the regiment, Colonel Bartram, of their apprehensions, and ask him if he thought he could get through the city. To which the brave commander replied: "Give me room to land my regiment, and if it cannot march through New York, it is not fit to go into the field." This settled the matter. The police cleared a space for it to land at Thirty-sixth Street; and with fixed bayonets, loaded muskets, martial music and company front, they marched through the most aristocratic streets of the city. Their manly appearance and military bearing produced the wildest enthusiasm and cheering among the very cowardly ruffians who had wreaked their vengeance on an orphan's home, a short time since. The march became a triumphal procession, a perfect ovation, as a hundred thousand loyal citizens, including some of the most wealthy and refined ladies and gentlemen, showed their approval by encouraging plaudits, enthusiastic cheering, waving handkerchiefs and showering them with bouquets.

But if Frederick Douglass could by his matchless eloquence inspire his people to go to war, a worthy contemporary, Aunty Sojourner Truth, could by means of a song which she composed keep up the inspiration after they reached the front. She composed this song for "her boys," the colored regiment from Battle Creek, Michigan, but it soon became a favorite with all the colored soldiers. An old veteran told the writer he once heard a black regiment sing it just before a battle and they made

the welkin ring, and inspired all who heard it. Imagine a thousand Negro soldiers singing the following lines to the tune of "John Brown's Body."

THE VALIANT SOLDIERS.

We are the valiant soldiers who've 'listed for the war;
We are fighting for the Union, we are fighting for the law,
We can shoot a rebel farther than a white man ever saw,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS.—
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah, as we go marching on.

Look there above the center, where the flag is waving bright;
We are going out of slavery, we are bound for freedom's light,
We mean to show Jeff Davis how the Africans can fight,
As we go marching on.—CHO.

We are done with hoeing cotton, we are done with hoeing corn;
We are colored Yankee soldiers, as sure as you are born;
When Massa hears us shouting, he will think 'tis Gabriel's horn,
As we go marching on.—CHO.

They will have to pay us wages, the wages of their sin;
They will have to bow their foreheads to their colored kith and kin;
They will have to give us houseroom, or the roof will tumble in,
As we go marching on.—CHO.

We hear the proclamation, massa, hush it as you will;
The birds will sing it to us, hopping on the cotton hill;
The possum up the gum tree couldn't keep it still,
As he went climbing on.—CHO.

Father Abraham has spoken, and the message has been sent;
The prison doors have opened and out the prisoners went
To join the sable army of African descent,
As we go marching on.—CHO.

But how did they behave themselves under fire, what did they do in battle? They did what would be naturally expected, when it is remembered that behind them were chains and slavery; in their immediate presence the rebel proclamation of "no quarter for Negroes," while before them was the bright star of freedom beckoning them on to a happier and independent life.

"They fought like brave men" nobly well;
"They piled the ground with" rebels slain;
"They conquered, but" a thousand fell,
"Bleeding in every vein."

Truly does George W. Williams, himself a colored veteran, say in his "History of the Negro Troops in the Rebellion," "The part enacted by the Negro troops in the war of the Rebellion is the romance of North American History." But it may be objected that *he* is a partial witness. True, but he was *there*, and a man who was present certainly knows more about it than another who was afraid to go. We will presently introduce witnesses who were opposed to the use of the Negro as a soldier.

Even President Lincoln remarked to Dr. Patten of Chicago, when urged to press the Negro into service, "If we were to arm them I fear that in a few weeks the arms would be in the hands of the rebels." So it was with many misgivings they were at last permitted to face the enemy. Early in their military career they were given an opportunity to prove their valor by a desperate encounter at Fort Wagner, Port Hudson, and the mine explosion at Petersburg; still each time they met the enemy like heroes and veterans, and by their

indomitable courage and enthusiasm conquered the prejudice of the Union men who at first opposed their enlistment.

At Fort Wagner near Charleston the wealthy and cultured young Colonel R. G. Shaw commanded the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored regiment. To get to this battle they had made a forced march of a day and night without food or rest; over shifting sands and under a broiling sun, during the day, and through darkness and a drenching rain at night. They reached General Strong's headquarters at six o'clock on the memorable morning just as they were forming the line of battle, and without stopping for rest or food, they proudly took their place at the head of the assaulting column.

General Strong and Colonel Shaw each made burning patriotic speeches inspiring their men to be eager for deeds of valor or a glorious death. After about half an hour General Strong gave the order to charge, and onward swept the troops led by the gallant Negro regiment, nor were they checked by the galling fire from the ramparts of Fort Wagner, or the destructive cross-fire which raked them from Cummings Point and Sumter. Rushing across the ditch with irresistible force, the regiment reached the parapet and there planted their flag. But at this critical moment the gallant General Strong was mortally wounded, "and here," in the language of Williams, "the brave, beautiful and heroic Colonel Shaw was saluted by death and kissed by immortality." But his regiment in this charge through the very jaws of death had actually gained the *inside* of the fort, and had

they been strongly supported Wagner would undoubtedly have been taken.

Colonel Shaw's regiment numbered about six hundred enlisted men and twenty officers which helped in this battle. Of the privates, thirty-one were killed, one hundred and thirty-five wounded, and ninety-two missing. Of the twenty-two officers three were killed and eleven wounded. Thus we find that more than half the officers were killed or wounded, and nearly half of the privates were either killed, wounded or missing. Although the assault on Wagner was a military failure, for in war nothing succeeds but success, still it effectually demonstrated that the Negro troops were among the bravest of the brave, and it tended to silence the scoffing contempt and ridicule of the stay-at-home Negro-doubters.

Delighted with their gallant conduct, General Gillmore presented medals to the following soldiers of the glorious Fifty-fourth colored regiment: Sergeants Robert J. Simmons and William H. Carney; Corporal Henry F. Peal and Private George Wilson. In this charge John Wall, the Negro color bearer, was killed, but William H. Carney seized the standard and bore it to the parapet, but after receiving several severe wounds, one of which mangled his arm, he brought the tattered banner to the rear in his clenched teeth, stained with his own blood, and shouted to his comrades, "Boys, it never teched the ground!"

When a flag of truce was sent to the enemy to claim Colonel Shaw's body, a rebel officer replied, "We buried him with his niggers" They thought thus to heap odium on this dead hero, but the

effort was a failure. At the request of his parents, the body was not disturbed, but the gallant young officer and his black comrades were permitted to sleep on in a common grave. Thus united in life, in death they were not separated.

"'They buried him with his niggers!'
Together they fought and died;
There was room for them all where they laid him,
(The grave was deep and wide)
For his beauty and youth and valor,
Their patience and love and pain;
And at the last day together
They shall all be found again.

'They buried him with his niggers!'
Earth holds no prouder grave;
There is not a mausoleum
In the world beyond the wave
That a nobler tale has hallowed
Or a purer glory crowned,
Than the nameless trench where they buried
The brave so faithful found.

'They buried him with his niggers!"
A wide grave should it be;
They buried more in that shallow trench
Than human eye could see.
Ay, all the shams and sorrows
Of more than a hundred years
Lie under the weight of that Southern soil,
Despite those cruel sneers.

'They buried him with his niggers!'
But the glorious souls set free
Are leading the van of the army
That fights for liberty,
Brothers in death, in glory
The same palm branches bear,
And the crown is as bright over the sable brows
As over the golden hair."

The Union army was anxious to capture Port Hudson, that the "Mississippi might go unvexed to the sea."

Two of the colored companies or "Corps d' Afrique," which had been organized by invitation of General Butler at New Orleans, the First and Third, took part in this their first engagement. They numbered one thousand and eighty men, and were commanded respectively by Colonel C. J. Bassett, and Colonel Henry Finnegas. Though comparatively raw recruits, they appeared eager for the command to charge for the enemy's guns on the bluff. At the word they moved off in quick time, which was soon changed into double quick. The rebels in the fort reserved their fire until the charging column was within four hundred yards, then instantly evey gun discharged a fusillade of death-dealing missiles. In the midst of fearful slaughter the shattered columns wheeled to the rear in good order, reformed and again charged the enemy, but the unceasing fire of grape, canister, minie-ball and sixty-two pound shot, were to much for infantry in the open field with no chance to return the fire. Moreover, there was a deep bayou to cross and an almost perpendicular bluff to scale before the guns of the fort could be reached.

Seeing it was impossible to take the fort from these natural obstructions, Colonel Nelson dispatched an aide to General William Dwight, then in command, explaining the difficulty. To which the General sternly replied, "Tell Colonel Nelson I shall consider that he has accomplished nothing unless he takes those guns." So they were again sent into the jaws of death. Six times did these

colored troops charge desperately into this veritable slaughter pen, before the inexorable General saw it was a useless waste of the lives of his brave men, so ordered them back.

One of the most gallant men killed that day was Captain André Cailloux of Company E, First Regiment Native Guards. Though phenomenally black, he was a gentleman of broad culture, commanding presence, considerable wealth, and a born leader of men. While urging his soldiers on, first in English, then in French, his left arm was mangled, but he faltered not. Leading his company to the edge of that fatal bayou, a shell struck him, and he fell dead with his face to the enemy, like the hero that he was.

When the first regiment was ready to leave New Orleans, the colonel, who for some cause was not going, deliverd its colors with these words: "Color guard, protect, defend, die for, but do not surrender these flags." To which Anselmas Planciancois, the color sergeant, on receiving them nobly replied, "Colonel, I will bring back these colors in honor, or report to God the reason why." Poor Anselmas was gallantly bearing his colors in front of the regiment, near the enemy's works, when a shell cut away part of the beautiful banner, together with part of the sergeant's head, and as he embraced it in death it became baptized in his blood and brains. Doubtless he reported to the Great Commander-in-chief of us all, "the reason why."

The following is an extract from a letter written by a sable warrior, to a friend in Chicago, describing the deeds of heroism performed by his com-

pany, in the tragedy of the crater at Petersburg:

"The rebels poured a deadly fire upon us, wounding Corporal Maxwell severely, and he was compelled to let the colors fall. Corporal Stevens then seized the colors and bore them up to the top of the works. He was quickly cut down. Corporal Bailey seized the flag and was killed instantly. Thomas Barrett, a colored private, seized the colors and bore them up to the top of the fort again He quickly fell dead. Captain Brockay then seized the flag and was mortally wounded and obliged to let the colors fall. Col. John A. Bross of Chicago, attired in his full uniform, with the evident intention of inspiring his men, then seized the flag, rushed upon the top of the fort, planted it upon the parapet, drew his sword, took his hat in his hand, and cried: 'Rally, my brave boys, rally!' The boys did instantly rally up to him; but he quickly fell in death."

We will not harrow the feelings of the reader by portraying all the details of the heart-rending Fort Pillow massacre. Suffice it to say that the garrison included two hundred and ninety-five men of the 13th Tennessee Union Cavalry, commanded by Major W. F. Bradford, and two hundred and sixty-two colored troops of the 6th U. S. Heavy Artillery, making five hundred and fifty-seven all under the command of Major L. F. Booth, of the artillery. On April twelfth, 1864, a strong rebel force, under the command of Major-General N. B. Forest and General Chalmers, appeared before the fort and demanded its surrender, which being refused, they uttered the rebel yell of "No quarter!" and

charged on the fort. After a desperate resistance in which Major Booth, the commanding officer, was killed, the weak garrison overpowered and the fort taken by assault; then began an indiscriminate massacre of men, women and children, white and black, which has no equal in civilized warfare. As fast as the Negroes surrendered they were shot down. The wounded were dragged into houses, and after the doors had been barricaded the torch was applied and the houses and contents burned; others were nailed to the doors of burning houses, while a number were burned alive. At least three fourths of the entire force were annihilated, most of them after the fort was taken. But never was a braver defense made. What Thermopylæ was to the Greco-Persian war; what the Alamo was to the Mexican war, that Fort Pillow was to the Rebellion. Right nobly did the black troops avenge this massacre of their comrades, on many hard-fought battle fields after this, when the cruel rebel yell of "No quarter!" was answered by their battle cry, "Remember Fort Pillow!"

Volumes would be required to chronicle the daring deeds of valor and patriotism performed by these black heroes in the *four hundred and forty-nine* battles in which they participated. We can only sketch a few more instances of their bravery. At Bermunda Hundred, they captured seven pieces of artillery and six redoubts with their connecting rifle pits. At Ship Island, they successfully repulsed rebel veterans twice their number. At Millikin's Bend, the rebels came on like madmen, shouting, "No quarter!" only to be

soundly whipped and driven back by the Negro troops, many of whom were raw recruits in their first action. The rebels were glad to get for themselves what they denied the Negro.

At Fort Powhatan, the ex-slaves repulsed the very flower of Virginia chivalry, led on by the valorous Fitz Hugh Lee. The fight lasted five hours, during which the Virginia masters made three desperate charges, only to be mowed down like grass by the enemy from behind their fortifications. Chivalry at last retired disgusted, his ranks fearfully depleted, and the chattel having gained the day.

Fort Harrison, five miles from Richmond, was the key to the rebel position on the north of the James. General Butler sent his Negro troops under the invincible Birney to take this fort at point of bayonet. The Confederate garrison cried out tauntingly, "Come on, darkies, we want your muskets " The darkies did come on in the face of a galling fire, shouting, "Remember Fort Pillow!" The cavaliers did not get the guns, but received their contents, which checked the flight of many, but the others ran for four miles, and the fort was taken by the Negroes.

Of this exploit General Butler said on the floor of Congress: "It became my painful duty, sir, to follow in the track charging column, and there, in a space not wider than the clerk's desk, and three hundred yards long, lay the dead bodies of five hundred and fifty-three of my colored comrades, slain in the defense of their country, who laid down their lives to uphold its flag and its honor as a willing sacrifice; and as I rode along

among them, guiding my horse this way and that way, lest he should profane with his hoofs what seemed to me the sacred dead, and as I looked on their bronzed faces upturned in the shining sun as if in mute appeal against the wrongs of the country for which they had given their lives, and whose flag had only been to them a flag of stripes on which no star of glory had ever shone for them—feeling I had wronged them in the past, and believing what was the future of my country to them—among my dead comrades there I swore to myself a solemn oath: 'May my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I ever fail to defend the rights of those men who have given their blood for me and my country this day, and for their race forever;' and God helping me, I will keep that oath."

A Negro soldier having been clad in rags all his life, the very Federal garb he wore tended to inspire him with self-respect and patriotism. He was on picket duty in a Virginia town, when a Southern sympathizer came along and shoved him off the sidewalk. At this the soldier cried out, "White man, halt," but no attention was paid to him. Whereupon he brought his musket to a *ready*, with an ominous click of the trigger, and loudly shouted: "White man, halt!" Hearing *shoot* in his tone, the man stopped, and turning around found himself looking down a gun barrel. His next order was, "White man, come here;" this was obeyed, when the soldier remarked, "Dis nigger is of no particular account, but you must 'spect dis uniform; white man go on."

They fully comprehended the issues, as when

a former slave, standing guard and seeing his late master brought in as a prisoner, thus greeted him: "Ah, master, bottom rail on the top this time."

There were 178,975 colored volunteers, of whom 141,252 were from the slave states and 37,723 from the free states. Of this large number 36,847 were killed, wounded or missing. As we have stated, they participated in 449 battles, and filled with distinction almost every military department of the Federal army. This was the largest army of civilized Negroes of any war in the world's history, ancient or modern, Christian or pagan.

Massachusetts was the first state to commission Negro officers; she had ten; Kansas three; and the two regiments of Corps d' Afrique from New Orleans had black officers.

It is believed there were at least seventy-five colored men who bore commissions for a short time in the Department of the Gulf. There were also quite a number of colored surgeons and chaplains who were given commissions.

The Negro historian, Williams, in his "Honor Roll," gives a list of ten colored regiments which were commanded by General Butler, and presented with banners inscribed with the names of the places where they won their laurels. He also has on his "Roll" the names of sixty-seven heroes. Of this number ten were publicly commended by the General, twenty-four received medals for gallantry, thirty were promoted for their deeds of valor, while three others were doubly honored with medals and promotion.

Secretary of War Stanton says of colored

troops at Petersburg: "The hardest fighting was done by the black troops. The forts they stormed were the worst of all. General Smith said they cannot be excelled as soldiers."

Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas wrote Senator Henry Wilson concerning Negro troops, "Experience proves that they manage heavy guns very well. Their fighting qualities have been fully tested a number of times, and I am yet to hear of the first case where they did not fully stand up to their work. At Millikin's Bend, where I had three incomplete regiments, one without arms until the day previous to the attack, greatly superior numbers of the rebels charged furiously up to the very breastworks. The Negroes met the enemy on the ramparts, where both sides freely used the bayonet, and the rebels were defeated with heavy loss."

General Thomas Morgan, speaking of the courage of the Negro troops in the battle of Nashville, said: "Those who fell nearest the enemy's works were colored." Gen. James Blount says of the First Colored Regiment at Henry Springs, Arkansas: "The Negroes were too much for the enemy, and let me here say that I never saw such fighting as was done by that Negro regiment. Too much praise cannot be awarded them for their gallantry. The question that the Negroes will fight is settled; besides, they make better soldiers in every respect than any troops I have ever had under my command."

General Butler, in an address to the army of the James before Richmond, October, 1864, made the following statement concerning the campaign just ended: "In the charge of the enemy's works by

the colored division of the Eighteenth Corps at Spring Hill, New Market, *better men were never better led, better officers never led better men.* This war is ended when a musket is in the hands of every able-bodied Negro who wishes to use one."

Thus it is not an exaggeration to say that colored troops turned the tide of war against slavery and the Rebellion, in favor of freedom and the Union.

In proportion to numbers, they were equally gallant and useful on the high seas, and in the navy. During the month of June, 1861, the schooner "S. J. Waring," bound from New York to South America, was captured by the privateer "Jeff Davis." A prize crew consisting of a captain, mate and four seamen were put on board and the vessel headed for Charleston. Three of the original crew were retained on board; a Yankee, who was put in chains, a German as steersman and a black man named Wm. Tillman, the steward and cook of the schooner, who was put to work at his business, and informed that he now belonged to the Confederacy and would be sold on arriving at Charleston. But the Negro was as brave as a lion, and resolved that the ship should never reach Charleston. With him to resolve was to act. After putting the captain out of the way, he was master of the cabin. Ascending the deck, he made way with the mate. Seizing the mate's revolver, he drove the crew below deck, and proclaimed himself master of the ship. He then ordered the release of the Yankee, whom he armed, and put the enemy in irons.

With the stars and stripes flying, they turned "The Waring" towards New York. A storm

arose, more men were needed to work the ship. Tillman ordered the rebels to be released and brought on deck. They were put to work, but informed that the least disobedience meant death. Five days after this "The Waring" arrived in the port of New York under the command of William Tillman, the Negro patriot.

The New York "Tribune" said of this event:— "To this colored man was the nation indebted for the first vindication of its honor on the sea."

The Federal government awarded Tillman six thousand dollars prize money for the capture of the brig.

On the morning of May 13, 1862, the rebel gunboat "Planter" was captured by her colored crew, while lying in the port of Charleston, and delivered to the Federal squadron then blockading that port. Following is the dispatch from Commodore Dupont to the Secretary of War, announcing the fact:

"U. S. Steamship, Augusta, off Charleston, May 13, 1862.

"Sir:—I have the honor to inform you that the rebel armed gunboat 'Planter' was brought out to us this morning from Charleston by eight 'contrabands,' and delivered up to the squadron. Five colored women and three children are also on board. She was the armed dispatch and transportation steamer attached to the engineer department at Charleston, under General Ripley. At four in the morning, in the absence of the captain, who was on shore, she left her wharf close to the government office and headquarters, with the

ROBERT SMALLS.

AMANDA SMITH.

Palmetto and Confederate flags flying, and passed the successive forts, saluting as usual, by blowing the steam whistle. After getting beyond the range of the last gun, they hauled down the rebel flags and hoisted a white one. 'The Onward,' the inside ship of the blockading squadron, was about to fire, when her commander discovered the white flag. The armament of the steamer is a thirty-two pounder on a pivot, and a fine twenty-four pound howitzer. She has, besides, on her deck, four other guns, one a seven inch rifle, which were to be taken on the following morning to a new fort. One of the four guns belonged to Fort Sumter and had been struck in the rebel attack on the muzzle.

"Robert Small, the intelligent slave, and pilot of the boat, who performed this bold feat so skillfully, is a superior man to any who have come into our lines, intelligent as many of them have been. His information has been interesting, and portions of it of the utmost importance. The steamer is quite a valuable acquisition to the squadron, by her good machinery and light draught. The bringing out of this steamer would have done credit to any one. If in view of the Government, the vessel will be considered a prize, I respectfully submit to the Department the claims of the man Small, and his associates.

"Very Respectfully, S. F. Dupont, Flag Officer Commanding."

It is gratifying to be able to state that the "Planter" was received as a prize and Robert Small appointed captain. In this position he

showed great courage and ability. The "Planter" was ordered to Charleston just after that city was taken and there Captain Small received a perfect ovation.

We cannot shut our eyes to the verdict of history, nor to the glamour of romance that surrounds many of our colored brethren, and are compelled to admit that whether on land or sea, in army or navy, there is but one verdict, "The Colored Troops Fought Nobly "

CHAPTER XI.

EXODUS TO THE NORTH AND WEST. ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

"Stand not on the order of your going, but go at once."
SHAKESPEARE.

The great hegira of the blacks from the South, or "the Negro Exodus," as it was called, began about February 1st, 1879. The Negroes had all heard of Kansas, made memorable by the struggles, on their behalf, of Jim Lane and John Brown, and naturally when they decided to leave the South they turned their eyes toward that "Promised Land."

But what caused them to leave the South in such large numbers? There were two answers to this question, but both of them could not be true. Said a Southern Democrat to a correspondent of the "Atlantic Monthly" of that period: "I tell you, it's all owing to the radical politicians at the North; they've had their emissaries down here, and deluded the niggers into a very fever of emigration with the purpose of reducing our basis of representation in Congress and increasing that of the Northern states."

It has been shown repeatedly that nothing could have been more foreign to the truth than the state-

ment just uttered; the movement had no political significance except in the fact that the Negro was denied a free ballot and fair count in the South, and sought a country where he could have both, with "none to molest or make him afraid."

Not one of the states in which they settled, through the officials, invited them; but to their credit be it said, they received them kindly when they arrived. This was especially true of the Prohibition Governor of Kansas, John P. St. John.

Not one dollar of public funds soever, national, state or municipal, was used in buying land or furnishing supplies for these poverty-stricken black imigrants, and the only known contribution from any man engaged in politics, was one hundred dollars from Vice-President Wheeler. Congress could, without the slightest qualms of conscience, vote away millions of acres of the richest lands to railroad monopolies. The government could appropriate millions of acres of land and millions of dollars in money to support the wild Indians, many of them drinking, gambling, and living a life of idleness, vagrancy, and crime. It could wring from the people millions for the benefit of railroad magnates, factory kings, the coffee and the sugar trust, when every pound of Southern sugar was made by the brawn and sweat of the poor negro, but it could not give one dollar for the benefit of the colored man, who had spent two and one-half centuries in unpaid toil to enrich the South, from which he is now forced to flee empty-handed and almost naked. Verily consistency is a jewel.

All the action taken by Congress was the adop-

tion of a resolution offered by U. S. Senator D. W. Voorhees of Indiana, providing for an investigation of the causes of the migration of the colored people from the Southern to the Northern states. Thus, with its usual recklessness, congress appropriated thousands of dollars to find out what was already known to every intelligent person, and almost every schoolboy in the country, that the Negroes were leaving the South because of systematic robbery, and political cruelties. Thousands of dollars to ascertain the cause of the poor Negroes' distress, but not one cent to relieve it.

An intelligent Negro told the same correspondent for the "Atlantic Monthly," who interviewed the Bourbon democrat: "We've been working hard for fourteen long, dreary years, and we ain't any better off than when we commenced." The same statement was substantially made by many of the dusky emigrants. "Now, Uncle Joe, what did you come for?" "Oh law! Missus, I follers my two boys an' the ole woman, an' then 'pears like I wants a taste of votin' afore I dies, an' de ole man doan' want no swamps to wade in afore he votes, kase he must be Republican, ye see."

"Well, old Aunty, tell us what you think of leaving your old home." "I doan' have no home nohow, if they shoots my ole man an' the boys an' give me no money for de washin'."

A sprightly woman of twenty-five frankly stated: "I hadn't much real trouble yet, like some of my neighbors, who lost everything. We had a lot an' a little house, an' some stock on the place. We sold all out kase we didn't dare stay when votin' time came again. Some neighbors bet-

ter off than we, had been all broken up by a pack of 'night-riders'—all in white, who scared everybody to death, run the men to the swamps before elections, run the stock off, an' set fire to their places. A poor woman might as well be killed and done with it." Though not voters, and consequently free from personal assaults, the women suffered as much from the general terrorism that prevailed in certain districts, especially in Mississippi and Louisiana, as the men. "We might as well starve or freeze to death in Kansas," they say, "as to be shot-gunned here."

There is certainly just cause for complaint of systematic extortion and robbery, through the iniquitous "Plantation Credit System." The Negroes' necessities have developed at the cross-roads or steam-boat landings an offensive class called merchants by courtesy, who are frequently Jews and live by extortion. In any Northern or Western community they would be called sharks, harpies, or vampires, and would not be tolerated more than one season. But many stores claiming to do a legitimate credit business, are owned in whole or in part by the planters, and were almost as exorbitant. Every store-keeper has a cash and credit price, and the latter was usually double the former.

Besides, it is claimed on good authority, that in Mississippi five years prior to the Exodus, not one white man was convicted and punished for an offense against a colored man, or made to pay a debt due a colored man; while in Texas, Alabama and Georgia, laws were passed under which freedmen were arrested for debts, and their labor,

(which is virtually themselves) sold at auction. The usual bid was twenty-five cents per day, with rainy days and Sundays deducted and board exacted for them. The following items were taken from a planter's contract, and store-keeper's receipted bill, brought with them to Kansas: "Rent of land for one season, five and ten dollars per acre" (more than its assessed valuation, and more than it would bring at public sale). "Hire of mule to cultivate crops, thirty dollars" (the mule was sold at the end of the season for twenty-five dollars). "Mess pork thirty-five dollars per barrel. Corn-meal, nine dollars per barrel. Bacon sides and shoulders, twenty cents per pound. Common brown sugar, twelve and one-half cents per pound. Rice, twelve and one-half cents per pound. Molasses, common black strap, one dollar and twenty-five cents per gallon. Tobacco (ordinary "dogleg"), one dollar and fifty cents per pound. Cotton drilling, forty cents per yard. Domestic prints, fifteen and sixteen cents per yard."

By a strange coincidence, the man who sold these particular goods was one of a delegation of planters who came from the South to Kansas to persuade some of the best of the Negroes to return. When confronted with this bill, he acknowledged that it was genuine, and in his own hand-writing. It is unnecessary to state that he got no Negroes to return with him.

The poor unsuspecting Negro, unable to read or calculate, and paying such prices as we have quoted, generally found himself from twenty-five to two hundred dollars in debt at the end of each year. This, of course, necessitated another en-

gagement for the next year, in order to pay that debt, then another engagement, until the poor Negro was a veritable slave, for it was impossible to get out of debt. But political persecution was as patent a factor in causing the Exodus, as systematic robbery.

When a prominent pastor of St. Louis said a few years ago at a National Baptist Anniversary: "In the South the whites are going to rule, by fair means if they can, but they are going to rule," he expressed the sentiment of the Solid South, and they were absolutely unscrupulous in their methods, especially after they became thoroughly exasperated with the carpet-baggers, and Negro rule in the South, during the period of reconstruction.

Many of the Negroes were terrorized by "night-riders," "Kuklux," or "bull-dozers," as they were variously called, and driven to the swamps just before elections. Numbers were murdered outright, as the following letter from General. P. H. Sheridan, written from New Orleans, January 10th, 1875, shows:

"Since the year 1866, nearly thirty-five hundred persons, a great majority of which were colored men, have been killed and wounded in this state. In 1868 the official record shows that eighteen hundred and eighty-four were killed and wounded. From 1868 to the present time no official investigation had been made and the civic authorities, in all but a few cases, have been unable to arrest, convict or punish the perpetrators; consequently there are no correct records to be consulted for information. There is ample evidence, however,

to show that more than twelve hundred persons have been killed and wounded during this time, on account of their political sentiments. Frightful massacres have occurred in the parishes of Bassier, Caddo, Catahoula, Saint Bernard, Grant, and Orleans. . . . Human life in this state is held so cheaply that when men are killed on account of political opinions the murderers are regarded rather as heroes than as criminals in the localities where they reside."

In the year 1867-8, a reign of terror prevailed in Louisiana. A massacre of Negroes began in St. Landry parish Sept. 28, 1868, lasting from three to six days, and resulting in the killing of from three to four hundred men. "Thirteen captives were taken from the jail and shot, and a pile of twenty-five dead bodies were found burned in the woods." As a result of this campaign, not one Republican vote was cast in the election which followed a few days later, though prior to this they had a registered majority of one thousand and seventy-one.

A similar massacre occurred between the 20th and 30th of Sep., 1867, lasting three or four days. In this there were two hundred Negroes killed. There were one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight Republican votes in the parish by official registry, but at the ensuing election only one Republican vote was cast.

About forty Negroes were killed in Caddo parish during the month of October, 1868. The result of this massacre was, that General Grant only received one vote out of a Republican registered vote of 2,894.

It is shown from official sources that over one thousand Negroes were whipped, maimed, or murdered for political reasons in the months of Sept., Oct , and Nov., 1867, with the result that out of 47,923 registered Republican votes, only 5,360 were cast for General Grant. The same policy was pursued in the Presidential campaign of 1876 and with a like result.

When it became as much as a poor Negro's life was worth to persist in voting the Republican ticket, he did what might have been expected under the circumstances, stopped voting. Now, among business men of our Northern cities voting is considered a disagreeable duty, because it takes them away from the pursuit of wealth for a few hours. It never seems to occur to them that it would be money in their pockets, to attend the nominating conventions and ward meetings, to nominate and elect men who would be a help and honor to their country. The result is, the saloon keepers, gamblers, and hoodlums run the politics of our Northern cities. But the Negro of the South (especially Louisiana and Mississippi) regarded the ballot as forbidden fruit, and desired it with as much eagerness "as the hart panteth after the water brooks."

Governor St. John had in his office over three thousand letters on file, from the Negroes of the South, and the burden of their inquiry was: "Can we be free, can we have work, and can we have our political rights?" Surely they made a very modest request.

There were two charitable organizations designed to aid these colored emigrants until they could obtain homes or employment. The first

was organized at St. Louis in 1878. This was known as "The Refugee Relief Board." Its President was the famous colored minister and friend of his race, Rev. Moses Dickson, the founder of the International Order of "Twelve Knights and Daughters of Tabor."

The Exodus proper had not commenced or was just in its infancy, but this sagacious colored leader seemed to expect his people en route for the mighty West, so made ready to receive them at St. Louis, and help them on to their destination. This society received and cared for about sixteen thousand men, women and children, fleeing from Southern oppression. It was the medium for collecting and distributing to those needy ones thousands of dollars in money; also hundreds of boxes containing clothing and provisions.

The other society was organized in May, 1879, as, "The Kansas Freedmen's Relief Association," with headquarters at Topeka. This was composed of the state officers, with a few other leading citizens, and was designed to provide for the destitute emigrants who had come among them, rather than to encourage others in coming.

Mrs. Comstock, a kind, motherly old Quaker lady, came forward and offered her services free of charge. She was then in her sixty-fourth year, having spent twenty-five years of her life in relieving suffering humanity.

John M. Brown was appointed general superintendent of the Freedmen's Relief Association; he proved to be the right man for the place, and as great a benefactor to the negro as "Old John Brown." When the facts of their destitution were known,

together with its true cause, the hearts of a great people were touched. Money, food and clothing poured into the Association, and during the year about forty thousand dollars in money and five hundred thousand pounds of clothing and bedding were distributed.

Mrs Comstcok was well known, even in England, for her noble deeds of philanthropy; her friends there sent her eight thousand dollars in money, and fifty thousand pounds of goods. One third of the remainder was furnished by the society of Friends, and the Christian women of America contributed a large amount in small sums, through their mite societies and sewing-circles. Ohio led the states in the amount of their contribution; followed by New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois and Iowa in the order named; but nearly every state sent something. The largest individual gift was one thousand dollars from John Hall, a Quaker of West Chester, Pennsylvania.

During their first year the freedmen got possession of twenty thousand acres of land, and cultivated three thousand of it. They also accumulated thirty thousand dollars, and built three hundred cabins and dug-outs. But this was not accomplished without prodigious labor, and overcoming difficulties apparently insuperable.

Henry Carter, a refugee, who in 1879 had come to Kansas from Tennessee, started on foot from Topeka to Dunlap, a distance of sixty-five miles. He was accompanied by his wife, who carried their bed-clothes, while he carried his tools. By 1880 he had forty acres of land cleared, and had made the first payment. He had built a good stone

cottage, sixteen by ten feet, owned a good horse, two cows, etc , having earned his money by daily labor on sheep ranches and elsewhere in the neighborhood. In one instance a black man in Graham County "broke" five acres of raw prairie with a common spade.

According to the report of John M. Brown, Superintendent of the Relief Association, about sixty thousand refugees had come to the state of Kansas to live, up to February of 1880. Nearly forty thousand of them were in a destitute condition when they arrived, and had been helped by the Association. They had received sixty-eight thousand dollars, which had been used to the best advantage possible under all circumstances. Of the number reported, five thousand had gone to other states, thirty thousand had settled in the country on their own or rented lands, or hired out to the farmers, leaving about twenty-five thousand in or around the different towns or cities of Kansas.

Referring to the fact that the refugees managed, by the help of this Association, to get through the winter in tolerable comfort, a correspondent for Scribner's Monthly of that period remarks: "Fortunately, they long ago learned to be content with a very meager diet, and seem able to make a feast on what would haunt white persons with visions of starvation. 'Gimme a sack o' meal an' a side o' meat,' said one of them, 'an' my folks kin git along han'som', and many of them did get along throughout the winter with little more than corn-bread and bacon—and there were chickens roosting in the neighborhood too. All things considered, they

have given convincing evidence of their disposition to work, and to be honest, and sober, and frugal. . . Such as got work at any price, did not ask assistance; those who were compelled to apply for aid did it slowly, as a rule, and rarely came a second time. Not a single colored tramp was in Kansas all winter; and only one colored person was convicted of any crime."

Stearns has beautifully said, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." This certainly was true in the case of these poor, half-clad colored refugees from man's oppressions, who blindly yet beautifully trusted "de good Lord," with a faith that was seldom equaled, for the first winter of their stay in Kansas was the mildest in the history of that state. As one of their preachers expressed it, "God seed dat de darkies had thin clo's, an' he done kep' de cole off."

The state officers in time withdrew from the Relief Association, and left its work in the hands of representatives of the different denominations, with immediate executive control vested in the Society of Friends. The Negro found, as in the anti-slavery struggle, that a Friend in need was a Friend indeed. Too much praise cannot be given to this band of philanthropists, whose hearts were ever touched by the cry of distress. But the effort of the Friends was promptly and ably seconded by the other denominations, and right nobly was the arduous task performed.

The Southern people were greatly agitated over this wholesale emigration of their laboring class. For in their moments of calm reflection they knew full well that three things were indispensable

to the South, the Negro, the mule, and cotton; and as their white men would not work, the Negro and mule were necessary adjuncts to a cotton crop. The exodus wrung from a number of independent Southern Journals a confession of the fiendish practice of bulldozing and kukluxing, by their demands that such practice should be abandoned before it drove all the better class of Negroes from the South. In short, the Southern leaders began to realize that they must treat the Negro justly, and give him his political rights, or lose his labor; and the only way to stop the exodus was fair treatment to those who remained The subject was also discussed from the pulpit and rostrum of the South.

C. K Marshall, D.D.,of Vicksburg, Mississippi, in an address on the exodus delivered January 21, 1880, seems to favor the idea, but urges the Negroes to go to Africa, "the land of their fathers," instead of remaining in this country. If the gentleman had noticed the large number of mulattoes all over the South, and especially in Vicksburg, he would have decided with us, that the negro was already in the land of his fathers.

As might have been expected, this Southern white man is blinded by prejudice, and cannot do the Negro justice. Hear him: "Trades they cannot learn. Ask the 'Trades Unions' of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore how many Negroes belong to them? And the answer would be, nearly none, practically none." But he does not tell us *why* the Negro does not learn trades—Simply because he is debarred from them, on account of his black skin and because of his "previous condition of servitude." But if the Negroes of the

South do not learn trades (because they are not permitted), no more, as a rule, do the Southern white men, with nothing on earth to prevent them but their own indolence and foolish pride, a legacy of their "peculiar institution." Our best mechanics are still the Yankee and the foreigner.

Nevertheless the good Doctor continues, unmindful of the fact that his whole argument is a straddle, and series of contradictions. The parentheses, of course, are ours: "Briefly view the situation from what point of the political, social, and industrial compass you may, the Negro must forever remain a dwarf on American soil." Near the close of his address he says, "They will return (to Africa) with stalwart physical, manly vigor," (he has just said 'he must forever remain a dwarf') womanly culture, refinement, and piety. They will carry a higher type of intelligence, and a wider range of powers than was dreamed of by their most enlightened ancestral seers; a knowledge of science, agriculture, mechanism, law, medicine, and divinity." (How can they learn all this except among other people?) "They will go back with the Bible, the hymn-book, and the knowledge of the one true God, and Jesus Christ the adorable Savior. They will build the school-house, the college, the university," (if in Africa, why not here?) "they will issue periodicals from their own presses, cloth from their own looms, shoes from their own shops, coin from their own mints, cargoes of merchandise from their own wharves, justice from their own courts, and laws from their own congress." If the Negro must "forever remain a dwarf," and "trades they cannot learn," as Mr. Marshall has informed us, how

can the colored man accomplish all these mighty deeds he predicts, in Africa? And if he can do all this in Africa, and we do not question it, why can he not do it, and more, in happy, free America, 'the land of his fathers?' We believe he can and will. The Negro certainly has greater faculties for acquiring knowledge, and picking up trades, in spite of the Trades Union, in this great free country, than he could hope to enjoy among the uncivilized Negroes of the Guinea Coast.

Here is the black man's home and here he will remain. He is over nine millions strong, and a peace-loving, native-born American citizen. And if the Trades Union continue to debar him, he will simply have a Trades Union of his own, where the young colored men can learn trades.

The worthy Doctor's statements are not only contradictory, but he is plainly trying to resurrect that old dead and buried African Colonization Society, which Wm. Lloyd Garrison rendered an object of ridicule, by showing that in the zenith of its glory, a great many more slaves were brought from Africa each year than the Society had ever sent there during all the years of its existence.

Contrast, if you please, this strange address, which was clearly made for buncombe, with the following manly and eloquent review of the exodus by a colored statesman and orator, Hon John M. Langston, ex-minister to Hayti. This address was delivered by invitation, before the Emigrant Aid Society, at Lincoln Hill, Washington, D. C., October 7, 1879.

"Herodotus tells of a Scythian general who, returning with his army after a protracted expe-

dition, found their slaves had taken possession of their households, their wives and the management of public affairs. He counseled his comrades to throw away their weapons, their arrows and their darts, and meet their opponents without any means of defense save the whip which they used upon their horses Said he: 'Whilst they see us with arms, they think themselves our equals in birth and importance, but as soon as they shall see us with whips in our hands, they will be impressed with a sense of their servile condition and resist no longer.' The plan was adopted and proved a success. This illustrates the feeling generally entertained between the old master and his former slaves.

"How shall the American ex-slave, who has served for two hundred and forty-five years in slavery, be released from the control of a class heretofore his masters? The history of the world offers but one solution to this question, and that solution is found in his exodus. Let him go forth, where sympathy and the recognition of liberty and usual rights are accorded him; where labor is to be performed; where struggle is to be made, where the stern realities of life are to be met; there let him demonstrate his courage, his self-reliance, his manly independence. Under such new conditions, his capacities, his power, and his efforts will win the crown which befits the brow of noble manhood. . . The South has not changed a great deal for the better. Nor has the feeling of the non-slave-holding class of the South undergone any material change with respect to the freedmen. Indeed, it seems to be true that this class hates

the colored man more now than when he was a slave, and stands ready at the command of the aristocratic class to do its bidding even to the shedding of his blood. As showing that this condition of affairs is true, and that little advancement has been made, one has only to pronounce in your hearing certain terrible words coined in connection with the barbarous, cruel treatment that has been meted out to the emancipated class of Mississippi, Louisiana, and other states formerly slave-holding. What is the meaning of the frightful words 'Kuklux,' 'Bulldozers,' and the terrible expressions, 'the shot-gun or Mississippi policy?' The meaning is clear. It is that neither the old slave-holding spirit, or the old slave-holding purpose or control is dead in the South; that plantocracy, with its fearful power and influence, has not passed away; that the colored American under it, is in a condition of practical enslavement, trodden down and outraged by those who exercise control over him. Such things will continue so long as the spirit of slavery exists in the South; so long as the freedman consents to remain in a condition more terrible than any serfage of which history gives account. How can this condition of things be broken up? How can the master class be made to realize that it is no longer slave-holding, and the slave has been set free? And how can the freedman be made to feel and realize that having been emancipated, practical liberty is within his reach, and that it is his duty to accept and enjoy it, with its richest fruits?

"To the intelligent and sagacious inquirer, there can be, as it seems to me, but a single answer. It is this. Let the freedman of the South, as far as

practicable, take from the old plantocracy, by his exodus, the strong arms, broad shoulders, stalwart bodies, which, by compulsion, have been made to prop and sustain such system too long already in this day of freedom. Let him stand from beneath, and the fabric will fall, and a new and necessary reconstruction will follow.

"But is it possible to transfer all the freedmen from the Southern part of the country? Perhaps not. It is, however, possible and practicable to so reduce the colored laborers of the South by emigration to the various states of the North and West, as to compel the land-holders—the planters—to make and to observe reasonable contracts with those who remain, to compel all white classes there to act in good faith, and address themselves to necessary labor upon the plantation, as well as elsewhere obeying the law and respecting the rights of their neighbors.

"Even the exodus movement just commenced, small as it is, insignificant as it appears to be, has produced in this regard a state of feeling in the South which justifies entirely the opinion here expressed. Where shall he go? It has already been indicated that the North and West furnish the localities open to the freedman and to which he should go. It certainly would not be wise for him in large numbers to settle in any one state of the union; but even in thousands, he would be received, welcomed to kind, hospitable homes in the various states of the sections named, where labor, educational advantages, and the opportunity to rise as a man, a citizen and a voter would be furnished him.

Objections—"But it is claimed that the Negro should remain in the South and demand of the Government protection from the wrongs which are perpetrated against him. Here it must be remembered that in emigrating from the South to the North or West, the freedman is simply moving from one section of our common country to another, simply exercising his individual right to go, when and where it suits his convenience and advantage. In the next place, it is in exercising such constitutional rights that he leaves a section of the country where slavery has created a barbarous and oppressive public sentiment, the source of all the abuses which he suffers.

"But it is claimed that the freedman cannot endure a Northern and Western climate, that the winters are too severe for him.

"Never was a greater mistake. While it is true the colored man, as he goes North into colder regions, adapts himself with ease to the climate. In no part of our country does he show more robust health, finer physical development and endurance, and consequent longevity, than in the Western and Northern portion of our country. It is where the zymotic and malarial disorders prevail, that the Negro sickens and dies, and this is abundantly shown in the fearful death rate that is given by sanitarians, as connected with the warm and tropical regions of our own and other countries.

"Again it is urged that the freedman is too poor to emigrate. Those who urge this objection ought to remember, that it is the poor and oppressed in all ages and in all countries who have emigrated. One never emigrates only as he seeks to improve

his condition, to relieve himself and family of want, to escape oppression and abuse. It is wise for the poor, starving, oppressed Irishman to quit the country of his nativity to seek a new home in our goodly land, where opportunity of culture, the accumulation of wealth, advancement and success await his endeavors. Then let no man either despise or oppose the exodus of the freedman, who now, realizing his real condition, emigrates from the old plantation and Negro quarter, from the scene of his former enslavement, from the hateful and oppressive control of a stupid and tyrannical landed aristocracy, from poverty, from ignorance, from degradation, to a home among those who value freedom, free institutions, educational and material, moral and Christian worth, individual efforts and achievement—to a home among those who, loyal to God and man, never fail to give sympathy, success and hospitable welcome to the needy son of Ireland, or the yet more needy son of Mississippi, who comes seeking, not only liberty, but the opportunity to labor, to live and achieve in their midst. I do most reverently and heartily accept the lesson contained in the words: 'I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters, for I know their sorrows and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land, and large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey.'"

One of the best plantation songs we have heard, was written by Thomas P. Westendorf, commemorative of this event, entitled:

GOING FROM DE COTTON FIELDS.

"I's going from de cotton fields, I's going from de cane,
I's going from de ole log hut dat stands down in de lane;
De boat am in de ribber dat hab come to take me off,
's gone and jined de 'Exodus' dat's making for de Norf.
Dey tell me out in Kansas, dat's so many miles away,
De colored folks am flocking, 'cause dey're getting better pay;
I don't know how I'll find it dar, but I is bound to try,
So when de sun goes down to-night I's going to say good-bye.

CHORUS.—I's going from de cotton fields,
And ah! it makes me sigh;
For when de sun goes down to-night,
I's going to say good-bye

"But Dinah she don't want to go, she says we're getting old,
She's 'fraid dat she will freeze to death, the country am so cold;
De story 'bout de work and pay she don't believe am true,
She's begged me not to do the thing dat I am bound to do.
And so I's sold de cabin and de little patch of groun',
Dat good ole master gave us, when de Yankee troops came down;
My heart am awful heavy, and de tears am in my eye,
For when de sun goes down to-night I's going to say good-bye.

CHORUS.—

"It grieves me now to leave the place where I was born and bred,
To leave de friends dat's living, and de graves of dem dat's dead;
De flow'rs dat grow where master sleeps will miss my tender care,
No hand like mine will ever go to keep dem blooming there.
But den de times hab got so hard, and I is ole and poor,
De hungry wolf am looking in and snarling at my door;
I's got to help de chil'ren some before I comes to die,
So when de sun goes down to-night I's going to say good-bye."

CHORUS.—

CHAPTER XII.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door:
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!"

Some of the pioneer settlers of Kentucky, contemporary with Boone and Kenton, brought their negro servants with them. Naturally these shared with their masters the hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures of that period, and often displayed bravery unsurpassed.

In Collin's history of Kentucky, the following incident is recorded: "In the year 1781 or 2, near Crab Orchard, in Lincoln County, a very singular adventure occurred at the house of a Mr. Woods. One morning he left his family, consisting of a wife, and daughter not yet grown, and a lame Negro man, and rode off to the station near by, not expecting to return until night. Mrs. Woods, being a short distance from her cabin, was alarmed by discovering several Indians advancing towards it. She instantly screamed loudly in order to give the alarm, and ran with her utmost speed, in the hope of reaching the house before them. In this she

succeeded, but before she could close the door the foremost Indian had forced his way into the house. He was instantly seized by the lame Negro, and after a short scuffle, they both fell with violence, the Negro underneath.

"Mrs. Woods was too busily engaged in keeping the door closed against the party without to attend to the combatants, but the Negro, holding the Indian tightly in his arms, called to the young girl to take the ax from under the bed and dispatch him by a blow on the head. She immediately attempted it, but the first attempt was a failure. She repeated the blow and killed him. The other Indians were at the door endeavoring to force it open with their tomahawks. The heroic Negro now rose and proposed to Mrs. Woods to let in another, andthey would soon dispose of the whole of them in the same way. The cabin was only a short distance from the station, the occupants of which, having discovered the perilous situation of the family, fired on the Indians and killed another, when the remainder made their escape."

Not even the name of this black hero is given, when he justly merited his freedom for this brave deed.

Mrs. Connelly's "Story of Kentucky" gives the following incident:

"When Kentucky was first settled, a night attack was made by a band of Indians upon the home of Edmund Cabell, during his absence in Virginia. The family were left in the care of an uncle to Mrs. Cabell, and black Sam, a brave, able-bodied slave.

"The day preceding the massacre had been very

hot and sultry, so Sam was sleeping on a bunch of hay in the edge of the woods. About midnight he was awakened by a blaze of light at the cabin, which he now discovered to be in flames. At the same instant he saw that the house was surrounded by Indians, who now began a general massacre of the family, all of whom, with one exception, were killed by the light of their burning home. The exception was a little girl, who was carried out of the building by one of the Indians and laid down about halfway between the house and where our colored hero was crouching behind the hay. The Indians now returned to the house to get more plunder; this was Sam's opportunity; creeping cautiously through the grass and weeds at imminent danger of being seen by the light of the burning house, or attracting the attention of the Indians by any disturbance he might make among the bushes.

"Providence favored him, and he reached the child in safety, clasped her in one strong arm, and retraced his steps in the same cautious manner. He was well acquainted with the child, and managed to keep her quiet, until there was quite a distance between him and the Indians. He aimed for the nearest Fort and traveled all night. About noon next day, having lost his direction, he was weak from hunger and exhaustion. He found a spring of water, and ripe berries which kept him and the child from starving. Traveling for the most part at night, and hiding at every sound for fear of Indians, he reached the Fort with the little girl, both of them more dead than alive, for they had spent three nights and a portion of the intervening days in the woods.

"Sam now returned to his master's farm to look after whatever live stock was left. And when the master returned from Virginia and was viewing the blackened ruins of his once happy home, faithful Sam appeared before him, and kept him from utter despair, by giving him the first intelligence that little Augusta, the darling of his heart, was alive and safe at the Fort.

"Mr. Cabell now gladdened Sam's heart by telling him that he had brought his family with him from Virginia, in consideration of his faithfulness and lonely condition in the wilderness. So Sam was in some measure rewarded for his heroism and fidelity.

"Augusta Cabell became in time one of the most beautiful young ladies in Kentucky, and was very grateful to her dusky defender."

On March 22, 1794, William Bryant, of Lincoln County, advertised for his negro man, Sam, and offered ten dollars reward for securing him, so that the owner could get him again. This was the first slave advertised in Kentucky. Such advertisements became quite common, not only in this state but throughout the South, sometimes offering rewards for runaway slaves, alive or dead. There were, perhaps, fewer such advertisements in Kentucky papers than any Southern state.

The truth is, in the words of N. S. Shaler, "the Negroes of Kentucky were not generally suffering from any bonds that weighed heavily upon them. Slavery in Kentucky was of the domestic sort; that is, it was, to most of their race, not a grievous burden to bear. This is well shown by the fact that thousands of them quietly remained with their masters in the counties along the Ohio River,

when in any night they might have escaped across the border.

"Still the Underground Railroad System, although it did not free many slaves in Kentucky, greatly irritated the minds of their owners, and even of the class that did not own slaves."

"Perhaps," wrote Mrs. Stowe, "the mildest form of the system of slavery is to be seen in the state of Kentucky. The general prevalence of agricultural pursuits of a quiet and gradual nature, not requiring those periodic seasons of hurry and pressure that are called for in the business of more Southern districts, makes the task of the Negro a more healthful and reasonable one, while the master, content with a more gradual style of acquisition, had not those temptations to hard-heartedness which always overcome frail human nature, when the prospect of sudden and rapid gain is weighed in the balance with no heavier counterpoise than the interests of the helpless and unprotected."

There is much truth in this statement, but it occurs to me as a Kentuckian, and the son of a slave-holder, that a number of circumstances contributed to make the lot of the Kentucky slave much easier than those in the cotton or sugar belt.

In the first place, the nature of the country is better adapted to labor, being for the most part elevated and rolling. As there are no swamps to produce chills and fever, it is a remarkably healthy country, with a delightful and invigorating climate. Then too, in the agricultural portions of the state, instead of vast plantations of thousands of acres, and a small army of slaves, driven from

morning until night by a brutal overseer, or still more brutal negro driver, small farms and few slaves were the rule. As a general rule the Kentucky farmer, or one of his sons, managed the farm without the aid of a regular hired overseer, although he would often put one of the slaves in for foreman. This foreman was generally the best worker and most trustworthy hand on the farm, and was expected to lead, not drive the work.

It must not be forgotten that the Kentucky staples, such as live stock, the cereals, tobacco and hemp (she leads the world in the two last), did not yield such immense profits as to tempt the cupidity of the farmers, or require such forced and exhausting labor. We are also inclined to the opinion that this mild form of servitude was largely due to the fact that the average Kentucky farmer was and is a whole-souled, big hearted man Happy, prosperous, and well-fed himself, he liked to have even his slaves share in his good cheer.

Patty B. Semple, a correspondent for the Atlantic Monthly, writing of an old Kenutcky home in the ante-bellum days, says: "After breakfast, there was always a group of Negroes about the porch, each one armed with a tin cup or plate, and waiting for the daily allowance of molasses, sugar, and coffee to be given out from the storeroom, hoping also for some special tidbit from the family table." We do not recall having read any account like that about any other state

In describing the Blue Grass farmer, she does it so perfectly that we know she must have been there. "He was not a hard master, although perhaps not a particularly indulgent one. A practical

farmer, he insisted that the work should be properly done, and to keep the indolent, careless Negroes up to the mark required an immense amount of oversight. His horse was saddled before breakfast, and he was mounted, and about the farm early and late, knowing the old maxim that the eye of the master will do more work than both his hands. He went to bed early, usually rose between three and four o'clock in the morning, and smoked a meditation pipe on the back porch before any one else was about, and then at 'sun-up' his stentorian voice would be heard starting the hands. His constant companion was a corn-cob pipe filled with Kentucky tobacco, which was always lighted by a live coal, and one of the most common sounds about the place was his call to one of the little darkies, 'Bring me a coal of fire, Polly,' or Lizzie, or Tom, as the case might be. The piece of glowing wood was carried in a pair of short tongs from the kitchen fire, and as he blew away the ashes and applied it to his pipe, he put good-natured, teasing questions to the little Negro who had brought it. These colloquies were the source of infinite enjoyment to him and embarrassment to his victim, who stood uneasily on one foot, twisting the other about and boring into the ground with one great toe, until the tongs were handed back with some extravagant compliment, and the interview ended."

We are inclined to believe what contributed most to alleviate the condition of the Kentucky slave was the constant lashing of conscience. A large number, perhaps a majority of the people of the state did not believe slavery was right. Now,

we know this bare statement, unbacked by strong evidence, would not pass unchallenged; but the evidence, is at hand. There is abundant proof that the conscience of the great body of the people was ever sensitive concerning the right of one man to own another.

The institution was recognized at first, simply because most of the early settlers were from the slave-holding states and brought their slaves with them. From an early period they began to emancipate them, and to place statute restriction on their importation.

When the new constitution was to be adopted, thirty thousand votes, representing the wealthiest and most intelligent slave-holders, were cast in favor of an open clause, by which gradual emancipation should become a law, as soon as practical. One religious denomination after another denounced slavery as a moral evil. Additional proof that there was a growing sentiment against this institution and in favor of a gradual emancipation, is found in Dr. J. Freeman Clark's "Anti-Slavery Days." He was a citizen of Kentucky from 1833 to 1840; and states that slavery existed there in a comparatively mild form, and the sentiment of the better class of people was decidedly against it, for the reason that they considered it a wrong and an evil, that should be abolished.

A young man from Boston called upon Dr. Clark in Louisville, and was invited to take a drive with him into the country to visit some of the plantations. The Boston youth was a member of one of the very conservative New England families who opposed abolition as a fanatical movement,

and thought the abolitionists endangered the safety of the union.

The first place they came to was the home of Judge Jno. J. Marshall, who belonged to one of the old families of Virginia and Kentucky, Mrs. Marshall being the sister of Jno. G. Birney, afterwards a candidate for the Presidency on the Free Soil ticket.

As the Marshalls owned slaves, and there were a large number of Negro children about the yard, the young man thought it opportune to speak favorably of the institution. "Mrs. Marshall," said he, "I think our people at the North are very much mistaken in attacking slavery as they do. It seems to me there is nothing so very bad about it." Mrs. Marshall replied: "It will not do sir, to defend slavery in this family. The Marshalls and the Birneys have always been abolitionists." Of course the young man was surprised at that statement coming from the wife of a slave-holder, but a still greater surprise awaited him at the next house at which they called, the home of Judge John Speed, who had a large plantation and about sixty slaves.

The Boston youth, thinking no doubt that Mrs. Marshall was an exceptional person, and it would be safe this time to advocate slavery, said: "Judge, I do not see but the slaves are as happy as our laboring classes at the North." "Well," answered the Judge, "I do the best I can to make my slaves comfortable; but I tell you what it is, you cannot make a slave happy, do what you will. God Almighty never meant a man to be a slave, and he cannot be happy while he is a slave." The young man continued in amazement, "But what can be

done about it, sir? They are not able to take care of themselves, if they were free. How could they manage if slavery were abolished?"

"I think I could show you three men on my plantation," replied Judge Speed, "who might go to the Kentucky legislature; I am inclined to believe they would make just as good legislators as the average men that you find there now." This statement, coming from such a source, astonished the young man still more; but it was a plain statement of the exact truth.

With the Kentuckian's characteristic fondness for fair play, the question in all its bearings was freely discussed. "The Louisville Journal," then edited by Geo. D Prentice, was ever ready to welcome and print articles showing the evils of slavery.

Dr. Clark recalls a discussion in Louisville which lasted three nights; in that time the whole question of slavery was covered; one side assuming that it was right, and a good thing, and ought to be maintained; and the other that it was an evil, morally, socially, and politically, and as such should be abolished. This was not an ordinary debate, some of the most cultured and intelligent gentlemen in the city, including Dr. Clark, participating on either side, and, strange as it may seem, a majority were on the side of those who contended that it was an evil and a wrong.

The best article on slavery in Kentucky we have seen was written by James Lane Allen. In his "Uncle Tom at Home in Kentucky," he quotes the following extract from a letter to him from Mrs. Stowe, dated Apr. 30, 1886: "In relation to your letter, I would say that I never lived in Kentucky,

but spent many years in Cincinnati, which is separated from Kentucky only by the Ohio River, which, as a shrewd politician remarked, was nearly dry one half of the year and frozen the other. My father was president of Lane Theological Seminary at Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, and with him I traveled and visited somewhat extensively in Kentucky, and there became acquainted with those excellent slave-holders delineated in Uncle Tom's Cabin. I saw many counterparts of the Shelbys—people humane, conscientious, just and generous, who regarded slavery as an evil and were anxiously considering their duties to the slave. But it was not till I had finally left the West, and my husband was settled as professor in Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, that the passage of the fugitive slave law and the distress that followed it drew this from me."

Thus we find that Mrs. Stowe testifies to the fact that there was a strong undercurrent of intense opposition to slavery in Kentucky at that time, and that the slaves she saw there were well treated.

A close analysis of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will impress one with the thought that she first introduced the reader to slavery in Kentucky, because it was of the mildest form; that she might cap the climax by an introduction to Legree's Red River cotton plantation, where it was seen in its most hideous and brutalizing aspect.

Another proof that the slaves in this state fared better than elsewhere, is seen in the code of laws framed to regulate slavery. According to this, "if slaves were inhumanly treated by their owner, or not

supplied with proper food and clothing, they could be taken from them and sold to a better master."

A few cases are recorded, of slaves who had been liberated and sent to Canada, voluntarily returning into service under their former masters.

Even in Kentucky there were slave-holders, and slave holders, some good, some bad, and some very bad. Those who were kindest to their slaves were ready to put down an abolitionist, whom they regarded as interfering with their affairs, and bitterly hated.

The saddest feature of slavery in this state was the internal slave trade. That negroes were regularly raised for the Southern market cannot be denied. That in some cases brutalized white men sold their own sons and daughters, knowing them to be such, goes unchallenged; but these were the exceptions rather than the rule.

The sentiment of a majority of their people being against it, the slave trade was not as large as is generally believed. Sometimes a farmer would have among his slaves one that was unruly and even vicious; such a one was invariably sold South. But the chief reason for which slaves were sold was embarrassment by debt on the part of their master. In this case it often happened that the most valuable slaves on the farm were sold, as in the case of Uncle Tom, for the rascally slave buyers, knowing the master's condition, would have none but the best.

There is a hint of the cause of such sales, in the pathetic strain, seldom appreciated:

> "By'n by *hard times* comes a-knocking at the door;
> Then my Old Kentucky Home, good-night."

On one occasion, all the slaves in a tobacco field

dropped their hoes and chased a rabbit the dogs had started. A meddlesome neighbor reported the fact to their master. But he received the indignant answer from the old gentleman, "Sir, I'd have whipped the last black rascal of 'em if they hadn't run 'im!"

A sketch of slavery in Kentucky would be incomplete without some mention of Cassius Marcellus Clay, "the noblest Roman of them all;" certainly the greatest of Southern Abolitionists, and perhaps the equal of any in the nation. This remarkable man is the son of General Green Clay, and was born in Madison County, Oct. 19, 1810. After taking a course of study at Transylvania University, Lexington, the same school Jefferson Davis attended, he graduated at Yale College in 1832.

He took a great interest in politics when a young man, and represented Madison and Fayette Counties each in the Legislature, where he made a brilliant record.

He issued the first copy of the "True American," from Lexington, June 3, 1845. This paper was devoted to the overthrow of slavery in Kentucky. It required great courage in those turbulent times to edit an anti-slavery paper in the South. It seemed like bearding the lion in his den. But Cassius M. Clay was the "boldest of all the enemies of slavery." His soul was aflame with hatred and disgust for human servitude. Naturally a paper edited by such a man would be a powerful philippic hurled against the detested institution; and while it made many friends for the cause he espoused, it heated its enemies seven times more than they were wont to be heated.

Accordingly on Aug. 18, 1845, there was a great mass meeting held in Lexington, of citizens from all over central Kentucky, irrespective of party. At this meeting it was resolved that the press and materials

of the "True American" should be sent beyond the confines of the state. A committee carefully boxed up all his outfit and shipped it, expenses prepaid, to Cincinnati; after which they sent Mr. Clay the address of the house to which they consigned it, subject to his order.

The Kentuckian's love of fair play is again reflected in this incident, when it is remembered that in the case of Lovejoy the pro-slavery ruffians from Missouri and Illinois murdered him outright, after destroying four presses.

Mr. Clay afterwards obtained judgment against two of the committee for twenty-five hundred dollars, which was paid by citizens of Fayette and adjcining counties.

Mr. Clay commanded the Old Infantry in the Mexican War. Returning home, he was presented with a sword for gallant conduct. He was also minister to Russia in 1861, Major General of Volunteers in 1862, and again minister to Russia from 1863 to '69.

He was once nominated for governor of Kentucky, with George P. Blakey of Logan County on the ticket for lieutenant governor.

He now resides at his beautiful home, White Hall, Kentucky. The sunset of his long life is as peaceful and quiet as his earlier years were turbulent.

His nephew and namesake, Cassius M. Clay, Jr, of Bourbon County, is now a strong candidate for governor. This Mr. Clay has been a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and was President of the late constitutional convention of that state. As he is from the county where the author spent his "boyhood's happy hours," and where his people still live, most of whom are Clay men, and as he is thoroughly competent to fill the high place to which he aspires, it is to be hoped he will be elected.

The two greatest sons of Kentucky were Henry Clay and Abraham Lincoln, for she claims them both, the one by adoption, the other by birth. Each was strangely identified with the question of slavery; each was a pure patriot who loved his country; each was strictly conscientious in the belief that his own view was the true solution to the vexatious problem, and for the best interests of the nation. Kentuckians always believed in Henry Clay; her cardinal points of political faith might be summed up in the dictum, "There is a just God who presides over the destiny of nations, and Henry Clay is his prophet." But this hero-worship was not confined to Kentucky. I remember when a boy hearing Theodore Tilton deliver a lecture at Paris. In speaking of his visit to Henry Clay's grave and monument, while at Lexington the day before, he said: "As I neared that sacred spot I imagined I heard a voice saying unto me, 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.'" It is an imposing, awe-inspiring monument Kentucky has erected over his remains, and can be seen several miles from Lexington in almost any direction.

Illinois has built a still more imposing monument in honor of her greatest adopted son, at Springfield. The author stood once and viewed first the monument, and then a group of dusky freedmen, as, with heads reverently uncovered and tears in their eyes, they were gazing at Lincoln's statue, that the image might be photographed on their minds and hearts.

It would not have taken them long to decide that Lincoln was not only a greater man than Clay, but in some respects the greatest man America ever produced.

The contrast between the great compromiser and the great emancipator might be stated in this way.

Henry Clay said, "I would rather be right than to be President," but he was neither right nor President. Lincoln made no such boast, but he was *both right* and *President*. Clay no doubt did the best he could for his day and generation, under all circumstances. He was frequently misunderstood and misquoted, because his enemies would persistently put the words of Cassius M. Clay, the abolitionist, into the mouth of Henry Clay, the compromiser; the opposite party could not, or would not, understand that there were two Clays from Lexington, Kentucky, each of whom was a prominent politician and statesman, and the leader of his party in that state, but their views on the slavery question were as wide apart as the two poles.

An amusing incident is told by Mrs. Pickard. It seems that Mr. Clay had a favorite servant named Aaron, who was his carriage driver. He was very competent, but would take a drink of whisky every opportunity, and sometimes become intoxicated. "On one occasion he drove Mrs. Clay into Lexington, and while she was shopping, he was drinking. By the time she was ready to go home Aaron was incapable of driving.

"Much to her mortification, she was compelled to hire a driver in order to get home. Justly indignant, she resolved that Aaron should be punished; so she told her husband all about it. Calling the overseer to the house the next morning, Mr. Clay repeated the circumstance and instructed him to take the offender to the carriage house and give him a light whipping. "Now, do it quietly, said he, and be sure not to cut his skin. I don't want to hear any disturbance. Do it as gently as possible."

The overseer assented and went out. One of the maids happened to overhear the conversation, and

slipping out of the house, she told Aaron all about it.

"Forewarned is forearmed, and fortifying himself with a drink of whisky, he meekly responded to the overseer's call and went with him into the carriage house, and the door was fastened on the inside. 'I am sorry to have to whip you,' said the overseer, 'but it is Mr. Clay's orders; he said your drinking habits had annoyed your mistress and you must be punished.' 'Well, if Massa say so, then it must be so, but you needn't tie me—I won't be tied!' 'Very well,' replied the overseer, throwing down the rope, 'you need not be tied if you will stand still; but you must take off your coat.' 'Yes, sir, but if I takes off my coat to be whipped, you ought to take yourn off first, to whip me!'

"The overseer saw that he had been drinking and knew he must indulge his whims if he would obey Mr. Clay's orders and keep quiet; so he pulled off his coat, and the slave laid his beside it. Next followed the two vests. 'Now your shirt, Aaron,' said he. 'Yes, sir, but you must take off yourn first.' This was going farther for quiet's sake than the overseer had intended, but he thought it would be best to humor him. He had long wished for a chance to humble Aaron, and the time had come. But behold! no sooner had he lifted his arms to pull his shirt over his head, than Aaron seized the garment, a strong new one, and twisting it around his neck, held him fast. Then catching the whip, he applied it vigorously to the overseer's naked back, raising the skin at every stroke. His victim screamed and threatened him with vengeance, but all in vain; the blows fell hard and fast.

"Mr. Clay heard the outcry and grew angry. 'I told him,' said he, 'to make no noise, and to be sure not to whip the poor fellow severely. He must be cutting him to pieces.'

"He hastened to the carriage house and heard the whizzing of the whip as it descended on the sufferer's back. 'Open the door,' he cried! 'Didn't I tell you not to whip him hard? Open the door, I say.'

"'O, Mr. Clay! it's Aaron whipping me! I haven't given him a blow.'

"'Aaron,' cried the master, 'open the door!' Instantly the slave obeyed. With his right hand, in which he still held the whip that he had used to such good purpose, he opened the door, while with his left he retained his vice-like grasp of the twisted shirt. His face was all complacency, yet his eyes twinkled with mirth, and a roguish smile lurked at the corner of his mouth.

"Mr. Clay stood for a moment mute with astonishment. But when he fully comprehended the strange scene, he burst into a hearty laugh, and although the overseer, as soon as he was released, proceeded to explain to him the manner in which he had been caught, and insisted that he should now be allowed to whip Aaron, his arguments were lost. The master quietly expressed his opinion that there had been whipping enough—it was not necessary to go any farther."

Almost my earliest recollection was the sale which followed my father's death, at the old homestead in Fayette County. I remember after the miscellaneous assortment of farming implements, stock, grain, etc., was disposed of, the negroes were put up on the block and knocked off to the highest bidder. And when Uncle Lewis, the foreman, who had made me whistles and toys, and let me ride with him to the field and back, was put up, and his age was inquired, and his teeth and muscles examined much as they did the horses at the barn, it cut me to the heart. But when I afterwards saw Aunt Ann, my black "mammy," who had

carried me in her arms and nursed me on her bosom, and my little black playmates, who were as dear to me as any I ever had, put up and disposed of, the iron entered my soul. Child as I was, I knew that what I that day witnessed was wrong; and as first impressions are the most lasting, I have never for a moment thought differently. My opposition to slavery, thus aroused, has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, until now "I loathe, abhor, my very soul with strong disgust is stirred, whenever I hear or write or tell of this dark institution of hell."

My oldest sister married a well-to-do farmer, stock-dealer, and slave-holder in southern Kentucky. After my mother's family moved to Paris, this sister, with her husband, baby girl and nurse, came on a few weeks' visit. My mother's cook, Aunt Dinah, was very industrious, but a genuine Guinea negro and a veritable virago. She ruled over the nurse and house girl with a rod of iron, for she frequently brandished the poker, as she scolded and berated them for some misdemeanor. Every one on the place except the mistress, stood in awe of her.

Now, my little niece was devoted to her nurse Ellen; and though little more than a baby, was a precocious child; she seldom spoke, but when she did it was plain and pointed.

Of course this little tot stood in awe of Aunt Dinah and seldom played around the kitchen. But one day when the cook was administering her usual tongue lashing to the nurse, the baby girl plucked her apron to attract attention, and said, her eyes flashing, "I thinks you treats my Ellen mighty mean!" At this the cook jumped back and threw up both hands in amazement, and said, "Fo de Lord, whar dat chile come from? never know'd she could talk!" She never abused Ellen after this.

On one occasion while visiting relatives in the country I went fishing in company with my cousin, a boy older and larger than myself. We had good luck and caught a nice string of small fish.

Late in the afternoon, a black girl, nearly grown, named Seeley, rode out into the pasture on horseback where we were, to drive up the cows. Like every other town boy, I was eager for a ride, and as my cousin was willing to carry the poles and fish, I was soon on the horse behind the girl, and we were galloping to the back part of the pasture.

Just as she was whipping the horse into still greater speed, the girth broke, and the saddle turning, threw us both to the ground with violence. She landed on her feet and was not hurt, but I broke a leg by the fall. My cousin, who saw the accident, turned back; between them they caught the horse, and having re-saddled it, put me on its back, and while one of them led the horse, the other walked by my side and supported the broken leg.

The girl was in great distress, and said "she knew the white folks would kill her for that." My cousin thought so too, and to prevent her being severely punished, who was not in any way to blame, except that she rode too fast thinking to please me, we contrived a very plausible explanation of the accident. "Let us tell them," said the girl, "that you raised up a rock to get a fishing worm, and accidentally let it fall back against your leg and broke it." This we agreed to do, and even decided which rock it was, namely, the one nearest the stump at the end of the dam. Well, it was a deliberate falsehood, but I believe the recording angel blotted it out under the circumstances. For years afterwards the identical rock that fell against the boy's leg and broke it, was pointed out to passers-by.

Every one has read of "Jimmie Butler and the owl," but I propose to tell you about Tom Butler and the mule. The circumstance happened on my Uncle's farm, about seven miles from Paris, where I spent several vacations when a boy. There were seven hundred acres in the farm, and of course he employed a good many hands, mostly Negroes. Among them was this Tom Butler, a young man about twenty years of age; and with the work stock, was a big one-eyed sorrel mule named Jack, who could jump a fence even if it was mule high, and throw his rider without any apparent effort. One day I was riding him out to work, when Tom Butler rattled his shoes, while sitting on the fence on the blind side of the mule; immediately he arched his back and shot skyward; I found myself on the ground, but not hurt. My cousin, who was manager, happened to see it, and made the Negro get on the mule, and took me up behind him on his horse. We rode on ahead and left the other hands to follow. Now we had occasion to go up on one side of a "branch" through the corn-field to get to our work. Here there were some tall horse weeds beside the path. At the suggestion of my cousin, I concealed myself in those weeds, armed with a long, sharp stick. When the mule and his rider came along I punched him in the ribs on the blind side with my stick; you can readily imagine what happened. My cousin was looking backward at the time, and he declared that the mule's feet actually got up higher than the corn tassels. The first jump was not sufficient to throw him, for though the Negro was elevated some distance in the air, he fell back straddle of the mule.

Jack now saw that he had more than an ordinary rider, and as he had never failed before, and had his reputation at stake, he arched his back and shot up-

ward like a rocket; and the Negro, well, he fell flat on his back in the mud and water of this little creek. I fully expected a fight or a foot race, but no, the good-natured fellow was not hurt; he arose, pulled himself out of the mire, and with a grin on his face said, "We is eben now; less quit."

After my sister was left a widow, I made my home with her for five years, and managed her farm and other business. Tobacco was the great staple, and in its culture we sometimes had poor whites from Tennessee, and colored people, as tenants or hired hands. But the blacks were infinitely more satisfactory. They had been taught to work in a cruel and exacting school, and the lesson was well learned.

Among the black people on the place was an intelligent mulatto named Griffin Taylor, and his family. He had belonged to a wealthy but hard master; had also been a soldier during the war. He was now getting old, and being afflicted with rheumatism, so that he worked under great pain and disadvantage, and having a large family, he was always hard pressed to make a living. I remarked to him one day, "Griffin, did you not fare better when a slave than you do now?"

"Boss," was the reply, "have you read the fable of the fat cur dog and the lean wolf? Well, in those days I was a fat cur dog; I was fed, passably clothed, and well worked, and if I ventured off the farm at night without a pass I was liable to be well whipped. I was simply chained to the place, a mere machine or animal. Now I am like that lean wolf; I have a hard scuffle to get enough to eat, but I am free to go where I please and no man can stop me. Better a thousand fold liberty with poverty, than plenty with slavery." And this sentiment is practically endorsed by all with whom I have ever talked on the subject.

It was at this time I made a study of the Negro race. I found much in their dispositions and characters that was admirable. In the first place, they were ambitious to excel in their work. This ambition could be aroused by just and honest settlements, by discreet and honest commendation, not flattery, and by getting up a friendly rivalry between two champions, or set of hands. Put them on their honor and show that you have confidence in them, and you will seldom find your confidence misplaced.

For instance, my sister had for a cook a colored auntie, Aunt Mandy, or "Black Mammy" as we sometimes called her. She was brought up and trained under the old régime, and the very soul of honor. My sister and her family could go and leave her any length of time, knowing that when they returned, everything would be in as good condition as when they left.

In the Blue Grass Region, most of the Negroes have settled in little villages of their own, around the large towns. Here the more thrifty of them own their homes, and others can rent on reasonable terms. The men go in numbers and work for the farmers from Monday morning until Saturday night. There are no better farm laborers in America than those Kentucky black men. The women, however, are not inclined to be as industrious. Often during harvest or thrashing, a farmer can get more help than he wants of the very best quality, but his wife can hardly get help in the kitchen for love or money, when at the nearest colored town there are scores of strong young women absolutely idle; they will not go into the country to work. Still a few of the women are as industrious as the men.

The colored farm hands have monopolized the work in hemp, especially cutting and breaking; this is due

to the fact that such work is very heavy, and unpleasant owing to the dust which is constantly flying. White men cannot endure the dust and refuse to work at it.

The work they seem to take the most pride in is around the stable where the trotting or race horses are trained. Here the negro is in his glory as a rubber, rider, driver, or even trainer; for some of the most successful premium and race winners in Kentucky have no other trainers but colored men. They take as much pride in a horse they train or drive in a race, as the owner, and of course could not be bribed to "throw off" a race.

However, a colored man could not fail to take interest in horses if he lived in that favored state; it is simply contagious, especially around Lexington, the fast horse center of the universe. Office and parlor of the leading hotels are filled with paintings of horses in the very poetry of motion. If two men are engaged in an earnest conversation, nine times out of ten they are talking "horse." I was in the Phœnix Hotel office one day, when a gentleman introduced two others as follows: "Allow me to present my friend Colonel Blank, better known as the owner of Membrino." Indeed "horseology," to coin a word, is considered one of the essential accomplishments of a Blue Grass belle; while the young men imagine the "halo around the moon to be a glorious celestial race track."

Another characteristic of the Negro I have often noticed. They are never willing to acknowledge that they are perfectly well; you can often hear a conversation about like this: "How you do dis mo'nin'?" "I'm tol'able."

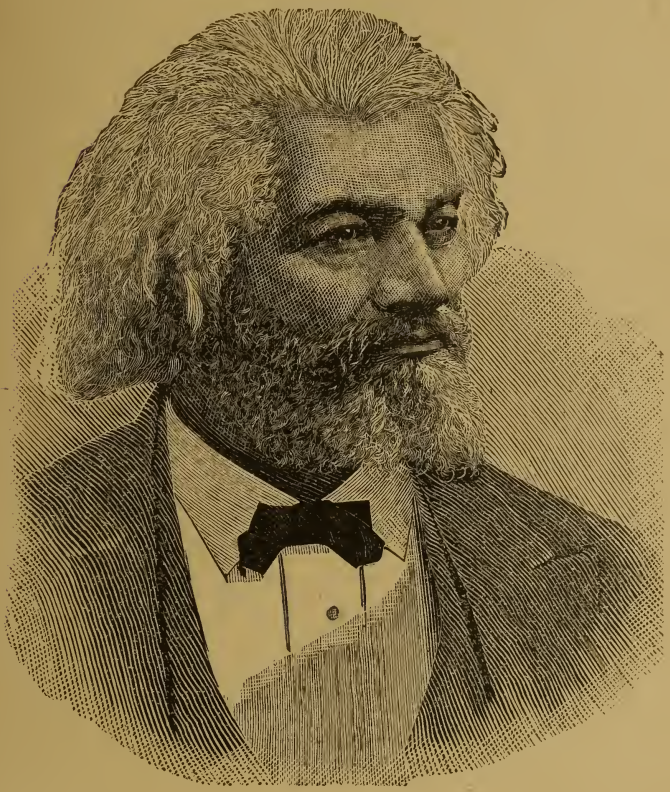
"How you Unc' Dick?" "I'm tol'able, bless God!" "How Rachel?" "She's tol'able." "How Unc'

Billy?" "He's tol'able." "The chil'un all well?" "Yes'um, dey all tol'able." When probably every individual inquired about was in almost perfect health.

However, we think with Judge W. M. Beckner of the Winchester Democrat, that "the Negro population of Kentucky is of a better class than that of the cotton states."

The circle of those who recognize the "Brother in Black" as a useful element in the social forces of the South, is widening from year to year.

He has a record of moral and intellectual inprovement without a parallel in the history of the world."



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

WILLIAM MOORE.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOME PROMINENT NEGROES.

I. FREDERICK DOUGLASS:—It is not known just when this remarkable man was born; but he supposes it was in February, 1817, in the village of Tuckahoe, Maryland.

His mother's name was Harriet Bailey, and he remembers that she was the only black person in the village who could read; he also recollects that she was quite black and glossy; and as he is many shades lighter, his father must have been a white man. Frederick had an older brother named Perry, and four sisters. His mother, as if anticipating his future career of greatness, gave him a name in keeping with it; she called him Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey; but after his escape, wishing to conceal his identity, he took the name he has since borne.

The Negroes on his master's plantation received the usual cruelty accorded slaves in Maryland at this time. Many were the floggings the boy witnessed, which brought blood from the backs of the victim of an overseer's lash.

However, there were a few bright spots in his plantation life to which he could look back with pleasure.

His master's daughter, Mrs. Thomas Auld, called by the slaves "Miss Lucretia," treated him with great kindness; indeed he became quite a pet with her, and often when hungry, his usual condition, would sing under her window, receiving for his pay a slice of

bread and butter. When struck on the forehead by another slave boy, she it was who dressed his bleeding wound.

After this, he was sent by his master to Baltimore, where his new mistress, the wife of Hugh Auld, was very kind to him, and began teaching him to read; but was prevented by her husband, who said in the presence of the boy, that "learning would ruin any nigger" and if Fred was taught to read the Bible it would be impossible to keep him a slave. The words of his master were treasured up by our young hero, who resolved at all hazards to get learning, and with all his getting to "get understanding."

He always carried a Webster's spelling book in his pocket, and induced his little white playmates to give him instructions. He turned bootblack, and earned fifty cents with which he bought a "Columbian Orator," and read with such avidity he might be said to have devoured it.

In 1834 Frederick's master hired him to one Covey, a prominent Methodist in the same county, who talked religion on Sunday to his slaves, and prayed before them morning and evening; but his treatment of them was not in keeping with his profession. When he had been there but a few days, Covey sent him with a yoke of unruly oxen to draw in wood from the forest. This would have been a difficult task for an experienced ox driver; but our hero had never driven oxen before, and as might have been expected, they became unmanageable, tangling themselves and the cart, until it was hard work releasing them; however, this was finally accomplished, and with his load on he started to the house; but the oxen ran away even with the load on the cart; breaking the gate to pieces, they almost crushed the driver between the wheel and the gate-post. He did not reach the house until

late noon, but Covey at once ordered him back for a second load; and following after saw what had been done. He now cut three black gum sprouts, noted for their toughness, from four to six feet long; tearing off Frederick's clothes, he wore them out on his bare back, one at a time, and his coarse shirt kept the sores rubbed and open for weeks. On another occasion during a hot afternoon in August, Frederick was taken deathly sick while carrying wheat to a fan. Covey saw him lying on the ground, and with a brutal kick in the side, ordered him to rise; he made an effort and fell back, but a second heavy kick brought him to his feet, only to fall helpless on attempting to pick up the tub of wheat and chaff. Upon which Covey struck him over the head with a stick, causing the blood to gush out, saying, "I will cure your headache." His victim was still too weak to rise, and was left bleeding in a fence corner. The flow of blood relieved his dizziness, and he determined to go and complain to his master; seeking a moment when Covey's back was turned, he crept into the woods, where, after resting a while, he made his way almost exhausted to St. Michaels, and reported to Captain Auld, only to be sent back the next day. He did not present himself before Covey until Sunday morning, having spent Saturday night with a slave named Sanday and his wife, who gave him food and ministered to his wants. Brother Covey received him kindly, for it was the Sabbath, and the good man (?) was just starting to church.

He attempted to whip Fred once more after this, but the worm turned on him. The slave had noticed, "men are whipped oftenest who are whipped easiest." He determined to resist, and did so with such success that he drew blood from Covey without losing a drop himself.

He never attempted to whip him afterwards. He was a slave four years longer, but was never again whipped, for whenever it was attempted he always gave as good as he received, sometimes better.

In 1835-6 he was hired from his master by one Mr. Freeland; here he received kind treatment, and found a way to open a Sunday-school. He also determined to preach the gospel, and after all had retired to bed would go out and address the pigs as "Dear Brethren."

After this, he was sent to Baltimore and apprenticed to a ship-builder. From here he escaped, disguised as a sailor, and fled to New York. Here he was joined by his sweetheart, Anna Murray of Baltimore, a free woman of color, and they were married. The bride and groom pushed on to New Bedford, where he hoped to get work at his trade, that of calking ships.

He worked in New Bedford at shoveling coal, sawing wood, digging cellars, or any other odd job that came to hand, until he finally secured work at calking whalers in the ship yard.

On August 11th, 1841, he was invited for the first time to address an audience of white people in a convention at Nantucket. He arose with fear and trembling, being much embarrassed, but managed to stammer through a short speech, wherein he thanked the champions of liberty for what they had done and were doing for his enslaved race. He made a good impression, however, and after urgent solicitation opened the convention next morning.

Douglass on this occasion and afterwards, amused the people and proved that he had been a slave, by giving the following extract from a slave-holding minister's sermon to an audience of slaves on the text, "Servants, obey in all things your masters,"—

"The Lord in His Providence sent pious souls over to Africa—dark, heathen, benighted Africa, to bring you into this Christian land, where you can sit beneath the droppings of the sanctuary and hear about Jesus. The Lord has so established things that only through the channel of obedience can happiness flow. For instance—Sam, the other day, was sent out by his master to do a piece of work that would occupy about two hours and a half. At the expiration of that time, Sam's master went out; and, lo and behold! there lay Sam's hoe in one place, and Sam in another, fast asleep. The master remembered the words of scripture: 'He that knoweth his master's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes!' So Sam was taken up and whipped, so that he was disabled from doing any work for the space of three weeks and a half. For only through the channel of obedience can happiness flow."

It was after he had spoken at Oakland, Ohio, that one Irishman remarked to another: "And what do you think of that for a Naygur?"

"Be aisy," was the answer, "he's only half a Naygur."

"And if half a Naygur can speak like that, what could a whole one do?"

His companions soon learned it was wise to have Douglass the last speaker on the program, if they wanted to hold their audience to the end.

At Grafton, Massachusetts, he advertised his own meeting by ringing a bell through the streets and crying, "Notice! Frederick Douglass, recently a slave, will lecture on American slavery, on Grafton Common, this evening at seven o'clock." He was greeted by a great audience, and offered the largest church in town for his other meetings.

His matchless eloquence was the "Open Sesame" which secured this favor.

Having written the true "Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass," he thought it discreet to put the ocean between him and his enraged master for a season. Accordingly he embarked for Liverpool Aug. 16, 1845.

His book was eagerly read on board, and an invitation extended to its author to deliver an address upon the saloon-deck. This he attempted to do; but a number of Southern slave-holders on board interrupted him by giving the lie to everything he said and shaking their fists under his nose. The captain was at last forced to clear the deck, and even threatened to put the leader of the mob in irons. An account of this suppression of free speech on the high sea was published in the English papers and gave the black orator an immense amount of free advertising; so that his lecturing tour through Ireland, Scotland and England was almost an ovation. While in Ireland, Father Mathew gave him a soiree, and administered to him the *temperance* pledge. In making a speech in St. Patrick's Temperance Hall, Douglass said of those who spoke of the Irish as slaves, that "they do not sufficiently distinguish between certain forms of oppression, and slavery. Slavery is not what takes away any one right or property in man; it takes away man himself, and makes him the property of his fellow. It is what unmans man, takes him from himself, dooms him as a degraded thing, ranks him with the bridled horse and muzzled ox, makes him a chattel, a marketable commodity, to be swayed by the caprice, and sold at the will of his master."

At Belfast, Jan. 6, 1846, the local branch of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society presented him with a Bible splendidly bound in gold. He remarked on receiving it, "I accept thankfully this Bible; and while it shall have the best place in my

house, I trust also to give its precepts a place in my heart."

While in London he was lionized because of his oratorical gifts.

He took breakfast with Sir John Bowring, and met Lord Brougham and Douglas Jerrold.

A young man from one of our Southern states was being entertained by an English gentleman, who said, "I want particularly to have you look at my bust of your countryman, Mr. Douglass." "With the utmost pleasure," he answered. "Senator Douglass is one of our most distinguished men." What was his amazement when he discovered that the bust was of our hero and in *black* marble!

While he was in England Mrs. Ellen Richardson collected money and bought Douglass' freedom from Hugh Auld, and his papers were presented to him on his return to America; but he told his English friends in his parting address, that he had just as much right to sell Hugh Auld as Auld had to sell him; and said he, "If any of you are disposed to make a purchase to-night just say the word."

Mr. Douglass began to publish the "North Star," at Rochester, New York, Dec. 3, 1847. It was aggressive and ably edited from the first. But in order to avoid confusion, he changed its name with the fourth volume to "Frederick Douglass' Paper." "For," said he, "there were I know not how many stars in the newspaper firmament." He furnished each member of Congress a copy of his paper, with good results. In 1858 he started a magazine called "Douglass' Monthly," mainly for circulating in England. The weekly paper was merged in the "Monthly" in August, 1860.

On one occasion, Mr. Douglass received the following letter: "I have been informed that you had

an only daughter, and that you desire her to marry a whight man; whereupon you give $15,000 or $20,000 dollars to any respectable whight man that would marry her and cherish her through life. If there is any truth in this report, P. S. let me know and I will marry your daughter on these conditions, and will endeavor to make myself agreeable."

To which Douglass in replying remarked, that as a total stranger his correspondent should have given at least one reference, and then continued: "You date from Auburn, and tell me to direct to Auburn, but do not name the street. Pardon me for regarding this as a suspicious circumstance. You may be an inmate of the State Prison, or on your way there; a fact which you see would interfere with the fulfillment of your part of the proposed bargain, even if I could fulfill the part you assign to me. You want $15,000 or $20,000; this is a common want, and you are not to blame for using all honorable means to obtain it. But candor requires me to state, that if you were in every respect a suitable person to be bought for the purpose you name, I have not the money to buy you. I have no objection to your complexion; but there are certain little faults of grammar and spelling, as well as other little points in your letter, which compel me to regard you as a person by education, manners, and morals, wholly unfit to associate with my daughter in any capacity whatever. You evidently think your white skin of great value; I don't dispute it; it is probably the best thing about you; yet not even that valuable quality can commend you sufficiently to induce even so black a Negro as myself to accept you as his son-in-law."

Can any fair-minded man read the foregoing letter and still insist that the Negro is an inferior race?

When the war came on, Douglass did all he could

with tongue and pen, to have the Negroes enlisted to help fight for their own freedom; two of his sons, Charles, and Lewis H., afterwards Sergeant-Major, enlisted. Mr. Douglass afterward called on President Lincoln, in the interest of fair treatment to Negro soldiers. The following extract is from a speech delivered in Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 1863: "When I went in, the President was sitting in his usual position, I was told, with his feet in different parts of the room, taking it easy. As I came in and approached him the President began to rise, and he continued rising, until he stood over me; and reaching out his hand, he said, 'Mr. Douglass, I know you; I have read about you and Mr. Seward has told me about you;' putting me quite at ease at once. He told me that I had made a speech somewhere in New York and it had got into the papers, and among other things I had said that if I were called upon to state what I regarded as the most disheartening feature of our present military situation, it would not be the various disasters experienced by our armies and navies, on flood and field, but it would be the tardy, hesitating, vacillating policy of the President of the United States. And the President said to me, 'Mr. Douglass, I have been charged with being tardy, and vacillating, but I do not think that charge can be sustained; I think it cannot be shown that when I have once taken a position I have ever retreated from it.'

"I told him that he had been somewhat slow in proclaiming equal protection to our colored soldiers and prisoners; and he said the country needed talking up to that point. He hesitated in regard to it, when he felt the country was not ready for it. He knew that the colored man was a despised man, and that if he at first came out with such a proclamation, all the hatred which is poured on the head of the Negro race

would be visited on his administration. He said that there was preparatory work needed, and that this work had now been done. And continued, 'Remember this, Mr. Douglass: Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson, and Fort Wagner are recent events; and these were necessary to prepare the way for this very proclamation of mine.' I thought it was reasonable, but came to the conclusion that while Abraham Lincoln will not go down to posterity as Abraham the Great, or as Abraham the Wise, or as Abraham the Eloquent, although he is all three—wise, great, and eloquent, he will go down to posterity, if the country is saved, as Honest Abraham; and going down thus, his name may be written anywhere in this wide world of ours side by side with that of Washington without disparaging the latter."

I think one of the best things Douglass ever said was in a jubilee meeting held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, just after Richmond was taken. Said he: "I tell you the Negro is coming up. He is rising. Why, only a little while ago, we were the Lazarus of the South; the Dives of the South was the slave-holder. But now a change has taken place. That rich man is lifting up his eyes in torments down there, and seeing Lazarus in Abraham's bosom; and he is all the time calling on Father Abraham to send Lazarus back. But Father Abraham says, 'If they hear not Grant and Sherman, neither will they be persuaded though I send Lazarus unto them.' I say, we are way up yonder now, no mistake."

The war over, Mr. Douglass continued to support the Republican party, and was appointed by President Hayes Marshal of the District of Columbia. He presided over the colored people's convention at Louisville, July, 1880. In May, 1881, he was appointed Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

THE NEGRO.

THE INDIAN.

When Harrison was elected President he appointed him Minister to Hayti. And at the World's Fair Mr. Douglass had general charge of the exhibit from that Republic.

Fred Douglass is unquestionably America's greatest colored man, and will go down in history as one of her greatest orators. A gentleman who heard his great oration on Lincoln at the Rochester Courthouse, said: "I have heard Webster and Clay in their best moments, Channing and Beecher in their highest inspirations; I never heard truer eloquence. I never saw profounder impression."

Colonel F. W. Higginson said of Douglass: "I have hardly heard his equal in grasp upon an audience, in dramatic presentation, in striking at the pith of an ethical question and in single illustrations and images."

Most of Frederick Douglass' public life was spent at a period which tried men's souls and tended to produce great orators; but he showed that he was more than an orator; he was a statesman of sound judgment, and was almost invariably right. Garrison claimed that the constitution was pro-slavery, and even favored secession and disunion as a means of putting down slavery. But Douglass maintained that the constitution, if rightly interpreted, was emphatically anti-slavery. And he rightly favored fighting for emancipation under the constitution and the stars and stripes. He also favored arming the strong black hand as well as the white, and this was the very policy which proved a success.

II. TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE:—The subject of this sketch was born about the year 1745, on what was called the Breda estate, near the town of Cape Haytien, Hayti. His full name was Francois Dominique Toussaint. He carned the surname L'Ouverture be-

cause of his great prowess in battle. An admiring Frenchman said of him, "Cet homme fait l'ouverture"--"This man makes an opening everywere." After this his soldiers called him L'Ouverture, "the opening."

Toussaint showed such marked intelligence, and purity of conduct, as to give him great influence over his fellow slaves, and attracted the attention of the manager of the plantation, M. Bayou de Libertas, who taught him reading, writing and arithmetic. This was a great accomplishment, when we consider that only one slave in ten thousand possessed these elements of knowledge. His master also made him postilion, a position which gave him advantage over the plantation hands.

When the insurrection took place in 1791 Toussaint was urged to join them, but he declined until he had aided his benefactor M. Bayou, and his family on board a ship to escape to Baltimore.

St. Domingo was a bone of contention between the Spanish and French. Finding the latter weakened by being divided into opposing factions of Republicans and Bourbon Loyalists, the Spanish determined to seize the whole island. In their extremity the French invited the English of Jamaica to come to their relief. At first the Governor of Jamaica sent them a few hundred soldiers; afterwards, the English government sent General Maitland, who landed with four thousand troops and gained great success.

The French Governor now saw he had as much to fear from his English allies as his Spanish foes, for England had determined to seize the island for her own.

In his extremity, the Governor thought of the mulattoes who had assisted him in putting down an insurrection of the whites five years before. But he had forfeited his solemn oath to grant them civil priv-

ileges, and they would not be deceived a second time.

He now thought of the enslaved blacks, and sent a deputation to Toussaint, who even then had great influence with his people. But he was a diplomatist, and asked the envoys, "Where are your credentials?"

"We have none," was the answer. "Then," said he, "I will have nothing to do with you." The envoys next went to Francois and Biassou, two other slave leaders of considerable influence, and said, "Arm, assist the government to put down the Spanish on one side, the English on the other."

Having been previously advised by Toussaint, who, like Cromwell, preferred not to be in the lead at first, they placed themselves at the head of fifteen thousand blacks, who had been supplied with arms from the government arsenal. This was in August, 1791.

With the help of this army of blacks, Blanchelande gained the ascendency over the combined Spanish and English, and was reinstated as Governor. Having accomplished this, the black leaders, speaking for their people, said to the Governor they had created, "Now grant us gradual emancipation, give us one day in seven; give us one day's labor; we will buy another and with the two buy a third, and so eventually be free." Surely this was a very mild request, coming from men who had saved his government from overthrow. But the same Blanchelande, who was false to his mulatto benefactors, proved doubly false to his black allies. He sneeringly replied, "Disarm! Disperse!" But they stood their ground, and replied, "The right hand that has saved you, the right hand that has saved the island for the Bourbons, may perchance clutch some of our own rights." Thus began the insurrection. The Blacks refused to disband or lay down their arms, as they had been mortified by two insults. First, their commissioners sent to meet

the French Committee were ignominiously dismissed; after this Francois, their general, being summoned to a second conference, went to it on horseback, attended by two officers. Here he met a young French lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, who seeing him in the uniform of an officer, became enraged and struck him a heavy blow with his riding-whip across the shoulders. The Negro troops did not hear of the insult to their commander for twenty-four hours. When they did, the cry was heard, "Death to every white man!" They soon had fifteen hundred white prisoners ranged in front of the camp, intending to shoot them. Just at this critical time, Toussaint reached the camp, having been offered the position as second in command. Mounting a hill in front of the army, he gained their attention and said in a loud voice heard by all: "Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult to our chief; only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out. To shed that is courage; to shed this is cowardice, and cruelty besides." They heard his words and the lives of fifteen hundred men were saved. Shortly afterwards he became the commander-in-chief of the black army, and in seven years' time accomplished the following results:

He conquered the Spanish, even in their own cities, over which he caused the French banner to wave; he fought pitched battles with the English general, Maitland, whom he defeated, with great slaughter, but afterwards he permitted him to retreat with the remnant of his army to Jamaica; he subdued the mulattoes to his sway, and when the French army turned on their general, Loveaux, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, rescued Loveaux from prison and placed him at the head of his army. The French, in their gratitude, now named him General-in-

Chief of the armies of St. Domingo. From this to the position of governor of the island was for Toussaint but a short step.

Under his government the island continued happy and prosperous.

In the year 1800 he appointed a committee of nine to draft a constitution for him. Out of this number there were eight white proprietors, and one mulatto, not a single Negro or soldier in the number. With the instinct of a true statesman he said to this committee: "Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world." Catholic as he was, he took his place beside Roger Williams in securing to all, religious liberty, for he said to the committee: "Make it the first line of my constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs."

This constitution worked admirably during the time it was tried, even if it did make Toussaint President for life with the power to choose his successor. The commerce of the world visited St. Domingo, her coffers were filled, and her plantations, worked by free labor, blossomed like the rose.

The same year in which the constitution was drafted, Toussaint made the following proclamation: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home; we never meant to take your houses and your lands. The Negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you, your lands are ready." And the exiled planters returned from Baltimore and New Orleans, from Madrid and Paris, and lived contentedly on their estates, protected by the pledged word of this black ruler, which was never broken. Then turning to his armies—in their rags and poverty, he said: "Go back and work on these estates you have conquered; for an empire can be founded only on order and industry, and you can learn these virtues only there."

Within a week his army was transformed into laborers.

Thus did Toussaint establish what bid fair to be the best governed republic on earth. But this very fact was an eyesore to Napoleon Bonaparte, who was about to seize the crown of France. Moreover, Toussaint had written Napoleon a letter in which occured this language, "The first of the blacks, to the first of the whites." And when the satirists of Paris spoke of Toussaint as the "Black Napoleon," it enraged Bonaparte more than the defeat of his army by this Negro chieftain.

So Napoleon called a council and asked, "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slave-holders present said, "Give it to us." But a letter was read from Colonel Vincent, formerly private secretary to Toussaint, and his answer was: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern, races melt under his hand. He has saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that, when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and any revenue if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused and saved it for France." But Napoleon had already decided what to do before calling the council. He had sixty thousand idle republican soldiers, and he dare not seize the crown until they were sent to a distant realm, or the ocean rolled between him and them. Accordingly in an evil hour he put thirty thousand of them under the command of his brother-in-law, Leclerc, and sent them to Hayti, with instructions to overthrow the Republic, bring Toussaint a prisoner to France, and re-establish slavery on the island.

Toussaint, in company with his friend Christopher, rode on horseback to the eastern extremity of the

island, where from a high promontory he saw the approaching fleet.

Counting the ships, he found they numbered sixty, each crowded with the best drilled, best armed soldiers in all Europe. He then exclaimed to Christopher: "All France has come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He now deplored his misplaced confidence in Napoleon which caused him to disband his army. But he resolved to give the invaders a warm reception and sell his liberty and that of his people as dearly as possible. Accordingly he issued the following proclamation:

"My children, France comes to make us slaves; God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make;" and they obeyed him.

Marching into battle singing the Marseillaise Hymn, the Negro soldiers under such a leader were invincible, and at first routed the invading army in every encounter.

Defeated in battle, Leclerc resorted to lying, and issued this proclamation:

"We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies; join us and you shall have the rights you claim." Deceived by these lying promises, all the officers laid down their arms except Pierre, Toussaint's brother, Christopher and Dessalines; finally these, too, went over to the enemy, and the great leader was left alone, with a remnant of his army. He now sent the following message to Leclerc. "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years,—could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate blood. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took

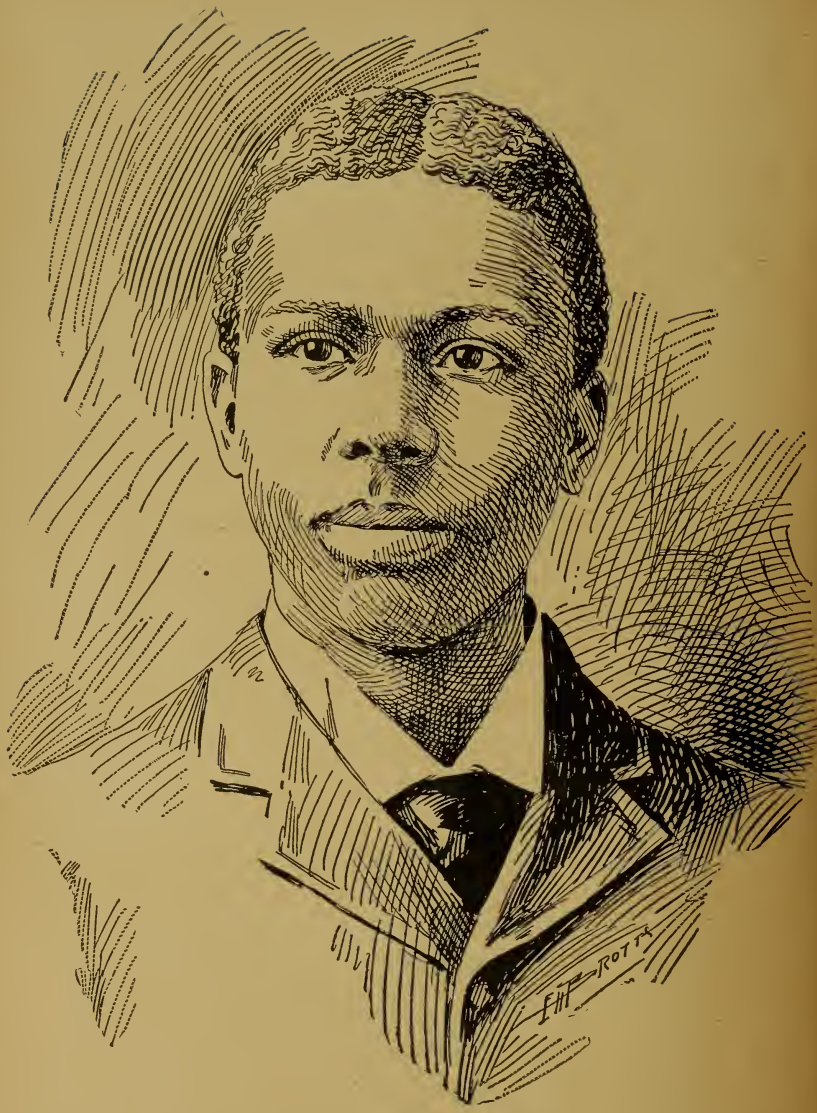
the oath to be a true citizen, and the French general swore on the same crucifix, that the island should be free, and that Toussaint should be faithfully protected. But the white man never intended to keep that sacred oath, as all the circumstances show. Leclerc was struck by the contrast between his own splendidly equipped soldiers and the ragged followers of the black commander, whose arms were in keeping with their clothes, and he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours," was the Spartan-like answer.

The story is soon told. Relying upon the pledges of Leclerc, Toussaint, who never broke his word to friend or foe, retired to his plantation, only to be treacherously seized in the night, and conveyed on board a man of war, bound for France. As he caught the last glimpse of his beloved Hayti, he remarked to the captain, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up."

He was taken to Paris, and incarcerated in prison Here the great (?) Napoleon sent Caffarelli, one of his secretaries, to interrogate him concerning supposed buried treasures. After listening a few minutes he answers, "Young man, it is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek."

Toussaint was now sent as a prisoner to the Chateaux de Joux and confined in a stone dungeon twelve by twelve feet, with a single narrow window, looking out on Switzerland's mountains of snow. It is said that ice covered the floor in winter, and dampness in summer. From this dungeon tomb he wrote the following letter to Napoleon:—"Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God,

Phillis Wheatley



PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice."

This letter was never answered. And when Napoleon learned that five francs a day were allowed him for food and fuel, he cut it down to three. Still the iron constitution did not yield to slow assassination fast enough, and the jailer was ordered to go into Switzerland with the keys of the dungeon, and remained four days. When he returned the Black Prince was dead.

This sad event was in April of 1803, and when it became known raised a cry of horror, and indignation against Napoleon, who would thus destroy in this barbarous manner one of the noblest and bravest of the African race. But God is just, and twelve years afterward the imperial assassin was a closely guarded prisoner on the rocky island of St. Helena, whining his life away, saying "he did not live, he simply existed."

In a few years he died of disappointment and a broken heart; and nothing he accomplished while living exists. Even the monarchy for which he fought so many battles, has been superseded by a republic.

Contrast this with the fact, that while no monument marks the resting place of Toussaint, thus cruelly murdered, still the republic he founded exists to-day as a memorial of his valor and statesmanship.

It is significant, too, that the last claimant of the Bonaparte dynasty, Prince Napoleon, was killed by the Zulus in Africa, the very people from which Toussaint sprang, the blood of whose kings flowed in his veins.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small. Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

III. PHILLIS WHEATLEY:—This remarkable colored

girl was brought, in 1761, on a slave ship from Africa to the Boston slave market, and purchased by Mrs. John Wheatley, a benevolent and cultured lady. When bought she was naked except a piece of dirty carpet around her loins. She was thin and sick from a rough, tedious sea voyage, for her constitution was delicate at best. Impressed by her intelligent countenance and modest demeanor, she was selected from a large number of slaves.

It was the intention at first to teach her the duties of a house servant; but clean clothing and good food wrought such a change for the better, that her mistress decided to instruct her in letters. She was only eight years old and proved a very apt pupil; in less than a year and a half she had mastered the English language sufficiently well to read the most difficult portions of the Bible. She also mastered writing with equal ease, and in four years from the time she was taken out of the slave market could carry on an interesting correspondence upon many topics. Her amiable disposition and budding intellect attracted the attention of the refined and cultured of Boston, who gave her encouragement by lending her books and conversing with her upon literary subjects. Having acquired a fairly good English education, she began the study of Latin, and soon became so proficient that she made an admirable translation of one of Ovid's tales, which was published in Boston and republished in England, where it was heartily commended by many of the reviews.

When asked what she remembered about her home in Africa she replied, "Nothing except the fact that every morning my mother poured out water before the rising sun." She could not help but contrast this with the worship of the true and only living God, andthis child of Africa became deeply pious. In 1770,

at the age of sixteen, she was happily converted and united with the congregation at the "Old South Meeting-house." Four years afterwards, her master manumitted her. But the New England climate was too severe for one of her studious and sedentary habits, with delicate constitution, and she began to go into a decline. At the suggestion of eminent physicians, her adopted mother, for such she proved herself to be, sent her on a voyage to England, in care of her son, who was going on business. Some years previous to this Phillis had developed a great talent for poetry, which she had cultivated to the utmost. Indeed her reputation was well established, and had preceded her to England. Her rare conversational powers and charming demeanor took London by storm.

Soon the nobility, thoughtful people, and press, united in extolling the name of Phillis Wheatley, the African poetess.

Her poems were first published in Boston in 1770. But her admiring friends prevailed upon her to bring out a second and better edition in London in 1773. This was a small octavo volume of about one hundred and twenty pages, comprising thirty-nine pieces. It was dedicated to the Countess of Huntingdon, and contained a picture of the poetess, and a letter of recommendation signed by the governor and lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, with many other reliable citizens of Boston, including her master; establishing the fact that all the poems contained in the book were written by Phillis. For the poems were so excellent, strangers were disposed to question their originality.

During Phillis' stay in England, Mrs. Wheatley grieved herself sick about her adopted daughter. She would talk to her picture by the hour, and pointing it out to friends, exclaim with all a mother's pride:

"See! Look at my Phillis! Does she not seem as though she would speak to me?"

When she could endure the separation no longer, she sent an urgent request to Phillis to return at once to Boston. This she hastened to do and found her kind benefactor at death's door. She was only able to comfort her for a short time before the end came.

Mr. Wheatley and his daughter soon followed her to the grave.

Young Mr. Wheatley made his home in England; so Phillis was alone in the "wide, wide world."

The historian Sparks informs us that "she soon after received an offer of marriage from a respectable colored man of Boston, named John Peters.

"In an evil hour, he was accepted; and though he was a man of talents and information, he proved utterly unworthy of the distinguished woman who honored him with her alliance."

Her married life was brief and unhappy. One babe gladdened her heart, only to die early. Having been tenderly brought up, she naturally expected the same treatment from her husband, but was doomed to a sad disappointment. Peters became jealous and morose, and subjected her to cruel treatment.

Her delicate constitution gave way, and she went into a hasty decline, from which she died December fifth, 1784, in the thirty-first year of her age, loved and mourned by all who knew her.

She was certainly one of the most remarkable characters in history. Her life reads more like a romance than the statement of historical facts. From a condition of nudity in a slave-ship she worked her way up until she conquered the social caste of Boston and London, and was dined, and praised by the cultivated and refined of two continents.

George W. Williams says of her, "She addressed

a poem to General Washington that pleased the old warrior very much. We have never seen it, though we have searched diligently."

Mr. Sparks says of it, in his Life of Washington, "I have not been able to find among Washington's papers this letter and poem addressed to him. They have doubtless been lost."

Thus we see a distinguished biographer, and no less distinguished historian, both "searched diligently for the poem and their conclusions were that it had "doubtless been lost." But we are glad to inform our readers that the poem in question was "not lost, but gone before," to the publisher; sent by Washington himself. And having obtained a copy at no little trouble and pains, we shall give it in full, but will first quote two letters germane to it.

"CAMBRIDGE, February 28th, 1886.

"MISS PHILLIS,—Your favor of the 26th of October did not reach my hands till the middle of December. Time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences, continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for seeming neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me, in the elegant lines enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive, that while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints.

"If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near

headquarters, shall be happy to see a person so favored by the Muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations. I am, with great respect, your obedient, humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

This is about the kind of a letter we would expect from a man who was noble enough to emancipate his own slaves, that they might enjoy that liberty for which he imperiled his life.

The following letter accompanied the poem, dedicated to Washington just before he took command of the Continental army.

"GENERAL WASHINGTON, Sir:—

"I have taken the liberty to address your excellency in the enclosed poem, and entreat your acceptance, though I am not insensible to its inaccuracies. Your appointment by the Continental Congress to be Generalissimo of the armies of North America, together with the fame of your virtues, excites sensations not easy to suppress. Your generosity, therefore, I presume, will pardon the attempt.

"Wishing your excellency all possible success in the great cause you are so generously engaged in, I am your excellency's most obedient, humble servant,

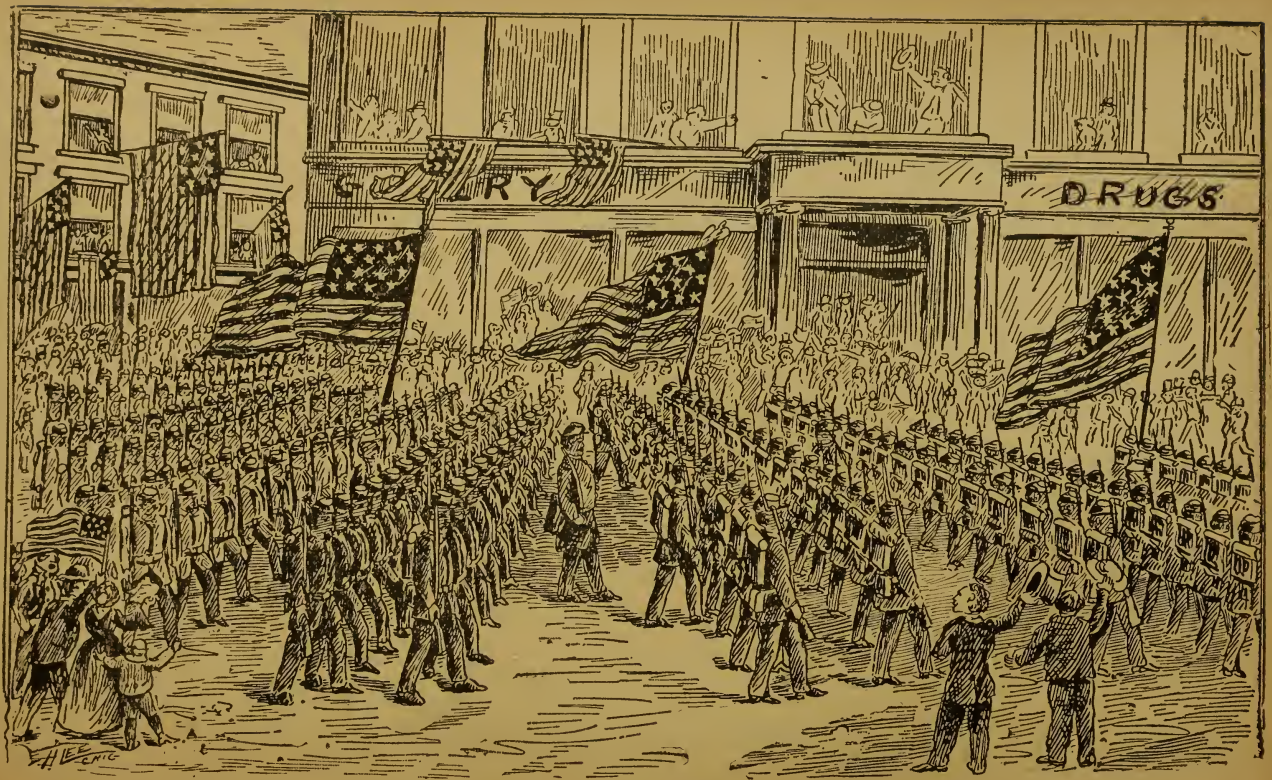
"PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

"Providence, October 26, 1775."

HIS EXCELLENCY, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Celestial choir! enthroned in realms of light,
Columbia's scenes of glorious toils I write;
While freedom's cause her anxious breast alarms,
She flashes dreadful in refulgent arms.
See Mother Earth her offspring's fate bemoan,
And nation's gaze at scenes before unknown,
See the bright beams of heaven's revolving light
Involved in sorrows and in veil of night.

SOJOURNER TRUTH.



Negro soldiers fighting for the Union. The 54th Massachusetts in 1863, passing through New York City, the first complete regiment of negro troops called to duty. Ordered to proceed to South Carolina. So great was the prejudice at the North against negro soldiers, that the chief of police in the city of New York informed the war department that he feared the regiment would be subjected to insult in case it passed through that metropolis. His fears appear to have been groundless, as the regiment passed on its way.

The goddess comes, she moves divinely fair,
Olive and laurel bind her golden hair;
Wherever shines this native of the skies,
Unnumbered charms and recent graces rise.
Muse! bow propitious while my pen relates
How pour her armies through a thousand gates;
As when Eolus heaven's fair face deforms,
Enwrapped in tempest and a night of storms;
Astonished ocean feels the wild uproar,
The refluent surges beat the resounding shore;
Or thick as leaves in Autumn's golden reign,
Such and so many moves the warrior's train.
In bright array they seek the world of war,
Where high unfurled the ensign waves in air.
Shall I to Washington their praise recite?
Enough, thou knowest them in the fields of fight.
Thee, first in peace and honor we demand,
The grace and glory of thy mortal band.
Famed for thy valor, for thy virtue more,
Hear every tongue thy guardian aid implore.
One Century scarce performed its destined round
When Gallic powers Columbia's fury found;
And, so may you, whoever dares disgrace
The land of freedom's heaven-defended race.
Fixed are the eyes of nations on the scales,
For in their hopes Columbia's arm prevails.
Anon, Britannia droops the pensive head,
While round increase the rising hills of dead.
Ah! cruel blindness to Columbia's state,
Lament thy thirst of boundless power too late.
Proceed, great chief; virtue on thy side;
Thy every action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine
With gold unfading, Washington, be thine."

IV. SOJOURNER TRUTH,—The Libyan Sibyl:—It is not known when this remarkable woman was born, as it was not customary to keep a record of such trivial events as the birth of a slave-child. This much

is known, she was manumitted by an act of the legislature of New York in 1811, by which all slaves forty years of age were liberated at once, the others in 1828 and the children on reaching their majority.

Her former name was Isabella, that of her parents, James and Betsey, slaves of Colonel Ardinburgh, who belonged to that class called Low Dutch; he lived in Hurley, Ulster County, New York.

She remembered that her parents, Bomefree and Mau-mau-Bett, after having all their children, whom God had intended as the prop and stay of their declining years, sold away from them, were emancipated when they became old and well nigh helpless. But this was little more than liberty to starve or perish from cold, for they were given to understand that they could expect no help from the very people who had been enriched by thier unpaid toil for more than half a century.

At nine years of age, Isabella was sold for one hundred dollars to one John Nealy of Ulster County, New York. She thinks her sale was connected in some way with a flock of sheep. The trials of her life dated from this period, or as she expressed it, "Now the war begun." She knew nothing of the English language, while the Nealys could not talk Dutch. Mr. Nealy, however, could understand that language, but neither mistress nor maid could understand the language of the other. This naturally led to frequent misunderstanding, and punishment for poor Isabella. She was often slapped over for bringing the wrong article to her mistress. She suffered terribly from cold, her feet becoming badly frozen. And while they gave her plenty to eat, they also gave her plenty of whippings; often for no other reason than her inability to understand what she was told to do.

One Sunday morning she was sent to the barn,

she found her master waiting for her with a ... et rods in his hand. Stripping her to the waist, ...ying her hands before her, he gave her the most ... flogging she ever received. Her flesh was deeply ...cerated, the blood streaming to the barn floor, the ...cars remaining to her dying day. And she never knew why she was so cruelly whipped.

Often afterwards she stated, "When I hear 'em tell of whippin' women on the bare flesh, it makes my flesh crawl, an' my very hair rise on my head! Oh my God, what a way is this of treatin' human bein's!" She now remembered her mother's instruction to pray to God in time of trouble, and at once obeyed, begging God to send her father, who was still living, and through him to provide a kinder master.

This prayer (and indeed *all* her prayers) was promptly answered. In a short time her poor old father came to see her. When he started away she followed him to the gate, and unburdened her heart.

He promised to do what he could and in a short time sent a rough but kind-hearted man, by the name of Schriver, who purchased Isabella of her master for one hundred and five dollars. Schriver lived about six miles distant, and owned a large farm, but left it unimproved, while he engaged in fishing, and keeping a hotel. He and his family were coarse, ignorant, and profane, but honest, kind-hearted people. Here Isabella was kindly treated, but learned from their example to swear like a trooper. Her work consisted of carrying fish, hoeing corn, bringing roots and herbs from the woods for beers, and going on errands to the Strand for a jug of molasses or liquor.

Naturally instead of improving in morals she retrograded, during the year and a half she spent there.

Her next master was John J. Dumont, to whom

she was sold for seventy pounds in the year 1810. He also lived in Ulster County, near the town of New Paltz. She remained with him until the fall of 1827. Mr. Dumont was a kind-hearted man, but his wife was not accustomed to Negroes and disliked Isabella from the first.

Mrs. Dumont employed two white girls; one of them, named Kate, became jealous of Bell (as they now called her for short) on account of the master's praise, and was very overbearing towards her. Thus she was praised and complimented by her master, who declared she could do more than half a dozen common people; while her mistress replied that "the reason she accomplished so much work, was because she did not half do it." In proof of which she called attention to the potatoes which Bell had cooked for breakfast, and showed that they had a dingy, dirty look; remarking, "This is a fine specimen of Bell's work, but it is the way all her work is done." Even the master scolded this time, and commanded her to be more careful in the future on pain of punishment, while Kate joined heartily in the censures, wishing to please the mistress.

Isabella had done her best to have those potatoes nice and clean, and was much distressed at her poor success, and inability to account for it. In this dilemma Mr. Dumont's daughter Gertrude, a kind-hearted girl of about ten years of age, offered her sympathy and aid. It was agreed between them that Gertrude should be called in the morning when Bell arose, and they would wash the potatoes thoroughly, and that Gertrude should watch them while Bell was milking. This plan was carried out in full; but presently Kate came into the room, requesting Gertrude to "go to her mother;" but she kept her place in the corner, watching closely. Presently she saw Kate pick up a

large chip covered with ashes and deliberately dash them into the kettle. Then Gertrude cried out, "Oh, Poppee!" (her word for father.) "Poppee! Kate has been putting ashes in among the potatoes! I saw her do it! Look at those that fell on the outside of the kettle! You can now see what made the potatoes so dingy every morning, though Bell washed them clean!" Gertrude soon made the fraud as public as the censure had been. The master was prouder of Bell than ever, while the mistress and Kate were both deeply mortified. She tried after this vindication harder than ever to please her master, working almost night and day in the effort.

Some time after this a strong attachment sprung up between Bell and a slave named Robert, belonging to an English neighbor named Catlin. But the Englishman forbade him to visit Bell, and ordered him to take a wife from among his fellow slaves. Still Robert continued to follow his inclination, and make clandestine visits. One Saturday afternoon, learning that Bell was sick, he boldly went to see her. But Catlin and his son followed him, and as soon as he reached the object of his affections, they both fell upon him like madmen, cursing, and beating him over the head and face with heavy canes. The blood spurted from his face, and they would probably have beaten him to death had not the more humane Dumont interfered, telling the brutal ruffians they had beaten him already too much, they could no longer spill human blood on his premises; he would have "no nigger killed there."

The Catlins now took a rope and tied his hands behind his back so tight that Mr. Dumont compelled them to loosen it, saying that "no brute, much less a man, could be tied that way where he was."

Mr. Dumont also followed them home as Robert's

protector, and succeeded in cooling their wrath before he left them.

Bell had witnessed the whole scene from her window, and was shocked at the cruel treatment of poor Robert, for whom she had the warmest affection, and whose only crime in the eyes of his master was his love for her.

Both now became obedient chattels, each marrying a fellow slave, if the farce of a union liable to be annulled at the caprice of the master can be called a marriage.

In process of time, she became the mother of five children; and carried the youngest in her arms when she "walked" away from Mr. Dumont's house in 1827.

By the conditions of the act of the New York legislature she would have been free July 4, 1828. Mr. Dumont, in consideration of the long years of faithful service, promised to give her free papers one year in advance of this date. But when the time came he backed out on the trivial plea that her hand had been disabled during the past year, and she could not perform as much work as formerly. In vain did she remind him of his own statement, that she did more work during those past years than several ordinary slaves. Surely working night and day for long years would more than make up for a disabled hand one year. But as he still refused, she determined to take the matter into her own hands, and without his consent. She started one fine morning just before daylight, her baby on one strong arm, a bundle of food and clothing on the other. Night found her at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Van Wagener, to whom she had been directed by a neighbor. Here she was kindly received and given employment. In a short time Dumont found her. She anticipated this and

resolved to settle it with him at once. As soon as they met, his salutation was, "Well, Bell, so you've run away from me?" "No, I did not *run* away, I *walked* away by daylight, and all because you had promised me a year off my time." His reply was, "You must go back with me." Her decided answer was, "No, I won't go back with you." He said, "Well, I shall take the child." This also was as firmly denied. Mr. Isaac Van Wagener now interposed, and bought her service for the remainder of the year for twenty dollars. Dumont also exacted five dollars for the baby, and then left; but not until he heard Mr. Van Wagener tell Isabella not to call him master, adding, "There is but one Master; and he who is your Master is my Master." Thus ended her life as a slave.

"Sojourner once visited Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe at her home; in the course of a conversation the question was asked:—

"Well, Sojourner, did you always go by this name?"

"No, 'deed, my name was Isabella; but when I left the house of bondage, I left everything behind. I wa'n't goin' to keep nothin' of Egypt on me, an' so I went to the Lord an' asked him to give me a new name. An' the Lord give me Sojourner, because I was to travel up an' down the land, showin' the people their sins, an' bein' a sign unto them. Afterward I told de Lord I wanted another name, 'cause everybody else had two names; an' de Lord give me Truth, because I was to declare the truth to de people."

A few years after this, she felt called of God to labor for the salvation of souls, and the good of her own oppressed people.

Though never able to read or write, she kept her friends busy reading the Bible to her, and answering her numerous letters. She had a remarkable mem-

ory, learning long hymns by hearing them only once, and could repeat many chapters in the Bible from hearing them read a few times. Moreover she had marvelous power with God and man, and a natural eloquence and repartee seldom equaled.

On one occasion she was at a Woman's Rights Convention, where the ministers in the town turned out, and taking issue with the ladies, by their sophistries, turned the public sentiment against them, leaving the ladies and their cause in utter despair, when Sojourner stepped to the front and snatched a victory from the jaws of defeat. Hear her:—

"Well, chil'ern, what's all dis here talkin' 'bout? Dat man ober dar say dat women needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted ober ditches, an' to have de bes' place everywhar. Nobody eber help me into carriages, or ober mud puddles, or gives me any bes' place (and raising herself to her full height and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked), an' ar'n't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm! (And she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing her tremendous muscular power.) I have plowed, an' planted, an' gathered into barns, an' no man could head me—an' ar'n't I a woman? I could work as much, an' eat as much as a man when I could git it, an' bear de lash as well—an' ar'n't I a woman? I have born thirteen children an' seen 'em mos' all sold off into slavery, an when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard—an' ar'n't I a woman? Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head—what dis dey call it?" "Intellect," whispered some one near. "Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do with woman's rights or niggers' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint an' yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ye be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full?" And she

pointed her finger and sent a keen glance at the minister who had made the argument. The cheering was long and loud.

"Den dat little man in black dar, he say woman can't have as much rights as man, cause Christ w'an' a woman. Whar did your Christ come from?"

Rolling thunder could not have stilled that crowd as did those deep, wonderful tones, as she stood there with outstretched arms and eye of fire. Raising her voice still louder, she repeated, "Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a woman. Man had nothing to do with him." Oh! what a rebuke she gave the little man!

Turning again to another objector, she took up the defense of mother Eve, and ended by asserting that "if de fust woman God ever made could turn the world upside down, all 'lone, dese togedder ought to be able to turn it back an' git it right side up agin, an' now dey is askin' to do it, de men better let 'em."

Hundreds rushed up to shake hands, and congratulate this glorious old mother and bid her Godspeed on her mission of 'testifyin' concernin' de wickedness of dis 'ere people."

While Parker Pillsbury was speaking at an abolition meeting one Sunday afternoon, and criticising the churches in regard to slavery, a furious thunderstorm came up. A young Methodist arose, and interrupting the speaker, said he was "fearful God's judgment was about to fall on him for daring to sit and hear such blasphemy; that it made his hair almost rise with terror." Here a voice was heard above the rain, wind and thunder, saying: "Child, do not be skeered; you are not goin' to be harmed. I don't speck God's ever hearn tell on ye."

She got up a fine Thanksgiving dinner, for the Battle Creek Colored Regiment, then encamped at

Detroit. While soliciting for the "boys," she met one man who refused to donate, making rude remarks about niggers, the war, etc. Much astonished, she asked, "Who are you?" "I am the only son of my mother," he answered. To which she replied, "I am glad der are no more," and passed on.

During the war she met an old Northern Democratic friend, who asked her what business she now followed. She quickly answered, "Years ago, when I lived in the city of New York, my occupation was scouring brass door-knobs; but now I go about scouring copperheads "

Just before the war she held a number of meetings in Ohio, and hit the apologists of slavery sledge-hammer blows. At one of these meetings a man interrupted her and said, "Old woman, do you think that your talk about slavery does any good? Do you suppose people care what you say? Why, I don't care any more for your talk than I do for the bite of a flea." "Perhaps not," she answered, "but the Lord willin', I'll keep you scratchin'."

Sojourner was an inveterate smoker. Some years before her death, a friend asked her if she believed the Bible. "Certainly," she answered. He continued, "The Bible says 'no unclean thing can enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' Now what can be more filthy than the breath of a smoker?" "Yes chile," she answered, "but de Bible also say, 'He which is filthy let him be filthy still.' Besides, when I goes to Heaven I 'spect to leave my breff behin' me." However, she soon became convinced that it was wrong, and discontinued it. When told it would affect her health, she answered, "I'll quit ef I die." She did quit and lived!

On another occasion she attended a large reform

meeting where there were a number of speakers of national reputation. But in spite of this fact, a long-winded person mounted the platform and worried the people until half had left, and the others were groaning in spirit. At last he paused to take a long breath; when Sojourner rose up in the back part of the audience and said, "Chile, ef de people has no-whar to put it, what is de use? Sit down, chile, sit down!" He sat down.

She made a fine point on the Constitution the year the weevil destroyed so much wheat. Said she: "Chil'ern, I talks to God, an' God talks to me. Dis mornin' I was walkin' out, an' I got ober de fence into de field. I saw de wheat a holdin' up its head lookin' very big. I goes up an' takes holt ob it. You believe it, dare was no wheat dare? I says, 'God,' (speaking the name reverently) 'what is de matter wid dis wheat?' an' he says to me, 'Sojourner, dare is a little *weasel* in it.' Now I hears talkin' about de Constitution, an' de rights ob man. I comes up an' I takes holt ob dis Constitution. It looks mighty big, an' I feels for my rights, but dar aint any dar. Den I says, 'God, what ails dis Constitution?' He says to me, 'Sojourner, dar is a little weasel in it.'"

Volumes were written about the Negro and the Constitution, but here was a volume in a few sentences.

Harriet Beecher Stowe says of her: "I never knew a person who possessed so much of that subtle, controlling personal power, called presence, as she." Wendell Phillips stated, that he has known a few words from her to electrify an audience. In proof of this he cites the question she asked Frederick Douglass, who was speaking in Faneuil Hall at one of the darkest periods of the abolition struggle. Douglass was sad,—almost ready to despair, when she lifted

her long finger and asked, loud enough to be heard by all, "*Frederick, is God dead?*" That was all she said, but it was enough.

In Calvin Fairbanks' account of Sojourner's interview with President Lincoln, he states that he and a friend were standing in the White House, when she approached the marshal and said: "I want to see President Lincoln." "Well, the President is busy, and you can't see him now." "Yes, I mus' see him. If he knew I was here, he'd come down an' see me." Finally the marshal went to the President's room with a statement of the case, when the President said: "I do believe she is Sojourner Truth. Bring her up here."

Up she went, and we approached near enough to catch glimpses and hear the words of greeting. "Sojourner Truth, how glad I am to see you!" To which she replied, "Mr. President, when you first took your seat I feared you would be torn to pieces, for I likened you unto Daniel, who was thrown into de lions' den, an' ef de lions did not tear you to pieces, I knew dat it would be God dat had saved you; an' I said ef he spared me I would see you befo' de fo' years expired, an' he has done so, an' now I am here to see you for myself. I never hearn of you befo' you was talked of for President." He smilingly replied, "I had heard of you many times before that." The President purchased her book; then handing him a photograph of herself, she said, "It's got a black face, but a white back, an' I'd like one of yours, with a green back." No man enjoyed a joke more than President Lincoln; and putting his fingers into his vest pocket, he handed her a ten dollar bill, remarking: "There is my face with a green back."

The following is from one of her dictated letters: "He then showed me the Bible presented to him

by the colored people of Baltimore, and it is beautiful beyond description. After I had looked it over, I said to him: 'This is beautiful indeed; the colored people have given this to the head of the government, and that government once sanctioned laws that would not permit its people to learn enough to enable them to read this book. And for what? Let them answer who can.'

"He took my little book, and with the same hand that signed the death warrant of slavery, he wrote as follows:

"'For Aunty Sojourner Truth, Oct. 29, 1864. A. Lincoln.'"

Sojourner remained a year at Arlington Heights, instructing the freed women in habits of economy, neatness and order. She sometimes addressed large numbers of them, and on one occasion exclaimed, "Be clean! be clean! for cleanliness is godliness."

She was disgusted with the Government's policy of giving food to the Negroes, without making any effort to teach them to be self-supporting. Her plan was to colonize the freedmen out West. She traveled over many states securing signers to a petition to Congress for her pet scheme.

Rev. George Schorb of Evanston, Illinois, heard her lecture at Topeka, Kansas, in the interest of her colonization scheme. He said, "She was more than a hundred years old, but her voice filled a large auditorium, and she held her audience with ease." In fact at this period she seemed to renew her youth, her hair turned black in streaks, second sight and second hearing came to her, her wrinkles vanished, and she looked younger than she did tweny years before.

She obtained thousands of signatures to her petition to Congress, and although that body took no

action, her efforts gave an impetus to the exodus of the colored people to the West, a few years afterwards.

In reviewing her life we can but wonder what she might not have been, had she, when young, received kind treatment, and a thorough education. Referring to Horace Greeley, she said, "You call him a self-made man; well, I am a self-made woman." She certainly was, and the world was better for her long sojourn in it. For she went about doing good, until she passed to her reward from Battle Creek, Michigan, November 26, 1883.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARVELOUS PROGRESS.

"Stamp improvement on the wings of time."

Thirty-one years ago, four millions of poverty-stricken freedmen were turned loose by Lincoln's proclamation, upon the cold charity of the world, to survive or perish as the case might be.

These people were grossly ignorant, for it was a criminal offense to instruct them; they were almost destitute of clothing, and no better provided with money or food; but God gave them brawny arms which had been trained to work in a severe school.

Despite the fact that they have been persecuted, and forced to bear a burden of odium because of their color and condition, they have made a progress which has been the astonishment of their friends, and the envy of those who spell Negro with a little n and two g's.

The history of the Afro-American progress might be summed up in four distinct periods; first, the slave or chattel, when they were rated as animals; second, contraband of war, a name given to them by General B. F. Butler; third, freedmen, first applied to those whom Lincoln's proclamation made free; fourth, freemen. Each of these is a step forward towards that higher plane, manhood and citizenship, when the term freemen will mean the same for the black as the white man. This is not now the case, nor has

it been since the overthrow of the so-called Negro rule in the South, which was accomplished by the most glaring fraud and cruelty, such as are conjured up at the mere pronunciation of those horrible terms, "Mississippi, or shot-gun policy," "Kuklux Klan," "Intimidation," and "Bulldozing," which is a word coined to express the idea of tying a Negro up and giving him a bull's dose by cutting his back all to pieces, simply because he was guilty of the heinous crime of voting for the man or party of his choice. Should all this fail to overcome the majority, they would empty the ballot box of the wrong kind, and stuff it with the right sort of ballots.

In this way was the Negro rule, or, more properly speaking, the "carpet bagger," and "scalawag" misrule overthrown. The ruling class claimed that the end justifies the means, and they were absolutely unscrupulous in the matter. These methods were very effective, reducing the Negro vote from a majority to nothing.

This intimidation practically disfranchises the Negro vote and is responsible for the so-called "Solid South."

The black man is a Republican in principle. Frederick Douglass once said, "For the Negro the Republican party is the deck, all else but sea."

In the states of Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina the Negroes outnumber the whites, and yet these states are as solid for Democracy as any in the South.

While in school at Louisville, we had a special friend from South Carolina, and another from Mississippi. On one occasion they were both in our room at the same time, when we began discussing politics.

We asked them why their states always went Democratic, when the Negroes, who were Republicans,

largely outnumbered the whites. One of them answered, "It is true the Negroes can out-vote us, but we can beat them counting." The other explained that in his state they had what he called the eight ballot system, with eight boxes, each properly labeled to receive the ballots; as most of the Negroes could not read the ballot or the name on the box, they were certain to get the ballots in the wrong box, in which case they were thrown out. "Had you no judges?" we asked. "Certainly," said he, "but they were all like the jug handle, on one side, our side." And this miserable farce was called voting.

In 1880 Mississippi had 130,278 colored voters, or a majority of 22,024 Now there are less than one hundred colored votes in thirty-three counties, with a white majority in every county in the state. In Noxubee County, there are now four colored voters, or one to each one hundred and fifty colored men; while Yazoo County, with its six thousand black men of voting age, has only nine registered votes, and Lowndes has one colored voter to three hundred and ten men.

The Negro population gives Maryland one representative in Congress, Virginia four, North Carolina three, South Carolina four, Georgia five, Florida one, Missouri one, Kentucky two Tennessee two, Alabama four, Mississippi four, Louisiana three, Texas three, and to Arkansas three. Which makes forty representatives the Negroes are entitled to, and yet they have only one of their color in Congress and only six Republican representatives from these fourteen Southern States.

The man on whom rests the weighty responsibility of representing more than seven millions of his race, is Hon. G. W. Murray of South Carolina. He is of pure Negro blood, splendid physique; and a fine ora-

tor. He delivered the oration last commencement before the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute of Alabama, which was highly praised by all who heard it, white and black.

Said a Democratic leader to a colored friend of mine, "You are just a tool for the Republican party."

"True," was the reply, "but most of my life I was a mule for the Democrats, who fought to keep me in slavery, and I prefer to be a tool for the Republicans, who fought to give me freedom."

This sentiment permeates the rank and file of an overwhelming majority of the colored voters, North and South, yet of late years they have become more independent in politics. A few are now found in all parties; while many are studying their own interest, and that of their color, and are for the party which actually does the most for the Negro. This is as it should be; and while the Brother in Black has long since despaired of getting his full share of political rights, he is far from satisfied with the few meager crumbs which fall from the rich man's table. The Republican party has been his best friend, and as he has both memory and gratitude, it is safe to predict that he will adhere to that party for some time to come.

Among the most prominent colored leaders in politics, are Hon. Frederick Douglass; Hon. B. K. Bruce, ex-United States Senator from Mississippi, ex-Register of the United States Treasury, and ex-Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia; Hon P. B. S. Pinchback, ex-Governor of Louisiana. Hon. John R. Lynch, ex-Congressman from Mississippi, was appointed by President Harrison fourth Auditor of the United States Treasury. Hon. John M. Langston, of Washington, D. C., ex-Minister to Hayti, is said to be the most prominent civil lawyer

among his people. The celebrated orator, Hon. J. Milton Turner of St. Louis, was the first colored man appointed Minister to Liberia.

Hon. H. R. Revels of Mississippi was the first black man elected to the United States Senate; while Hon. E. D. Bassett was the first colored minister to Hayti.

The acknowledged leader of the colored Democrats is Hon. Chas. H. J. Taylor the present incumbent of the office of Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia. Born in slavery, he graduated from Oberlin College, studied law at Ann Arbor University, and began its practice first at Leavenworth, Kansas, then at Atlanta, Georgia. He finally located in Kansas City, where he was elected assistant City Attorney by the Democrats, and began the publication of his weekly paper, "The American Citizen." Pesident Cleveland appointed him Minister to Liberia in 1887, and recently to his present position.

The ablest colored prohibitionist is John H. Hector of California. The author met and heard him at the National Prohibition Convention which assembled at Louisville some years ago. There were many prominent leaders of that grand moral party, from all over the nation; but none could move the audience with matchless eloquence, like Black Hector. Among other good things he said, "Fellow citizens, I am in favor of protection on wool, but it is the wool that grows on my own, and my boys' pates."

The colored man has made great progress in the accumulation of wealth, and under the most discouraging conditions. The man who did not own himself, could not be expected to have advanced ideas of owning anything else. When the Israelites started from the land of bondage, they helped themselves to all the wealth they could lay their hands upon. When

Russia liberated her serfs she gave each of them three acres of land, and agricultural implements with which to till it. Not so the American Freemen, whose unpaid labor had helped to enrich the nation, especially the South; he was sent from the house of bondage in empty-handed destitution. The Russian serf is still a pauper, and but for the ship loads of grain sent over by the American people, might have terminated his miserable existence during the recent famine.

The Negro is neither a tramp, a beggar nor a pauper, but an industrious and thrifty wage earner, and accumulator of wealth. Without including the fifty-six millions the white man stole from him, by bad management of the Freedman's Savings Bank which failed in 1871, the Afro-Americans' wealth is now estimated at about $265,000,000.

To this add the church property and we have something over $325,000,000, for thirty years' work.

The wealth accumulated by individuals is even more creditable than this aggregation. Their fortunes range from $50,000 up to $1,000,000. Following are a few of the wealthy colored men.

In Mississippi, Hon. John R. Lynch of Natchez is said to be worth from $60,000 to $80,000. Ex-Senator B. K. Bruce is still richer, owning two fine plantations in Boliver County. Also Ben Montgomery's sons, who made $200,000 by growing cotton.

In the cotton district near Pine Bluff, Arkansas, are several Negroes, with fortunes ranging from $50,000 to $250,000. Of these J. C. Corbin is estimated to be worth about $75,000. Ferdinand Havis is thought to have between $75,000 and $100,000. J. C. Jones has about $100,000, while his brother Wiley Jones is etimated to be worth $250,000. He owns nearly the entire street-car system in his city, two good plantations, a large saw mill, working many

hands, besides some valuable real estate. He is also a large depositor in the leading bank of the city.

Wm. B. Jacks of Jefferson Springs is worth $80,000. Mr. Bowen, at Birmingham, Alabama, became rich by purchasing two acres in what is now the most valuable part of that city and holding it until it became worth $500 to every dollar of the original cost. Mr. Harris of Mobile is worth about $100,000, which he made by leasing barber shops in the steamboats on the Alabama River, just before the war. Wright Cuney, once collector of the port of Galveston, Texas, is worth $150,000. There are Negroes in Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina and Georgia who are worth $100,000. In Washington, D. C., John H. Cook and William Wormley are the richest colored men.

In New York there are at least twelve colored men who are worth from $100,000 to half a million each. Two are physicians, with incomes from their professions of $25,000 a year. Henry Thomas left his heirs $150,000. Dr. McDonald of New York is rated at $200,000. Mr. Roselle, of Williamsburg, left nearly $500,000 at his death John Tenycke has $500,000; while Mrs. Gloster of Brooklyn is estimated as worth $700,000.

In Louisiana there are thirty-two Negroes worth from $50,000 to $300,000. Deslonde, who was Secretary of State during Gov. Kellog's last term, belongs to this class. Antoine Dubuclet, State Treasurer under Kellog, is quiet wealthy. The Jonberts, Dumasis, Macartes, are all wealthy and cultured, having received their education in Paris. Ex-Gov. Pinchback is thought to be worth about $250,000.

Aristide Mary represents $500,000, consisting of one of the best blocks in New Orleans. The author saw this property a few years ago. Mr. Mary inher-

ited a portion of his wealth from his mother. He, too, was educated at Paris, and has one of the finest libraries in the South, in Spanish, French, and Italian classics.

The only Negro millionaire is Francois Delacroix, who was the chattel of le Chevalier F. de la Croix, an old time Creole gentleman of New Orleans. This Negro was a skillful tailor, and was allowed to purchase his freedom for $2,000; shortly after which he opened an establishment of his own, which became the leading one in New Orleans, famous alike for its high prices, and the cut and quality of the garments. He imported his fabrics direct from Paris and kept the most skillful Parisian workmen to make them. Consequently he received for his dress suits, thirty to forty per cent more than New York or Philadelphia merchants demanded.

He made the most of his fortune by making loans at three per cent a month, and although he loaned it to "young bloods," with no security but their "word of honor," he never lost one per cent of his principal. He and his former master always maintained the most friendly feeling for each other. The old Creole would often say, "Ha! dat nigger of mine, he heap richair dan hees master." He died about 1870, when the fact of his wealth became known.

Thomy Lafon, who died recently at New Orleans, leaving about one half his estate, or a quarter of a million, to endow educational and charitable institutions, "exclusively for whites," has shown his generosity as well as his freedom from race prejudice.

The Negro is also laying up for himself treasures in heaven. He is pre-eminently religious. Even when a slave he fell in love with the white man's God. When the cause of the Southern Confederacy was desperate, Gen. Lee suggested to President Davis to

proclaim a day of fasting and prayer for victory. To which Mr. Davis replied, "The prayers of the Negroes have accumulated so thick around the throne of grace, I fear God would never hear our prayers." And his fears were well grounded.

Two important things, in a religious sense, are true of the Afro-American citizens. First, there are more professing (Protestant) Christians among them in proportion to numbers than of any body of people in the world.

Second, they give more liberally for the support of the gospel and general religious work, in proportion to their wealth, than any body of believers since the days of the Apostles.

Following are the statistics of colored membership in the Protestant denominations:

CHURCHES.	COMMUNICANTS.
Colored Baptists	1,483,533
African Methodist Episcopal	500,000
African M. E. Zion	314,000
Methodist Episcopal Church	165,000
Presbyterian (North)	16,660
Cumberland Presbyterian	15,000
Disciples of Christ	15,000
Congregational in the South	7,209
Christians	5 000
Union American M. Episcopal	3,500
Protestant Episcopal	4,000
Union African Methodist Protestant	3,000
M. E. Church (South)	653
Southern Presbyterian	267
Total	2,752,822

By these figures, the Baptists have 214,244 more members than all the others combined. The various branches of the Methodists estimated together make a good second, as they number 1,206,153.

As to the progress of the colored race along educational lines, Mr. I. Garland Penn estimates that now about 4,000,000 can read, and nearly all of these can write. He also stated that in 1800, within a fraction

of one half of the eligible children are reported in schools. There are 2,000 colored school teachers and 1,786,880 pupils. At least 200,000 colored boys and girls are to-day private students. The Afro-American controls 116 schools of higher training, with 15,000 students. There are enrolled in the Industrial and Mechanical departments of the colored schools nearly 6,000 young people. The Negro youth is debarred from the Trade's Unions except in a few cases in the South; but a remedy for this trouble is found in these Industrial schools, where they produce mechanics equal to the best; who would be strong competitors in all trades, but for the unreasonable race prejudice, which will gradually disappear.

Northern philanthropists, teachers and missionaries have made a specialty of developing "Christ's image in ebony," by doing for the South what she had neither the inclination or ability to do for herself.

In that excellent book, "Our Brother in Black," Bishop Haygood of Georgia makes this statement: "Suppose these Northern teachers had not come, that nobody had taught the Negro, set free, and citizens! The South would have been uninhabitable by this time."

We cannot realize how the Northern teachers who have gone South to instruct the colored people, have suffered. Many of them were refined and sensitive women who would have been at home in the best Southern society; but they were ostracized socially, they were insulted on the street, they had contempt and odium heaped upon them in a thousand ways; some, of the men at least, have been tied up and cruelly flogged, for the unpardonable crime of teaching colored children. A case of this kind was reported recently from Texas.

This state of affairs is too illogical and unreason-

able to exist much longer. It is simply nonsense to assume that it is all right for a white man to practice law for a Negro, to practice medicine in his family, to employ him, to buy from him, to sell to him; but not respectable to preach to him or instruct his children.

We have seen smiling clerk and proprietor in Southern stores follow colored women to the door and say with a polite bow, "Call again, ladies, please;" when probably if Northern teachers of colored schools had gone into that store, they would have been waited on, if at all, with the utmost coldness. We have known cases in which the sons and daughters of excellent Southern families, offering to go as missionaries to Africa to instruct the benighted heathen, were regarded as heroes and heroines. But had they taught the Negroes around them they would have been tabooed and ostracized socially. Consistency is a jewel.

John C. Calhoun once said: "Slaves are inferiors, and hence their condition. They must be cared for by their superiors. When I find a Negro who understands the Greek verb, I will believe he is the equal of the white, and should be given his freedom." How could he expect a Negro to know the Greek verb, when it was unlawful to teach him the English alphabet at that time. But the world moves and now W. S. Scarborough, a colored Professor of Wilberforce University, has written a Greek text-book; and W. R. A. Palmer, A. M , B. D., a native of Calhoun's own state, is Professor of Greek language in Claflin University, Orangeburg, South Carolina. Professor Palmer is a classical graduate of Howard University, and of Drew Seminary.

A few months ago, Mrs. Harriet Hayden, formerly the chattel of a Kentucky slave owner, who escaped

to Canada with her husband and child through the Underground Railroad, left $5,000 to found a fellowship in Harvard University for the benefit of poor, deserving, colored students. Preference given to those studying medicine.

To-day there are about seven hundred Negro physicians in the United States; four hundred and seventeen are full graduates of medical schools, and one hundred and fifty graduates in pharmacy. A colored physician of Jackson, Tennessee, a graduate of Meharry Medical School, publishes a magazine known as the "Medical and Surgical Observer." While colored physicians and trained nurses manage the Provident Hospital, one of the best in Chicago. There are sixty-six colored dentists, enjoying a large practice.

According to R. C. O. Benjamin, Secretary of the Colored National Bar Association, there are six hundred colored lawyers, among whom are men of eminent ability including one Circuit Court Commissioner, several Judges, numbers of clerks of Court, several City, District and Commonwealth Attorneys. There are also colored Deans and Professors in their law schools.

Since 1863, about five hundred books and pamphlets have been published by colored authors. They edit, own and publish two hundred and eighty-seven journals and four magazines; they have a National Press Association, and their own book-publishing houses.

The Afro-American is developing into an inventor of no mean ability. The record of the Patent Office at Washington City shows that he has been granted patents on more than one hundred inventions. Just the other day one of the race took out a patent for an automatic car coupler, which is said to be perfect, and for which he has refused $5[illegible].

The colored race, with meager encouragement, has shown great talent in art. A picture, "Under the Oaks," by E. N. Bannister, of Providence, Rhode Island, was awarded a medal of the first class at the Centennial Exposition of Philadelphia in 1876. This picture was purchased by a Boston gentleman for $1,500.

C. E. Porter of Hartford, Connecticut, has a studio in New York, and exhibits his pictures in the National Academy of Design in that City.

H. O. Tanner of Philadelphia is the greatest colored artist. He studied at first in the Academy of Fine Arts of his native city; and has exhibited in the art galleries of New York, Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, Washington and Paris. He is a member of the American Art Association of Paris; and the past two years has been a student in the Institute of France, under Jean Laurens and Benjamin Constant. He has won prizes for two sketches, "Peasant Life in Brittany," and "The Deluge."

Mr. Tanner has a theory that the picturesque in the Afro-American can best be interpreted by one of that race; and exhibited the past winter a picture showing one phase of Negro life, which he called "The First Lesson." This is regarded by art critics as the finest thing he has produced. It represents an old Negro teaching a boy to play the fiddle. This picture is now on exhibition in the salon of Paris, and has been purchased for the Hampton Institute. Another of his pictures, "The Bagpipe Lesson," has been purchased for $1,000 by the colored citizens of his native city, and presented to the Academy there. During the past summer, Mr. Tanner was the guest of Dr. George Gray of Evanston, Illinois; while there he painted the portraits of the Doctor's parents, from old-fashioned daguerreotypes, reproducing a wonderfully

life-like picture. It is called "Ohio in 1840." The scene is the interior of a log house, with its bare floor and walls. Supper is just over, the father sits with a Bible in his hand, while the housewife is spinning, and a small boy (the Doctor himself) is building a cob house on the hearth by the fire. The faces are excellent and true to life, and the picture is admired by all who see it. Mr. Tanner returned to France in September.

There is at least one prominent representative of the colored race in the art of sculpture, in the person of Miss Edmonia Lewis. When a young, ignorant girl, she made her first visit to Boston, and saw a statue of Benjamin Franklin. After looking at it carefully, the germ of genius burst forth in the exclamation, "I can make a stone man!"

William Lloyd Garrison introduced her to a noted sculptor of Boston, who set her to copying the model of a human foot. Thus started in her career, she has ascended the ladder of fame, and now has a studio of her own in Rome, where she has executed work which is admired and praised by art critics. She has enjoyed the patronage of noted men and women; her best productions are busts of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Sumner, "Forever Free," the Madonna, Hager in the Wilderness, and "Hiawatha's Wooing."

The art in which the Negro excells, and wherein he has shown the most native talent is music. The Fisk Jubilee Singers have made the music of the American Negro popular throughout the United States and Europe, where they were greeted with crowded houses, and won the applause of the most eminent musicians, giving concerts in the presence of kings and queens. This celebrated troupe consisted of twelve musicians; it was named for General Clinton B. Fisk, and the proceeds of their concerts were

used to erect the splendid buildings of Fisk University.

"Blind Tom," or Thomas Wiggins, the musical wonder, has played before more people, and is perhaps better know than any Negro musician the world has ever produced. Born in Georgia, May 25, 1849, an imbecile from birth, he early developed musical talent of a phenomenal kind. When but a child he was sold to J. N. Bethune of Virginia, who discovered what a bonanza he had and took him on a tour through this country and Europe when he was but eight years old. He created a great sensation everywhere, and his master made a fortune out of him though Tom received for himself only a bare living.

The author, when a boy, heard him, and remembers that he played Dixie with his right hand, Yankee Doodle with his left, and sang "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," all three at the same time. He also played fine classical music to perfection from once hearing it. In a piece of his own composition, called the "Battle of Manasses," the firing of cannon, report of musketry, marching of troops and playing of bands are reproduced to perfection, all upon the piano.

But the greatest of all colored composers is Edmond Dede, who was born in New Orleans Nov. 20, 1827. After receiving instruction on the violin from his father, he set sail for Paris, the goal of his ambition. Here he received instruction from the celebrated Delphin Alard, Adams, and Halevy who were engaged at the Grand Theater, of which Mr. Carpier was then director.

Leaving Paris, he went to Bordeaux, where he has since resided. Here he composed, "Paris," "Triomphe de Bacchus," "Papillion Bleu," "La Phoceene," "La Sensative," and many others too numerous to men-

tion, numbers of which were played at the Grand Theater. Mr. Dede is one of the composers whose talent Fetis has consecrated in his marvelous production "Les Musiciens Celebres." He is a member of the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers of Paris.

Gussie L. Davis is one of the most popular song writers of our country. While the greatest Afro-American prima donnas in America and perhaps in the world are Mesdames Marie Selika, Cissereitta Jones the "Black Patti," and Nellie Brown Mitchell.

The "Christian Educator" gives an account of a band of thirteen colored orphans, ranging from six to fifteen years, which it considers the second musical wonder among colored people. "The band was organized by Rev. W. H. Sherwood of Florida, and they give concerts throughout the country to raise money to build an orphanage in that state. They play with equal facility upon string and wind instruments. Moreover, they change places and instruments at pleasure. Each boy can play any one of five or six different horns. They write their own music, engrave and print it. Dr. Sherwood himself taught them the art of engraving.

"The leader of the band, George F. Thompson, fifteen years of age, is a true disciple of Apollo. He composes originally, transposes from key to key, reads by sight rapidly and accurately, engraves, and directs the orchestra. In a spirited contest among the best cornetists of St. Louis, Missouri, he won the gold cornet."

Dr. Antonin Dvorak, the eminent Bohemian composer, made this remarkable statement: "I am now satisfied that the Negro melodies must be the real foundation of any serious and original school of composers to be developed in the United States. These

beautiful and varied themes are the product of the soil, the folk songs of America, and your composers must turn to them.

"In the Negro melodies of America I discover all that is needed for a great and noble school of music. They are pathetic, tender, passionate, melancholy, solemn, religious, bold, merry, gay, or what you will. It is music that suits itself to any mood or any purpose. There is nothing in the whole range of composition that cannot be supplied with themes from this source."

CHAPTER XV.

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"Cast one longing, lingering look behind."

GRAY.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times."

THE CHRIST.

We think it opportune at this stage to glance at the past and mention a few of the more prominent colored people and events, not mentioned elsewhere in this work.

Benjamin Bannecker, the self-educated philosopher, mathematician and astronomer, published an almanac in Philadelphia for the years 1792-95. He also made a clock of wood without pattern and assisted in surveying and laying out the city of Washington. His achievements elicited the praises of Jefferson and Franklin.

Alexandre Dumas, the renowned mulatto author, in twenty-three years is said to have published more novels, historical sketches, plays and travels than any man that ever lived. Paul Cuffee was the first practical Afro-American colonizationist. He took thirty emigrants from New Bedford in his own vessel in 1815.

Charles L. Redmond, a powerful orator, was the first colored man to take the platform as a regular lecturer in the cause of anti-slavery in 1838. Edward W. Blyden, president of Liberia College, an accomplished scholar and linguist, has the reputation

of being one of the finest Arabic scholars in the world.

In the year 1860 Edward Jordan of Jamaica was knighted by Queen Victoria; while gallant France has decorated a mulatto general with the star of a grand officer of the Legion of Honor.

A colored planter now owns one of Jefferson Davis' old plantations in Mississippi.

In 1734 Anthony William Amo, an African from the Guinea coast, took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Wittenberg, Germany. Dr. Pennington, the famous colored Presbyterian minister, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University at Heidelberg, Germany. Professor George B. Vashon was a fine lawyer and one of the best Latin, Greek and Hebrew scholars of Afro-Americans. Rev. B. F. Lee came to Wilberforce University as a hostler; afterwards becoming president of that great school.

R. D. George, a Carolinian, is the largest land owner, among his people, in the United States, a tract of his land running through three counties. Rev P. C. Lawrence of the A. M. E Church, Charleston, S. C., is the leading colored astronomer of the United States. Dr. Alexander Crummell, a graduate of Cambridge University, England, and at one time president of Liberia College, is an author and one of the greatest theologians and scholars of his race.

Henry Diaz, a black man, was at one time commander of the Brazilian army.

Dr. William Wells Brown of Cambridge, Massachusetts, author of "The Colored Patriots in the American Revolution," "The Black Man," etc., is one of the most prolific and perhaps the most eminent colored authors in America. Also Colonel Joseph T. Wilson of Norfolk, Virginia, author of "The Black Phalanx," has considerable reputation.

Peter H. Clark, principal of Gains' High School, Cincinnati, and Bishop D. A. Payne are said to be as finely educated as any colored man in the United States. The bishop is also a gifted poet. Three of the finest elocutionists are Hallie Q. Brown, Henrietta Vinton Davis, and Ednorah Nahar. Mrs. Frances E. Harper is considered the most eminent lecturess among her people. Rev. J Price, president of a colored railroad company, and president of Zion Wesleyan Theological Seminary, is one of the leading colored orators in America.

"The Colored American," published in New York City by Philip Bell, was the first colored newspaper published in the United States. Dr. B. T. Tanner of the "Christian Recorder" and the A. M. E. Church Quarterly Review of Philadelphia, and Thomas Fortune of the "New York Globe," are two of the most prominent colored editors in America. The first colored daily paper was the "Daily Gazette," published by W. T. Scott, at Cairo, Illinois. Rev Rufus L. Perry is a distinguished Baptist minister and the editor of the Brooklyn, N. Y. Monitor.

Lieutenant O. H. Flipper was the first black man to graduate from West Point. Howard University is the most prominent colored law school in the United States. Prof. Richard T. Greener, for a number of years dean of the Law Department of Howard University, is one among the most cultured Afro-Americans. There are three colored female lawyers who bid fair to make their mark: Mary A. S. Carey, Michigan; Louisa V. Bryant, Colorado; and Ida Platt of Illinois, who recently graduated with honors at the Chicago College of Law, and was admitted to the bar.

Amanda Smith, of the A. M. E. denomination, is one of the most spiritual and eloquent exhorters and

lecturers of her race and sex in the world. She has traveled extensively in America and Europe and her power over an audience is wonderful.

Richard Allen was the first colored bishop in the United States. A few of the colored pastors in Chicago, some of whom we have met personally, are John F. Thomas, an eloquent and influential Baptist pastor, and one of the acknowledged leaders in his denomination; also Rev. Dr. Birch, a Baptist who is held in high esteem by his people. Dr. J. M. Townsend of the A. M. E Church is a pulpit orator of superior ability. Dr. D. A. Graham, pastor of Bethel A. M. E. Church, is noted for his untiring energy; although comparatively young, he has held pastorates in several large cities. Dr. J. E. Thompson rector of St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church, has been wonderfully blessed of the Lord in his work. Rev. M. Jackson, pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church, is strictly a self-made man. Born a slave in Virginia in 1850, with little or no chance in early life to acquire an education, he has with untiring energy worked himself up to his present position.

Chas. W. Norcross, a colored man of Aurora, Ill., is a genius for crocheting lace. He makes 200 different patterns, and was awarded $25.00, the *highest* prize, for a yard of fancy silk lace he exhibited in the Woman's Building, Columbian Exposition. The lace was then sold for $25.00.

Chicago is equally well provided with colored men in other professions, especially law, medicine and journalism. We have perused a number of their papers, and find the "Conservator" and others to compare favorably with journals edited by white men. In fact the progress made by the colored people North and South along all lines since the war, is the wonder of the age, and is only equaled by their good

behavior during that time which tried men's souls.

"No one who wore the blue," said President Lincoln, "ever found the colored man untrue. The smoke of his chimney and the lamp in the window were the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, to guide our boys from the starving prisons to the protection of the stars and stripes."

"But," says an objector, "this very fact would make the master class justly indignant at the Negro for giving comfort and aid to their enemies." Grant it. But the point we make is that his service at that time merited the gratitude of every loyal Union man.

The colored man also earned a vote of thanks, common justice and fair treatment from the slaveholders themselves on another score. There is not a case recorded of a colored man attempting to take revenge upon his former master for keeping him a slave, but many cases in which they have provided for their master or mistress when they had become reduced to poverty. General Sherman said of them in the "North American Review": "Every Southern gentleman who has a spark of knighthood left in his nature should take off his hat to the old bondsman who stayed at home to care for his mistress and the young ladies while he was himself away fighting to destroy his own government, and to strengthen the fetters which bound the slave to his master."

In a speech at Cleveland, Ohio, General Gordon said: "The behavior of the black race was such that while we were away, not one solitary white woman was insulted by them in the entire Southern States." These are the words of a Southern general who was in a position to know. It was confidently expected that there would be a general uprising among the slaves, but in this all parties were agreeably disappointed.

The Negro filled the unique position of being outwardly loyal to his master's family, while praying for and giving secret aid to the Union army, which was his wisest policy. How has his fidelity been rewarded? In the North, by a general discrimination against him on account of his color, and a passive indifference to his fate. In the South by a series of oppressive laws designed to make him a slave in everything but name; by instituting that abomination of desolation the plantation credit system, which keeps the Negro a chronic debtor either to the planter or a shark at the country store, where he is required to pay double for everything he buys; by deliberately robbing them of their suffrage, contrary to the constitution; by sending colored men to the penitentiary for the most trivial offense, and on evidence that would not be considered in the case of a white man; by cruel or unusual punishment or lynching inflicted by a mob of lawless ruffians in the form of shooting, hanging, burning at the stake, or torturing with red hot irons in barbarity surpassing the Comanche Indian or the cannibal.

In regard to the treatment the colored man has received from Northern people, this much is true. They fought to give freedom to the slaves; but had it been understood at the beginning that this was the intention, tens of thousands who wore the blue would not have enlisted.

Northern philanthropists give liberally of their wealth to build churches and industrial schools where the Negro can hear the gospel preached, and acquire an education, and a useful trade. This is as it should be so far, but when the colored youth receives this education and masters his trade, he is no longer content to be a drudge, filling a place any ignorant man could fill as well. He has what in a young white

man would be called a laudable ambition to rise in the world, or at least earn an honest living by his education or trade. He goes North and applies for work, perhaps at the factory owned by the very philanthropist who gave the money to build the industrial school where he acquired his trade. But the manager promptly informs him that they employ none but white men. He next applies for work to a wealthy contractor and builder, who says, "I need workmen and would like to employ you, but were I to do so the hands would object, and might go on a strike; am sorry, but really can't do anything for you." The young man is almost in despair; he begins to regret that he made the great sacrifice working early and late, with the most pinching economy, to get an education and trade only to find it a hollow mockery.

He must live somehow, and, debarred from the various trades unions, he finally gets a position as barber, waiter, or on a train or in a hotel. In a recent address Prof. Booker T. Washington said: "The Southern whites are unwilling to allow educated colored people to ride with them in their railroad cars and the white people of the North are unwilling the skilled mechanic with a black face should work within the shops while making the cars."

We are glad to state, however, that Judge Barr, of the United States district court, by a decision of last January repealed the Separate Coach Law of Kentucky. We are also glad to state that in the South industrially trained colored men are *now* received into a few of the Labor Unions. There they work with white men upon the same scaffolding. A colored contractor who employed some white men, built a house for Dr Joseph E Roy when he lived at Atlanta, Ga. Colored men are also employed as loco-

motive firemen and brakemen on trains in the South. But in the North they allow no colored firemen, and have only begun to use colored brakemen.

There are said to be ten thousand porters, educated young Afro-Americans, the very choice of the race, working for two sleeping car companies at the starvation pittance of fifteen dollars per month and "tips," which are a very uncertain quantity, and paid grudgingly because the traveling public feel under no obligation to help pay the wages of employees of these rich monopolies. A few of them combine the office of sleeping car conductor with that of porter; in such cases the pay is thirty-five dollars per month. Since these companies get such a large number of choice young colored men, why not let each man preside over his own car, filling both positions? Certainly the men employed in the department that pays enormous dividends should receive a decent living.

It is the duty of the North to see to it that colored men who are trained mechanics shall no longer be forced to earn their bread by menial employment. They are native-born American citizens and have always fought *for* "Old Glory,"—never *against* her; and common justice would dictate that they should have as good a show as anarchists and foreigners who do not know whether Cleveland is President or a man by the name of Tammany.

In the South the Afro-American is the victim of a quartet of infamies which for convenience we will call, Class Legislation, Ballot-box-stuffing, Convict Lease System and Lynch Law.

All of these, but especially the first, is designed to reduce the colored men to a condition of virtual slavery According to the code of Alabama for the "Black Belt," the Negro is not allowed to have fire-arms in his possession, but the whites can have as

many as they please. Every Negro is compelled to let himself out by contract on terms practically settled by the master; and if he does not do this within a given time, is subject to arrest as a vagrant.

Since the United States supreme court declared the Civil Rights bill unconstitutional, which it did in 1884, most of the Southern States have enacted separate car laws, making it punishable by fine and imprisonment for colored persons to ride in the same railroad car with whites, unless in the capacity of servants to them. The act usually requires "separate but equal accommodations," but on the Southern theory that anything is good enough for "niggers," little or no attention is paid to the requirement of "equal accommodations." Frequently the colored coach is little better than a cattle car. Generally one half the smoking car is reserved for the colored car. Often only a cloth curtain or partition run half way up separates this so-called colored car from the smoke, obscene language, and foul air of the smokers' half of the car.

All classes and conditions of colored humanity, from the most cultured and refined to the most degraded and filthy, without regard to sex, good breeding or ability to pay for better accommodation, are crowded into this separate, but equal (?) half car. No colored woman, however well educated, well dressed or refined, can ride in a first class coach in any of these states unless she is a nurse-maid traveling with a white child.

Geo. W. Cable was traveling in Alabama one hot night in September. At bedtime a remarkably neat and tastefully dressed young mulatto woman, almost white, came aboard with her little daughter As usual, she was seated in the foul smelling "Jim Crow car." At the next station nineteen convicts came

on board chained together, and were taken into the Negro car. The keeper told Cable he would take them two hundred miles that night. Mr. Cable could not endure the foul air but a moment. But that refined woman and her little child were doomed by a cruel law to hear the clanking of those chains, and breathe that fetid air the remainder of the night.

In regard to ballot-box-stuffing a good illustration is given in the Congregationalist.

"When Mr. Moody was preaching in Washington he asserted that if Jesus Christ should return to this world in person and appear in that city, the people would not consent to be governed by him. He asked the audience if they would receive him, and to emphasize his assertion he appealed to an aged colored man sitting near the pulpit: 'Would you vote for him?' The reply came promptly: ''Twouldn't do no good. They wouldn't count my vote.' "

Congressman Thomas B. Reed, in an article in the "Forum" on "National Control of Elections," made this logical statement: "If it be a race question, is there any reason why the white man of the South should have two votes to my one? Is he alone of mortals to eat his cake and have it too? Is he to suppress his Negro and have him also? Among all his remedies he has never proposed to surrender the representation which he owes to the very Negro whose vote he refuses.

"The Negro is human enough to be represented, but not human enough to have his vote counted. When they tell us that these are ignorant votes and ought not to be counted, we answer—that ignorance is everywhere, even in Democratic New York City.

"If a man thinks the same thing of the Republic that I do, must there be an inquest held over his intelligence before I can have his vote counted with

mine in the government of the United States? In the language of ex-Gov. Bullock of Ga., 'It is now generally admitted with us that there is no more danger to the body politic from an ignorant and vicious black voter than from an illiterate and vicious white voter '

"In one District of South Carolina there were 31,000 blacks and 6,000 whites, but a white man was elected to congress.

"In Alabama the fourth District contained 27,000 blacks and 6,000 whites, and at every election the Democratic candidate is returned."

The ex-speaker thinks the remedy is state supervision for state elections and federal supervision for national elections.

Said he, "All we ask is that in national matters the majority of the voters in this country may rule."

The Maine statesman is the "Old Hickory Jackson" of this period; and it is safe to say if he was President, an effort would be made to restore the right of suffrage, and trial by jury to the Negro of the South.

In regard to the Convict Lease System, the following from the "People's Advocate," an Afro-American journal of Atlanta, Ga., on the prison showing of that state for 1892 is pertinent: "It is an astounding fact that ninety per cent of the state's convicts are colored; 194 white males and 2 white females; 1,710 colored males and 44 colored females.

"Is it possible that Georgia is so color prejudiced that she won't convict her white law-breakers? Yes, it is just so, but we hope for a better day."

In South Carolina, census of 1880, there were twenty blacks to thirteen whites; but in 1881 there were committed to state's prison at Columbia four hundred and six colored persons, and twenty-five

whites. Twelve colored men were sentenced to the penitentiary for carrying concealed weapons; which thousands of the state's white inhabitants are constantly doing with impunity. Fifteen others were sentenced for assault and battery. The author would not be surprised to hear that others were sentenced to the penitentiary on a case of "plain drunk," since Governor Tillman's state Dispensary Law was passed.

Mr. Cable stated, "In Georgia there were of the convicts in 1880, 102 whites and 1,083 blacks. Yet of 52 pardons granted in the two years then closing, 22 were to the whites and only 30 to the blacks. Of these 1,185 convicts of Georgia, those who were under sentences of ten years and over numbered 538, although ten years, as the rolls show, is the utmost length of time that a convict can be expected to remain alive in a Georgia penitentiary. Six men were under sentence for simple assault and battery—mere fisticuffing.

"For larceny, three men were serving under sentence of twenty years, five were sentenced each for fifteen years, one for fourteen years, six for twelve years, thirty-five for ten years. In other words, a large majority of these 1,185 convicts had for simple stealing, without breaking in or violence, been virtually condemned to be worked and misused to death. One man was under a twenty years' sentence for hog-stealing."

What is true of these states is true of the convict lease system everywhere. The record of vice, cruelty and death thus fostered by the states, for revenue only, equals anything from Siberia.

A correspondent writing to the Evening Star of Washington, D. C., Sept. 27, '92. about convict mining in Tennessee, stated, "Men who failed to

perform their task were fastened to planks by the feet, bent over a barrel, stripped and beaten with a strap. Out of the fifty convicts worked in the mines, from one to eight were whipped per day in this manner. The work in the mines was difficult, and the air so bad that men fell insensible and had to be hauled out.

In regard to the food one of the convicts said the pea soup was made from peas containing weevils, and added, "I have got a spoonful of weevils off a cup of soup." In many cases convicts were forced to work in water six inches deep for weeks at a time, getting out coal, with one fourth of the air necessary for a healthy man to live in, forced to drink water from stagnant pools when mountain springs were just outside of the stockades.

The death rate among the convicts is reported as greater than the death rate of New Orleans in the greatest yellow fever epidemic ever known. Men and women are chained together, and from 20 to 25 children have been born in the Convict Camps.

A new warden of Alabama wrote of it: "The system is a better training school for criminals than any of the dens of iniquity in our large cities. The system is a disgrace to the state and the reproach of the civilization and Christian sentiment of the age."

In short, slavery made men cruel and unjust. Since most of the victims are Negroes, those having the matter in charge seemingly do not care to alleviate their condition. Hence it is that in these piping days of peace, we have every year, and every month in the year, horrible cruelties at the convict camps that would almost equal Libby or Andersonville. This is mainly due to the fact that hard-hearted and mercenary wretches pay the state a stipulated amount for the privilege of working, starving and beating

the prisoners to death; so as Mr. Cable says, ten years is almost equal to a life sentence, under the heartless lease system.

Do you ask why such a large proportion of the convicts are Negroes? In the first place, every Negro so convicted not only means an *able-bodied slave for the state*, but every convict is *disfranchised*. In the next place, throughout the South the Negro is debarred from the elevating influences of concert and lecture halls, Temperance Unions, Young Men's Christian Associations and similar organizations. He is thus left to grow up in ignorance and vice, often gravitating to the saloons and gambling houses where he is welcomed.

The main reason, however, is in the fact that all the politics and all the machinery for making and executing the law of the South is in the hands of the white men. Forty-nine fiftieths of the legislators of the South, every governor, every judge, every sheriff, every magistrate, nearly every constable and almost every juror are white man. Hence it is that an overwhelming preponderance of the convicts are Negroes.

Deprived of every advantage, stripped of every hope of evading the law by favor, or counsel which he is unable to employ, there is no possibility of any black man charged with any probable crime escaping the extremest penalty of the law. No one pretends to believe that a guilty Negro could possibly escape conviction.

What, then, is the necessity for lynch law? Clearly there is none. Then why has it become so common in the South? The editor of a Southern religious journal, who is also a distinguished minister, makes editorial answers to this question. "The status of our civilization then is: We have Anglo-Saxon law in our American code for the Anglo-Saxon civiliza-

tion, which it is; and then for the new race of African citizens, the inauguration of African law in the form of lynch law . . So long as we have two races so diverse in genius, so long will it be necessary to adapt the forms of law to those special types of humanity, and if the statute books do not furnish them the abiding sense of justice vested in the mind of the body politic will."

We find, then, the sentiment of the South, as voiced by this editorial, is one law, and one standard of right for the white citizen and another law, and another standard of right for the black citizen.

As Judge Tourgee, "The Bystander," logically puts it, "they would have us believe that code of penal ethics would make color the most important element of crime, the element by which the method of trial, the amount of evidence, and the method of punishment should be determined. By this code we should have for colored ravishers of white women lynch law; evidence need not disclose compulsion; the penalty, burning, flaying, or hanging at the pleasure of the mob. The colored ravisher of a colored woman punishable by law; but the white ravisher of a colored woman punished neither by lynching nor by law.

"Yet Rev. Dr. Morehouse, who has been for fourteen years the field secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, a man not only noted for piety and candor, but having opportunity which not a score of men can rival for knowing the colored man's views of this strange Christian civilization, writes in the official organ of that society: 'I most firmly believe that if lynch law were equally and impartially meted out more white criminals of this class than Negroes would be put to death.'

"Think of it! A crime for which burning at the

stake in defiance of law is not only excused, but justified by Christian ministers of the South when committed by a colored man, is of so little consequence when perpetrated by a white man against a colored woman that no punishment is mild enough to express the public disapproval. In a dozen states during a quarter of a century not a single white man has suffered the penalty of the law for such wrong against a colored woman.

"'The Bystander,' with fifteen years experience at the bar and on the bench of a Southern state, has never had a moment's doubt of the truth of Dr. Morehouses' statement."

A Negro huckster was driving his wagon through a street of Richmond, yelling at the top of his voice, "Tatoes! Tatoes!" A black woman standing at a gate said to him: "Hush yo' mouf, nigger, an' stop makin' sich a fuss."

"Yo' heerd me then?" "Heerd yo'! I could hear yo' a mile, yo' 'sterb de whole neighbo'hood." "Thanks; I's holloin' to be heerd. Tatoes! Tatoes!"

The colored people and their friends are hollering to be heard, especially in regard to lynching and the fiendish barbarity which always accompanies it.

God has raised up a modern Deborah in the person of Miss Ida B. Wells, whose voice has been heard throughout England and the United States, wherever it was safe for her to go, pleading as only she can plead for justice and fair treatment to be given her long-suffering and unhappy people.

She is now engaged in lecturing and organizing Anti-Lynching Leagues in many of the Northern cities.

We believe the same God who raised up Moses and Joshua to deliver Israel from Egyptian bondage, the same God who raised up Lincoln and Grant to "break

every yoke, and let the oppressed go free," has raised up this courageous and eloquent young woman that in the language of the prophet, she might "cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression and their sins."

We believe that God delivered her from being lynched at Memphis, that by her portrayal of the burnings at Paris, Texas, Texarcana, Arkansas, and elsewhere she might light a flame of righteous indignation in England and America which, by God's grace, will never be extinguished until a Negro's life is as safe in Mississippi and Tennessee as in Massachusettes or Rhode Island.

Why did they destroy her press at Memphis? For the same reason that they destroyed Lovejoy's and Clay's; because she had the courage of her convictions and told the truth relative to a lynching that took place in Memphis at that time.

In March, 1892, the civilized world was shocked by the news of a massacre of the most revolting cruelty. Three young colored men, the best known and most popular of Memphis, were arrested and thrown into jail.

They had a prosperous grocery business, while that of a rival white grocer's declined. He was envious of the colored man, and his plottings culminated in him leading a party of roughs, some of whom had been appointed deputies, in a raid upon their grocery.

The colored men, not knowing there were any officers of the law in the attacking party, resisted from the inside of their building, and wounded two or three, but they were able to be upon the street within a week. Three nights after this a band of murderers went to the jail, took the colored men a few blocks, and riddled them with bullets.

The world was horrified, but Memphis was complacent.

The murderers were well known, and it is said some of them were officers of the law. No rewards were offered, no steps taken to bring the guilty ones to justice.

Miss Well's paper was the only one in the city that was courageous enough to vindicate the victims and demand the punishment of their murderers. For this her press was destroyed, her life threatened, and she banished from the city.

We believe that had the Memphis papers denounced that crime, and demanded that its perpetrators be brought to justice at that time, the country would not have been shocked as it was recently by one of the most brutal and inexcusable murders in the world's history, which took place near that city.

On the night of August 31, 1894, six Negroes had been arrested charged with barn-burning; they were chained together in a wagon en route from Kerrville to Memphis.

The prisoners were under the charge of deputy sheriff and detective W. S. Richardson, and A. T. Atkinson, who was driving the wagon. When two miles from Lucy, they came to a bridge which was unsafe. Turning off the road to go around it, they were surrounded by fifty men with guns, and the poor helpless victims, pleading for mercy, were shot to pieces, and having been thrown out of the wagon, another volley was poured into them in pure fiendish wantonness after they were dead.

This was the last straw that broke the camel's back; the tide turned; the Southern papers, especially in Tennessee, are doing what they should have done fifty years ago, denouncing the cowardly murders in their own boundaries, and demanding that they shall

be brought to the gallows. Criminal court was in session at Memphis and Judge Cooper, who presides, summoned Richardson before him, heard his statement, and believing him guilty of knowingly leading the Negroes into a death trap, issued a warrant and had him arrested. The judge now laid the matter before the grand jury, and went in person to see Governor Turney, who promptly offered $5,000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers. Eighteen men are now in jail charged with this crime. The plot has been laid bare in all its hideousness. Memphis has found out that the contempt of the civilized world is a penalty not to be desired, as the following editorial from one of her leading dailies, "The Commercial," demonstrates:

"Men of Memphis, men of Shelby County, brave, chivalrous men of the South, shall this bloody record stand against us? Can we look civilization in the face while we stand thus accused? Can we be silent and inactive and remain guiltless of the bloodshed of these poor wretches and guiltless of the crimes that are to follow? Aside from all considerations affecting our more selfish and material interests, this case makes an appeal to humanity that nothing but a heart of stone can resist. The widows and orphans of these murdered men left helpless and destitute are human beings. They know and feel the agony of grief as your wives and children would know and feel it under the same horrible circumstances. If there be a God in heaven, his judgment must descend in wrath and fire upon a people that suffer such things to be."

The newspapers and grand jury of Memphis have done well. It now remains to be seen whether there is a petit jury that dare convict, a judge that will sentence, a governor who will not pardon, or a sheriff who will execute these murderers.

It would not have been necessary for England to have sent a committee over here to help us go to the bottom of this matter, and publish the truth to the world, if our own government had shown as great a disposition to protect colored American citizens from being burned in the South, as it did to prevent dead hogs from being burned in the Chicago strike.

The party in power has no inclination to do anything for the Negro, and during Harrison's administration more than five hundred colored people were lynched, and thirteen burned alive. Why will the leaders of the two great national political parties spend their time and the people's money on the floor of congress and on the hustings, talking about the everlasting tariff which never was, and never will be settled? Well might ex-Senator Ingalls say, "The tariff is only a word to juggle with."

Both parties are starving for a real live issue, but looking on complacently when the larger part of one eighth of the citizens of this republic are practically without vote or protection of law.

We love our country and pray God to speed the day when the cry, "I am an American citizen," will be as effective protection against unlawful wrong at home or abroad, as was the cry, "I am a Roman citizen!"

Judge Tourgee, who is excellent authority, made the following statement recently in the "Inter Ocean." "In a group of Southern States in most if not all, of which murder, rape, arson and burglary are capital crimes, only three white men have been executed for crimes against colored citizens in a quarter of a century. Every man who has not been asleep during that time knows these facts:

"1. That during that time more than twenty thousand colored people have been killed in those states by white men.

"2. That thousands of colored men's homes have been broken open and the dwellers therein scourged or slain.

"3 That thousands of colored women have been outraged without the slightest penalty being inflicted.

"4. That it is just as safe for a white man to kill a Negro in those states as it is for him to kill a dog."

Total of the lynchings from 1885 to Sep. 15th 1894, were 1,679. Lynchings by sections: Southern states—1,398; Northern states—281. Lynchings by races—

North.		South.	
Whites	248	Whites	394
Blacks	33	Blacks	1,004
Total	281	Total	1,398

One remarkable thing about these figures is the fact that there are 394 lynchings of white men credited to the South, against 281 white and black credited to the North during the same time. When the difference in population between North and South is considered and still there are 113 more white men lynched in the South than there were in the North of both races combined, it would seem to contradict the recent statements of Southern governors about the law-abiding people of the South.

Of the 200 lynched in 1893, 159 were Negroes, 4 of them women. The crimes charged against them were rape—52, murder—57, incendiarism—8, and the rest miscellaneous crimes. According to the Chicago Tribune's report for 1893, the lynchings in the various States and Territories were as follows: Alabama, 27; Arkansas, 12; Colorado, 1; Florida, 8; Georgia, 16; Idaho, 1; Illinois, 2; Indiana, 2; Iowa, 2; Kansas, 3; Kentucky, 11; Louisiana, 20; Michigan, 1; Minnesota, 2; Mississippi, 17; Missouri, 4; Montana, 1; North Carolina, 3; North

Dakota, 1; South Carolina, 13; Tennessee, 14; Texas, 8; Virginia, 15; Washington, 1; New Mexico, 6; Indian Territory, 5; Oklahoma, 4. Of the total number there were 154 negroes, 30 whites, 5 Mexicans, 7 Indians, and 4 women. The record of 183 in the South and 17 in the North needs no comment.

The burnings at Texarcana and Paris, Texas, have evidently disgusted the better people of Texas, for only two lynchings are reported from that state in eighteen months, and Governor Hogg seems anxious to put down lawlessness in the bounds of his commonwealth.

The worst feature of mob law is the fact that many innocent men have fallen victims in Judge Lynch's hurried and unreasonable court. But there are indications that reason will soon assert its sway, and fair trial by jury take the place of a remorseless and infuriated mob. We trust we are neither a pessimist nor an optimist, but to us the star of hope looms up brightly on the future horizon of the colored race.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the eagerness with which the Negro attempts the solution of his own problem. At a recent meeting of intelligent and representative colored men at Waycross, Georgia, they declared that the assaulting of white women by Negro men must cease. They demanded it on the ground of safety to the whole race and urged it on the ground of morals. The great body of the Negro race North and South utterly reprobate these terrible crimes, and their leaders are teaching their people that it must stop. This is exactly right, and the white leaders should give their people the same lesson from pulpit, press and platform, in regard to colored women.

In the recent strikes in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, the places of the riotous Huns and Slavs were filled by Negroes. The mine owners imported these people from Southern Europe, hoping to find them cheap labor; but they proved to be anarchists and dear at any price. The mine owners now turned to the peaceable and industrious Negroes, many of whom will be employed in the mines hereafter. During the Debs strike a colored leader of Chicago was asked, "On which side are the colored people in this tie up?" "On the outside," he promptly replied, "and they will stay there."

That very strike was a blessing to the Negro race, and for these reasons: In the first place it emphasized the fact that the Negro is a peaceable citizen, neither a striker nor anarchist. In the next place it led to the employment of a number of them by the railroad companies. This was but a commencement; and some of these places have been made permanent and good will result.

Uncle Sam wanted deputies and guards; and the black man came to his aid in large numbers. Several hundred were engaged and put to work, and sustained the reputation they have earned as soldiers in every war from the French and Indian down to the Chicago strike.

H. A. Leonhenser, 1st Lieut. of the 25th Infantry, said of them, "Their fidelity, patience and courage, under the trying circumstances, are a lasting credit to themselves and to the service of the United States."

We desire to make a friendly suggestion for the consideration of our colored friends whose cause we have tried to vindicate. First, heed the admonition of G. W. Cable and keep your vote alive, but do not let the white man know how you intend to vote.

Second, before the great national conventions are held to nominate Presidential candidates let there be a colored national convention held at some central point. Let it be a non-partisan representative body of all colored leaders. Then adopt strong resolutions pledging each other and your race not to support any party or presidential candidate who is not plainly and unequivocally pledged to restore a free ballot and trial by jury, to your brethren in the South.

As long as the Republican party thinks it owns the Negro vote because of their gratitude for the freedom it gave them, that long will its Presidents continue to have their "hands tied." But if it thinks there is danger of losing the vote and influence of more than eight millions of people, it can and will get its hands untied and right your wrongs very quickly. Third, since the Afro-American citizens had no recognition at the World's Columbian Exposition, we recommend that an Afro-American World's Fair shall be held in celebrating the Jubilee of Lincoln s Emancipation Proclamation, which will be January 1, 1913. Should this suggestion be adopted, heap coals of fire on the white man's head by treating him as he should have treated you in 1893. We cannot fail to see the hand of God in the history of this people, and the present signs of the times. Torn by cruel avarice from Africa, they remained in bondage nearly two and one-half centuries; long enough to become civilized and Christianized. In his own good time, God snapped the fetters that bound them, by the thunderbolt of war. He then put it into the hearts of Northern Christians to build schools and churches where these black children could be educated and hear the gospel.

Now he has brought into existence the great Congo

Free State of Africa, in extent and population larger than all our Southern States. This is the garden spot and best climate of Africa, and is under the protection of the Christian nations of the earth. Colonists and educated colored missionaries are pouring into its country from our Southern States. The Government of Liberia is giving free lands, and tools with which to work it.

This clearly indicates that God is going to redeem Africa through his Afro-American children. And while we do not believe the Southern Negro will ever emigrate in a body to Africa—nor would we advise it—we do believe enough of the leaven of Christianity will go to lighten the whole mass of ignorance and idolatry in the dark continent. In reviewing the past and taking a glance into the future of his race we can but exclaim, "This is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes."

CHAPTER XVI.

AFRO-AMERICAN PROGRESS UP TO DATE.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With the heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to *wait.*"

LONGFELLOW.

When people of other States ask us the question: "What are the colored people of Illinois, and especially those of Chicago, doing?" we reply, they are making gratifying progress. It could not, in the nature of things, be otherwise, living as they do in that favored State, with its great metropolis throbbing with enterprise and pulsating with gigantic achievement.

By way of answering such questions more in detail, and at the same time encouraging the race to still greater endeavor, we have determined to add one more chapter, in which we will take a hasty glance at Chicago, and then note some phases of recent progress elsewhere.

We have heard Chicago described as the "Negro's Paradise," and in this great cosmopolitan place he does, perhaps, enjoy as many privileges as elsewhere in America; but the saying of Mohammed, that "man can have but one paradise, therefore he should prefer it after death," will apply to the Negro even in this favored city.

It is true his children enjoy the same public-school advantages as the whites; but when the white boy and his black schoolmate, who stood equally high in the class, apply for a position, the white boy invariably gets it, so that the chances for an intelligent colored youth are limited. But in spite of this fact, and to the glory

of the race be it said, the Negro is not a pauper, but manages somehow to live without charity. In the distribution of food and clothing last winter by the city and benevolent societies to the army of starving poor the black brother was conspicuous by his absence.

The writer of these lines has fed representatives of most of the countries of Europe, and a few *white* Americans, *but not one Afro-American ever asked him for food or money, though he is well known as a friend of the race.*

The Chicago Negro has proven to be a successful politician, for, in spite of an imperfect organization, he fills more good-salaried positions here than in any other city.

There are about 25,000 colored people in Chicago, and they have fifteen places of worship, of which six are Baptist, five are A. M. E., one A. M. E. Zion, one M. E., one Presbyterian, and one Episcopal. The two leading churches are Quinn Chapel, said to be one of the largest and handsomest Negro churches in the world, of which Rev. G. Booth is pastor, and the new Olivet Baptist Church, now nearing completion, largely through the herculean efforts of its pastor, Rev. J. F. Thomas. Chicago has five Afro-American newspapers.

They are, *The Conservator*, ably edited by Mrs. Ida B. Wells-Barnett, and claiming a larger city circulation than all the other colored papers combined.

The Appeal, of which Cyrus Field Adams is editor. This paper proudly claims the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the United States.

All About Us, is the name of a paper recently started by F. P. Rawlings, late of Memphis, Tenn. We advise the older papers to look well to their laurels, for this young man impressed us as a courteous gentleman, with energy and force of character, who is a natural newspaper man. In his well-equipped office we saw for the first time a *Negro* editor and *white* compositor, nor did it impress us as anything incongruous.

The other papers are *The Leader*, edited by Lawrence Newton, and *The Bee*, of which T. H. Crump is editor. We have not seen a copy of either. An effort is also being made to establish a colored daily in Chicago.

There are now 250 colored papers in this country.

A few of the prominent colored citizens of Chicago in the professions or business are, Edward H. Morris, lawyer; W. H. Ward, assistant county attorney; F. L. Barnett, assistant state's attorney; Edward H. Wright, county commissioner; S. Laing Williams, attorney at law; Lloyd G. Wheeler, large tailoring establishment; Wm. F. Taylor, the only colored druggist; Wm. Johnson, the only large shoe-dealer; Emanuel Jackson, the leading undertaker; Geo. Shaw, the leading grocer; while Mrs. John Jones is said to be one of the wealthiest people of her race in the city, and Charles H. Smiley is the leading caterer, white or colored.

Moreover, Chicago has furnished colored men who stand at the head of their professions in other cities, such as Dr. Wm. Van Williams, late of this city, now surgeon in charge of the Freedman's Hospital, Washington, D. C. We called recently at the Provident Hospital and Training School for Colored Nurses of this city, and were shown through the various wards and departments by the genial Superintendent, Dr. A. R. Abbot. This institution, which is complete in all its appointments, owes its existence largely to those big-hearted philanthropists and friends of the race, Messrs. Armour, Kohlsaat and Brewster. We noticed the medical and surgical staff consisted of both races, the white predominating, but the nurses were all neat, intelligent-looking colored girls, while the patients were about equally divided between white and colored. We were very favorably impressed with the institution and its management, and remarked afterwards, that should we become suddenly ill or disabled while in Chicago, it was our request to be sent to the Provident.

Among the most gifted colored people of this city is Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams, wife of S. Laing Williams, the attorney. She first came into prominence during the Columbian Exposition when she helped to win some recognition of the American Negro from the Board of Control by a surprising display of wit and eloquence. She now lectures under the management of the Slayton Lyceum Bureau of Chicago. Her most popular lectures are:

1. "What Will You do with Our Women?"
2. "Religion and the American Negro."
3. "Prudence Crandall, or a Modern Canterbury Tale."
4. "Opportunities and Responsibilities of American Colored Women."

Mrs. Williams is also a correspondent of the *Times-Herald.*

The leading colored poet of Chicago is William Moore. This gentleman was born in New York City, September 30, 1859, and early in life became a newspaper reporter, serving on the staff of T. Thomas Fortune, of the *New York Age*, and other papers. Finding that city somewhat slow, he came to Chicago, where he has established a reputation as a poet, author, critic and reporter for the *Chicago Record.* He is, moreover, quite a gifted speaker, as was shown by his oration on the Life and Times of James Edwin Campbell, a brother poet of his own race.

Some of his best productions are "The Hand of Ethiopia," an ode read before the Educational Congress at the Columbian Exposition, "Songs and Sea Ballads," "The Token" (a long poem), "Dinah" (a long poem), "Sonnets," published in the *New York Age*, *Frank Leslie's Weekly* and the *Chautauquan,* and said to be among the best written by an Afro-American.

Mr. Moore is also President of the Twentieth Century Club, and very popular. He has promised his friends to publish a volume of poems, probably within the next year. He gave us the following little gem for this chapter:

CONSOLATION.

God knows where the dead find rest;
Somewhere, I know not where the peace may stay,
The sea breaks sweetly for the dead and day,
God knows, for God is Love and Love is Rest.

Love knows where the days find God;
Somewhere, I know not where the way may lie,
The morn wakes gently for the loved who die,
Love knows, for Love is Rest and Rest is—God.

WILLIAM MOORE.

I. GARLAND PENN.

NEGRO BUILDING, ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

Another colored gentleman who is popular, not only in Chicago but throughout the state, is Major J. C. Buckner, member of the Legislature and commander of the 9th Battalion Illinois National Guards. Honorary membership of the Chicago Zouaves was recently conferred upon him, the Major being the first of his race so honored.

There is at No. 2940 South Park avenue, Chicago, a colored lady who, estimated by her life of toil and sacrifice for others, her spiritual gifts, her unswerving faith in God, is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable women of the race in this age; indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, of *any race* or *any age*. We refer to Mrs. Amanda Smith, the well-known colored evangelist.

Calling at her home recently,we learned something of her history.

She was born at Long Green, Md., January 23, 1837, removing to Pennsylvania shortly afterwards. Her father, Samuel Berry, though a slave, was far above the average in intelligence. He was, moreover, a man of great strength and wonderful energy and endurance. By working nights, holidays and extra hours, he earned enough money to purchase his freedom, afterwards that of his wife and five children.

Amanda had only about three months' schooling, but this gave her a little start, and she improved every opportunity to gain knowledge. She was converted March 17, 1856, while living at Columbia, Pa. But it was on the first Sunday in September, 1869, in Old Green Street M. E. Church, New York City, that God wonderfully blessed her soul with the fullness of his love. Her work for the Lord took shape from that time, and His leading has been marvelous.

In 1871 she went to England, where she remained eighteen months, going from there to India. Here she remained two years, preaching with wonderful power in Calcutta, but returned to England in time for the great Ecumenical Council held in City Road Chapel, London.

The Lord now inclined her heart to go as a missionary to Africa and labor among the benighted people on

the West Coast. When asked what missionary society sent her to Africa, she replied, "No society, for I was past the age when they received missionaries. But God sent me, and He sustained me for eight years while I labored for Him there."

Landing at Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, she remained a year, suffering part of the time from that terrible African fever.

As soon as she recovered she began the work ever dear to her heart of trying to win souls for Christ, and her efforts were crowned with success.

While in Africa she met Bishop Taylor, with whom she was a co-laborer for a brief time, but she was on the West Coast two years *before* Bishop Taylor came.

Having lost all her children, except one daughter, who is married and living in Baltimore, she adopted a native boy and girl to be educated and sent back as missionaries, but on the eve of leaving Africa for England she and the girl, Francis were both taken sick and she was forced to leave her with friends. She brought the boy Bob to England, where he got a fair education, and afterwards returned to Africa.

While in England in the spring of 1894, attending the World's W. C. T. U. Convention, the Lord said to her: "What have you done to help your own people in a permanent way that will live after you are gone?" She answered the seemingly audible voice: "I must confess, Lord, it is little or nothing." The next question was: "Why not start an Industrial Orphans' Home for colored children?" She resolved that by the help of God she would, and determined to comply with the many requests of her friends and write her autobiography that the profits of it might be used for the purpose of founding this home. The Lord prospered her undertaking. A twelve-room brick house in Harvey, worth $6,000, has been secured at such a reduced price as will enable her to pay for it. She says when this home is paid for and in good running order, she will be ready to say with Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Because of the fact that Mrs. Smith has held a great

many meetings in white churches and camp-meetings all over the country (and having wonderful power over an audience, she is always in demand) some of her race have taken exceptions and call her the "White folk's Negro." Her only vindication is that with the white people there was always an "open door" which she was invited to enter, but of her own race it was often true that she "came unto her own but her own received her not." She is further vindicated by her eight years' labor in Africa and the orphans' home for Negro children she is now establishing.

Of the three companies employing the most Negro help, Pullman and Wagner, the two sleeping-car companies, and H. H. Kohlsaat of the Bakery Lunch Company, Pullman and Kohlsaat are at Chicago.

Just as the Grant monument is being unveiled it is refreshing to read the following which is going the rounds of the papers, because it shows that the race is not only enterprising and grateful but disposed to do a handsome thing which will link together the names of its three great benefactors, Lincoln, John Brown and Frederick Douglass.

The African Methodists of the state of Illinois will build a memorial church at Springfield in honor of the memory of Abraham Lincoln. It will be named the Lincoln Memorial Church, and cost $80,000. The structure will be built of gray stone, with modern features and two spires, the main one reaching an attitude of 150 feet. There will be three memorial windows. The center one will be dedicated to Lincoln and the two smaller to Frederick Douglass and John Brown. What might be regarded as the most interesting feature will be the memorial room, in which are to be kept slavery relics of every description—pictures of all the great abolition leaders, an auction block, the Lovejoy printing-press, the rope which was used in hanging John Brown, and whatever else can be gathered.

The building fund has been started by the St. Paul African Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the Rev. Jesse Woods, the originator of the idea, is the pastor. An advisory committee has been given charge of the

work. It is composed of the leading Methodists of the state, together with State Auditor James McCullough and State Senators Bogardus and Templeton. State Treasurer Henry L. Hertz is the custodian of the fund. Work will commence some time this spring.

It is also gratifying to know that $25,000 have been appropriated by the Illinois Legislature for the Elijah P. Lovejoy monument.

Perhaps the man who is destined to be the greatest poet of the race since Phillis Wheatley, is Paul Dunbar. A few years ago he was an elevator boy at Dayton, Ohio, and is still a comparative youth, but his lyrics were approved by James Whitcomb Riley and Wm. D. Howell, and "noisy fame was proud to win him." He visited Chicago last January and was entertained by W. F. Taylor, the druggist.

Young Dunbar is now in England, in company with Major Pond, the man who makes a specialty of discovering and promoting Afro-American talent of the highest order.

The following from the London *Mail* will be of interest to his many friends on this side :

PAUL DUNBAR—A Negro poet and reciter introduced himself to London yesterday. Dunbar is a brawn Scotch patronymic, and the Dunbars are mostly big men with whiskers of cayenne tint; but Paul Dunbar grows wool above a face as black and bright as polished ebony. He is a full-blooded Negro, born of African slave parents in Dayton, Ohio, and he has come to London to make himself known as a reciter of his own poems—the beauty and fine philosophical spirit of which have made him famous in the country which gave him birth. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Dunbar gave a short reading from his own "Lyrics of Lowly Life." Of the four poems selected, three, written in the Negro dialect, were given with so much point and characteristic humor that the audience was moved to enthusiasm. Mr. Dunbar knows how to make a nice blend of the quaint and deeply serious; as, for instance, in "When Melindy Sings," the final stanzas of which run thus :

"Towsah, stop dat barkin', hyeah me!
Mandy, mek dat chile keep still.
Don't yo' heah de echoes callin'
F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen—I can hyeah it
Th'oe de bresh of angels' wings,
Sof' an' sweet. 'Swing low, sweet chariot,'
Ez Melindy sings."

In another vein, "The Poet and His Song," is a neatly-turned lyric, the philosophical sentiment of which would have gladdened the buoyant bosom of Mark Tapley, while from the dialect poems Mr. Dunbar selected "Accountability" and "When de Cohn Pone's Hot," both of which he gave with genuine humor. Much of the verse that is included in "Lyrics" was written while Dunbar was an elevator boy, and in an introduction to the book Wm. D. Howell's remarks that Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and American civilization to feel Negro life esthetically and express it lyrically. The public will presently be able to judge his quality for themselves.

Another colored lad of Ohio "woke up one morning and found himself famous." We refer to D. J. Bundy, of Cincinnati, whose name is now in every paper. The following clipping from a Washington paper will explain the case:

Congressman W. B. Shattuc, of Ohio, yesterday nominated D. J. Bundy, a colored lad of Cincinnati, to a cadetship at Annapolis. He has been urged to withdraw the name, but says he will stand by the appointment. There has been some murmurs of disappointment from the naval academy and threats of the students to resign.

"The boy earned the appointmeut fairly," said General Shattuc to-day. "There was a competitive examination and two colored lads, one of them Bundy, outstripped their Caucasian competitors. One of them, however, proved to be over 20, and was therefore debarred. I had told them the competition was open to every eligible boy in my district. Bundy, who won, is one of the handsomest boys I ever saw. Yesterday I sent his name to the secretary of the navy and he will be appointed. I have received no communications from the students at Annapolis on the subject, but several congressmen have told me that it was an unwritten law not to allow a colored boy at Annapolis. They told me if I persisted it would break up the school—that other students would resign.

"'Let them resign and be ———,' I replied. "That boy earned his appointment fairly, and I'm going to see that he goes to Annapolis and receives fair treatment, and if any outrages are perpetrated upon him, I will ask of congress an investigation into any mistreatment to which he may be subjected. In this matter I only want to be fair, and I am determined that Bundy shall have a chance to show the metal that is in him."

This declaration has the right ring. The circumstances surrounding the appointment are such as to bring to the lad the sympathy of all fair-minded people. He has not been forced in, nor has he, save by his merit, forced himself in. He has fairly earned the appointment, and we are glad his congressman is a lover of justice, a man of resolution, and in every way worthy to represent the great state he does.

The following is from the *Louisville Commercial:*

There is kicking because a Negro boy in Ohio, on a competitive examination, won an appointment to the naval school at Annapolis. There is more kicking because a couple of Negro companies from Virginia are to participate in the Grant monument parade, and the Richmond Blues will, therefore, not take part. This is all silly. There are a good many millions of Negroes in America, and they are as good food for powder, as Falstaff said, as any white man. The Negro soldiers in the Egyptian army have proved themselves the best. It is not race prejudice that counts against them in this country, but *caste* prejudice. A Negro, who aspires to do what has heretofore been done by white men, is considered "impudent," and "impudence" in a Negro is very aggravating to white natives in this country. All this will pass away, but it will take time.

There is still much of that foolish and illogical *caste* prejudice in existence, and much of the lynching and barbarous treatment of the Negro, particularly in the South, is due to this fact.

But the world moves. This prejudice is gradually dying out; the crusades waged against lynching by Judge Tourgee, Dr. Morehouse, Ida Wells-Barnett and Frederick Douglass are bearing fruit. We thank God that lynching has already reached the highest point, and there is a steady decline, as the following statistics from the Chicago Tribune demonstrate:

In 1892	the number	of	lynchings	were....236
" 1893	"	"	"	202
" 1894	"	"	"	190
" 1895	"	"	"	171
" 1896	"	"	"	131

Up to May 1, 1897, number of lynchings were 36

And to cap the climax, we have now a president whom the colored people delighted to help elect. Who is neither *fishing* nor *duck-hunting*, neither are his "*hands tied.*" And in his inaugural address he put himself on record against this iniquity in the following unmistakable language:

"Lynching must not be tolerated in a great and civilized country like the United States. *Courts* not *mobs* must execute the penalties of the law."

The Afro-American people did well to present such a president that Bible as elegant as it could be manufactured, on which to take the oath of office.

We are glad to record the fact that a monument to the memory of Frederick Douglass is now in process of construction at Plymouth Park, Rochester, New York, where he is buried. It will consist of a bronze statue eight feet hight resting on a pedestal of granite nine feet high. It will cost $10,000, and will probably be unveiled the latter part of August or first week in September next.

Congressman Geo. H. White, of North Carolina, is the only colored representative in the LVth Congress. For this reason the colored people of the District of Columbia are urging Speaker Reed to appoint him a member of the District Committee.

The Negro had no recognition worthy of the name at the World's Columbian Exposition, but he fared better with the Cotton States Exposition held in Atlanta, Ga., in 1895.

The managers remembered that the Negro had, to say the least, contributed largely to the wealth and greatness of the South, and an exposition which did not recognize the Negro would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Accordingly, the colored people had a whole building and a creditable display, with I. Garland Penn, of Lynchburg, Va., for chief.

This idea has been enlarged and improved upon by the Tennessee Centennial Exposition which opened at Nashville, May 1, 1897.

According to the reports in the papers the Negro building is one of the handsomest structures in the grounds. Some maintain it is the finest. It is 300 feet long and 150 feet wide. It cost the people of Tennessee about $12,000.

The building was paid for by the people of the Volunteer state, with the exception of about $1,000 contributed by the Negroes. It was presented to the black race so that the Negro could have an opportunity to show what he could do and what he had done toward the intellectual and industrial progress of the country.

The structure is situated on the eastern shore of the beautiful lake Watauga, not far from the entrance to the exposition grounds. While many of the other struct-

ures are larger and more imposing, none commands more admiration for tasteful design and artistic beauty than the Negro building. The structure has three stories and a basement.

The colored people of Tennessee have worked hard to make their exhibit a success. Professor Richard Hill was chosen as chief of the department. He immediately began to organize the Negroes of the state into working committees.

In giving instructions to the chairmen of the different committees Professor Hill told them he had nothing to offer them but hard work. The chairmen responded with a will, as the exhibition in the Negro building shows. Moreover orators have been sent throughout the country urging the race to make a splendid showing at the exposition, and the success has been marvelous.

Relics of old plantation days have been sent to the Negro building. The gradual growth of the race, intellectually and industrially, is shown throughout the exhibit.

In talking of the exhibit of the colored race and what it meant, Chief Hill said:

"During the six months of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition the Negro race will be on trial; its talents and genius will be put to the test and its merits passed upon. We have secured exhibits which we hope will bespeak credit for our race—exhibits which will cause the Anglo-Saxon race to deem us a meritorious people worthy of encouragement, patronage and employment.

"We admire the spirit which prompted the erection of the Negro building. We see a meaning in this recognition.

"It is highly significant. Read the signs of the times. We see that opinions are changing; we see that prejudice is breaking down; we see the mighty Caucasian race, in its onward march to a higher civilization, leading the Negro race by the hand. We hope to see the time come when it will deal with us with the same liberality as with other races. Nothing will be more beautiful than to see creatures of the same God dwelling together on common-sense terms of friendship." The

Tennessee Centennial Exposition Commissioners for Chicago are, Rev. J. E. Ford, chairman; S. Laing Williams, secretary; Dr. J. Webb Curtis, Dr. A. R. Abbot, E. H. Wright, W. L. Martin and R. M. Hancock.

The question is often asked, What is there to show for the money and effort expended in the South during the last quarter of a century? We will let that great leader of his race, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the lamented Douglass seems to have fallen—Booker T. Washington—answer that question. Said he:

"Twenty-five years ago, perhaps, there was no state in which the Ku Klux Klans and Negro school-house burning prevailed as in North Carolina. Last week I accepted an invitation to be present at the Colored People's County Fair at Durham, N. C., and only six weeks before had word been sent out through the country that the fair would be held. This was the first attempt at such an enterprise.

"Instead of the small, unimportant concern which I expected to see, I was more than surprised and gratified to find a large, three-story factory building filled from top to bottom with the best samples of grain, grasses, fruit, vegetables, tobacco, cooking, plain and fancy sewing, cabinet work, brick masonry, school work, including specimens of manual training; besides which, outside of the building were to be found the finest pigs, horses, cows, calves, poultry, etc. A man not seeing the color of the exhibitors would not have thought for once that he was attending a colored fair, so good were the exhibits and so excellent was the care and taste with which everything was arranged and conducted.

"Several of the white citizens could not resist the temptation to mingle their exhibits with those of the colored people. Many of the white women asked to be placed on the jury of awards; and the attendance on the part of the white people was nearly as large as that of the colored.

"In the afternoon it was my privilege to speak to the citizens in the court-house, and here again one could see that the barriers are fast burning away. At least one-

half of the audience was composed of the leading white people of the county.

"After I had spoken in the afternoon, I was more than surprised to receive a courteous invitation from the president and students of Trinity College, in Durham, an old Southern college for white boys, to address the faculty and students the following morning. This was the first invitation I had received to address a white college in the South. Notwithstanding, I was gratified to see that both myself and the half-dozen colored citizens who called with me were treated with as much consideration as could have been true of a Northern college.

"After I had spoken, the president of the college, in speaking to the three hundred students about their duty to the Negroes, remarked: 'I have no patience with the Southern white man who will give ten dollars to educate the heathen in Africa and will not speak to a colored man in his own town.'

"But what has brought about this change? Why this friendly relation between the races, and this evidence of progress on the part of the colored people? First, there is Trinity College for the white people, twelve miles away is the State University for the white people, besides excellent public schools in the City of Durham for both races. But the main cause of this progress is in the fact that in every part of this country there are graduates from Hampton, Shaw University, Scotia Seminary, Fisk University, Lincoln University, Biddle University, Livingston College, Kittrell Industrial School, as well as others. Those graduates are to be found on the board of directors of the fair, among the exhibitors, as pastors of the churches of all denominations. When we can put the same number of educated men in every county of every state there will be little of the race problem left in the South."

Another recent correspondent from the South, this time a white man, in giving his observations as to the progress of the colored race in his vicinity says:

"The past ten years have brought many changes to the Negroes, and changes for the better. They are

NEGRO BUILDING, NASHVILLE, TENN.

certainly accumulating some property. Very few of them had horses and buggies ten years ago. They nearly all walked to church, no matter how many miles away; now very few walk to church at all. They are buying land and putting houses on it; they own cows, hogs and many things which show that they are learning to spend their money to advantage.

The children all go to school as soon as they reach six years. They go when they have not enough corn-bread to eat and scarcely clothes enough to keep them from freezing. They buy their school books from the white children, so that they can pay for them in work, and their clothing is bought in the same way."

You can not keep such a race down. Ex-Senator Bruce had just such an experience when a boy as the following incident, which is taken from "Vaughn's Plea," shows:

"While living in St. Louis a little, barefoot, ragged urchin, peddling newspapers on the levee, he was one day accosted by a gentleman who was hastily making his way down the levee, enroute to a steamboat which was nearly ready to pull out upon its destination for the lower Mississippi river, with:

"'Here, you —— little nigger, take this satchel and carry it aboard that steamboat,' pointing to it, 'or I'll throw you in the river.'

"The boy took a package nearly as big as himself and hurried upon the steamboat. The owner of the luggage came aboard just as the stage plank was being pulled upon deck, and the '—— little nigger' had to hustle ashore without getting one cent for his service as a carrier.

"Years passed by and the owner of the satchel was a member of the United States Senate from the great State of Missouri. His name was Lewis V. Bogy (pronounced Bozhee, with accent on the second syllable). While Mr. Bogy was a senator Mr. Bruce was made a member of the Senate from Mississippi. The Missouri Senator had a bill pending which was of local importance. He went to Mr. Bruce, explained its importance, and solicited his vote. The colored man promptly

responded that he would vote for the bill. He then proceeded:

"'Senator Bogy, do you remember a little ragged Negro that carried your carpet-bag to a steamboat, years ago, at the St. Louis levee and only received a few curses for his service?'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Bogy. 'What of it?'

"'Why, I am that contemptible little nigger,' said Senator Bruce, 'and you owe me for that service yet. Of course I will vote for your bill.'

"Senator Bogy hastily made a computation of the value of that service, with compound interest, and tendered payment, which was promptly refused. The twain, however, repaired to the Senate restaurant, and 'smiled.' Bogy and Bruce remained firm friends until the death of the former."

But this is not an isolated case, the fact is, all the race leaders have "come up through tribulations." Imagine Frederick Douglass, when a boy, winning marbles from his white playmates and giving them back on condition they would hear his spelling lesson, and give him a little instruction in reading his "Columbian Orator."

The earliest recollection of Booker T. Washington was a one-room log hut on a large Virginia plantation. When he became a youth he was working in a coal mine in West Virginia, when he heard incidentally of Hampton Institute. He started at once, determined to go there and get an education. Knowing that he had not a dollar with which to pay his traveling expenses, his friends tried to discourage him, but he pressed on and marvelous success has crowned his efforts.

He has the honor of being the first colored man introduced to an audience by a president of the United States. The circumstance happened at Boston during Cleveland's last administration.

His life's work began at Tuskegee, Alabama, in 1881, in a small shanty and church with one teacher and thirty ragged children. He soon inspired the colored people around him by his example of industry and thrift. This humble beginning, aided by appropriations from the state, and generous contributions from the north, has,

under his leadership, developed into the noted Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.

There were in attendance last year 800 students from nineteen states, under seventy-nine instructors. They have 1,400 acres of land, of which 650 are cultivated by the students, and thirty buildings, large and small, the whole property being valued at $280,000.

Twenty-five industries have been organized, and the whole work is carried on at an annual cost of about $80,000, but two-fifths of this expense, so far, has gone into the permanent plant.

He and others organized the Tuskegee Negro Conference, which meets every February, and is composed of 800 representative colored men and women of the Black Belt.

The following is quoted as a detailed statement of the number of colored men employed in the government positions at the national capital, together with the salaries received by them: Civil service commissioners, 1; salary, $660. Executive mansion employes, 7; salaries, $5,880. Employed in public buildings, 53; salaries, $21,234. Department of state, 8; salaries, $22,780. Treasury department, 336; salaries, $229,219.22. Interior department, 254; salaries, $303,208.11. War department, 174; salaries, $116,340. Navy department, 38; salaries, $25,238. Department of justice, 8; salaries, $6,040. Post-office department, 70; salaries, $68,020. Agricultural department, 37; salaries, $19,760. Smithsonian institute, 29; salaries, $14,880. Public printing department, 204; salaries, $138,881.15. United States senate, 36; salaries, $27,175. House of representatives, 28; salaries, $22,520. Congressional library, 4; salaries, $4,120. Commissioners of the district who name the appointees to local positions, 909; salaries, $304,428. Office of the recorder of deeds, 19; salaries, ——; Washington post-office, 68; salaries, $40,900. The total number of colored employes is 2,393, and the aggregate salaries foot up $1,370,623, giving an average of $572.77 for each man. This seems to indicate that the colored man has a chance to put his hand into Uncle Sam's pocket.

Another encouraging feature is the fact that the colored race now has many warm friends among the very men or their descendants who fought hardest to keep them enslaved. The following is not an exceptional case:

The recent death of General Shelby, the noted Southern fighter, calls to mind the fact that after the war he became a radical Unionist and Republican. He was appointed United States Marshal, and as soon as he went to work he appointed a colored man named Lee Jackson as a deputy. This was criticised by Shelby's rebel friends, but he kept Jackson at work.

In defending his action in making the appointment Shelby said:

"The young man is competent to render effective service in lines where white men cannot do as well. I appointed him for *efficiency*, and have no patience with that sentiment that gropes always among the tombstones instead of coming out into the bright light of existing life and conditions. The Negro was always faithful to his people when a slave; he has been no less faithful to his friends since he has become a free man. He is becoming useful in ways never dreamed of before the war, and it is unmanly to deny him the right to do for himself everything that will improve and better his condition. I am right in what I have done, and by the right I propose to stand."

In view of the foregoing we think the race has no real cause for despondency, but many reasons to "thank God and take courage."

We leave with them as our parting exhortation these inspiring lines:

"Courage, Brother, do not stumble,
Though thy way be dark as night;
One there is to guide the *humble*,
Trust in God and do the right.

"Men may hate thee, men may love thee,
Some may flatter, some may *slight;*
Cease from self and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right."

FINIS.